# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

PROVINCIAL
LIBRARY
MANITOBA

JUNE, 1917

WINNIPEG, CANADA

# TEA TABLE TALK

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of good tea is in the drinking. The great and increasing army of people who regularly drink

# BLUE RIBBON TEA

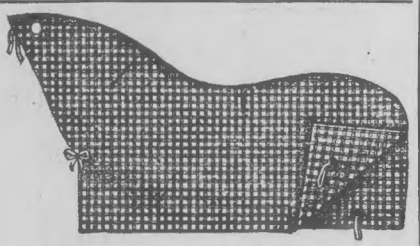
choose it with their eyes open. They know its excellence—its uniformity—its economy. And they know its purity. Common sense tells them that the new double wrapper makes deterioration impossible. Scores of thousands have proved "BLUE RIBBON" "by the drinking." Do the same yourself. Get your money back if you don't agree with them.

# JUNE FLIES

**ARE READY FOR ACTION.** Get a supply of these Nets, Muzzles and Sheets ready. Your Horses will be grateful for them. All goods listed below will be sent **"POST PAID"** to your post office at the prices named, and in any quantity you wish, but **DON'T DELAY** sending your order. Make out your list before you lay this paper aside.

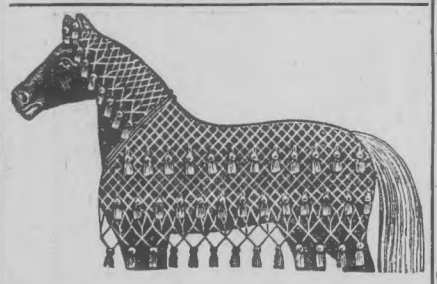
**No. W100**—Summer lap duster, fancy pattern. Postpaid, each..... $1.85

**No. W101**—Summer lap duster, fancy pattern as cut. A very special article. Price postpaid, each..$3.00



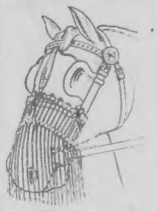
**No. W102**—Light gauze Fly Sheet, 90 in. long, made to go over ears of horse. Price postpaid, each ..... $1.55

**No. W103**—Light gauze sheet, heavier and stronger than W102, and very serviceable. Price postpaid, each.....$2.10



**No. W104**—Fly Net for driving horses, as cut, but with one row tassels, fancy colors. Price postpaid, each ..... $1.90

**No. W105**—Fly Net for driving horses, two rows tassels and fancy patterns. Price postpaid, each ..... $2.10



**No. W106** — Leather Nose Net, to attach to bridle, with one band at top. Price postpaid, each....25c

**No. W107** — Leather Nose Net with two bands, as shown. Price postpaid, each ..... 30c

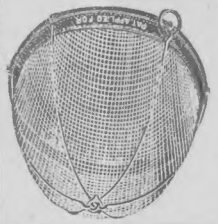
**No. W108** — Fine wire mesh Muzzle, protects from flies and prevents horse eating while at work. Price postpaid, each 35c

**No. W109**—⅜ in. brass or nickel harness spots. Price per dozen, postpaid.....10c

**No. W110**—½ or ⅝ in. brass or nickel harness spots. Price per dozen, postpaid ..... 15c

## FANCY RED HAIR ROSETTES

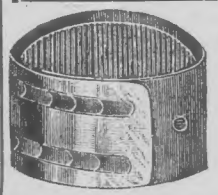
**No. W111** — Fancy red hair rosettes, as cut. Price postpaid, per pair ..... 75c



**No. W112** — Fine wire mesh Muzzle, with heavy wire guard, as shown. Price postpaid, each 45c

**No. W113**—Russet leather wrist support, made of fine soft leather, as shown with buckle. Price postpaid, each ..... 30c

**All Prices are POSTPAID**



## TAIL TIES

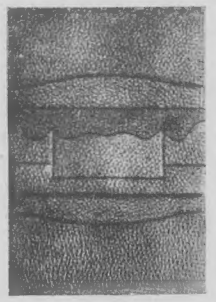
**No. W121**–Read's Tail Ties in brass or nickel, as shown. Price postpaid ..... 30c

**No. W114** — White canvas harvest gloves for outdoor work. Heavy and strong (men's). Per pair, postpaid ..... 20c

Per doz. pairs postpaid $2.00

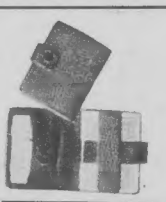
**No. W115**—Colored canvas gloves, with close wristbands and lined with Canton flannel. Price per pair, postpaid ..... 30c

Per dozen pairs.....3.25



**No. W122**—Russet, solid leather, pig skin stamped, men's patent bill fold with two full size end pockets and ticket pocket. Size, closed, 3¾ x 8¾. Price, postpaid, each $1.00

**No. W12**—Special men's all black bill fold and coin purse combined, as shown, seal grain finish, size 2¾ x 4½ when closed. A leader at each, postpaid ..... $1.00



**No. W125**—Playing Cards, in book style. An elegant, ivory finish, gilt-edge pack of 52 cards and joker in handsome imitation alligator case, with strap and button. Illustration shows both open and closed. Case complete with pack cards, as above. Each, postpaid .....$1.00

Use any kind of paper to order on, and address

**THOS. McKNIGHT**
**160 Princess Street**
**WINNIPEG - MANITOBA**

**A LAST WORD**—Don't delay in sending your order if you need any of these goods, for it will be impossible to get many of them at any price before long, and this offer will not be made again. DO IT NOW.

**WRITE FOR NEW PRICE LIST ON ALL KINDS OF HARNESS, ETC.**

**"SQUARE DEAL" HARNESS AND LEATHER GOODS** **ALL GOODS SHIPPED THE DAY YOUR ORDER IS RECEIVED**

Dentist.

The poison from bad teeth ruins good health. Therefore save hospital bills by having your necessary dental work completed. Besides, you will look younger and better, and feel that life is worth living.

**Good Dentistry Lasts Long Looks Well**

**And Is Cheapest In The Long Run**

**Dr. Glasgow's New Method Dental Parlors**

has the equipment, and his operators the necessary experience and high class ability, to make it worth your while to come to Winnipeg.

**Corner Portage and Donald St.**
**WINNIPEG**

**Who's Your Dentist?**

**PERMANENT CROWNS AND BRIDGES**

— made from the best materials
— heavily reinforced on chewing surfaces
— give correct "bite"
— beautifully finished
— durability guaranteed

**$7**

**My Whalebone Vulcanite Plates $10 SET**

— restore youthful expression
— accurate and scientific
— they fit perfectly
— match original teeth
— efficient in use
— beautiful workmanship
— durability guaranteed

**Dr. Robinson**
**Dental Specialist**
**BIRKS BLDG. WINNIPEG**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



# The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVIII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 6

**The Subscription Price** of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

**Remittances** of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

**Postage Stamps** will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

**Change of Address.**—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

**When You Renew** be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.


## War Poetry

The war has called forth the feelings of the race. It has compelled poetry from many who would otherwise have been dumb. Not all of this poetry is good, but much of it is inspiring and instructive. The best collection of shorter poems yet published has been edited by J. W. Cunliffe and published by the MacMillans. It is almost sacrilege to cut from these poems, but a few quotations will show their nature and the wide variety of topics treated. It is cheering to see that Canada and her poets take an honored place. And of course this is not all. Oxenham, Mrs. Livesay, Marjorie Picthall, Herbert Asquith, Chesterton, Alfred Graves, Stephen Phillips and two-score others have given us their hearts in song, and we give our Chat page up to their message in this issue.

Here is the spirit of Britain! Here is how the struggle will be interpreted in the years to come. The author is Albert D. Watson, Toronto:

"And the future shall say of her sons who died,
Wherever their feet have trod,
With millions of comrades in arms allied,
They cast the treasures of Earth aside
And marched to the goals of God."

And who has presented the yearning and the determination of the soldiers in the trenches more quietly and more forcibly than Norah M. Holland.

April in England. Daffodils are growing
By every wayside, golden, tall and fair;
April—and all the little winds are blowing,
The scents of springtime through the sunny air.
April in England, God, that we were there.

April in England! Blood and dust and smother
Screaming of horses, men in agony.
April—Full many of thy sons, O Mother
Never again those dewy dawns shall see.
April in England. God keep England free!

No more loyal and knightly son of Empire than Rupert Brooke. He spoke from a full heart when he wrote:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's; breathing English air
Washed by the rivers blest by suns of home.

Here is comfort! A word spoken in remembrance, none the less worthy because the writer is unknown:

Ye must not mourn for him, he that went out to France,
He like the rest of them—clear-minded, open-eyed,
It was for him to decide.
He took his chance
And he is dead in France.
Oh; do not mourn for him, he heard his country's call,
And answering, gave all he had to give.
Yet though they die they live
Not dead at all
Those who obeyed the call.

Here is a contrast that brings before us all the awfulness of war in a moment. Could anything be more striking?

Soft benediction of September sun,
Voices of children, laughing as they run;
Green English lawns, bright flowers and butterflies,
And over all the blue embracing skies.

Tumult and roaring of the incessant gun,
Dead men and dying, trenches lost and won;
Blood, mud and havoc, bugles, shoutings, cries;
And over all the blue embracing skies.

Some of these songs speak of the change at home. It is not cheerful poetry, but it touches the heart. Could anything be much more pathetic than these verses by Henry Allsopp?

What makes the dale so strange, my dear?
What makes the dale so strange?
The men have gone from the dale, my dear
And that makes all the change.

The lanes and glens are still at night,
No laughter or songs I hear,
Our lover-lads have marched to the fight
And maidens are lonely, my dear.

Beautiful beyond telling are the words of Alan Seeger who fell in battle July, 1916:

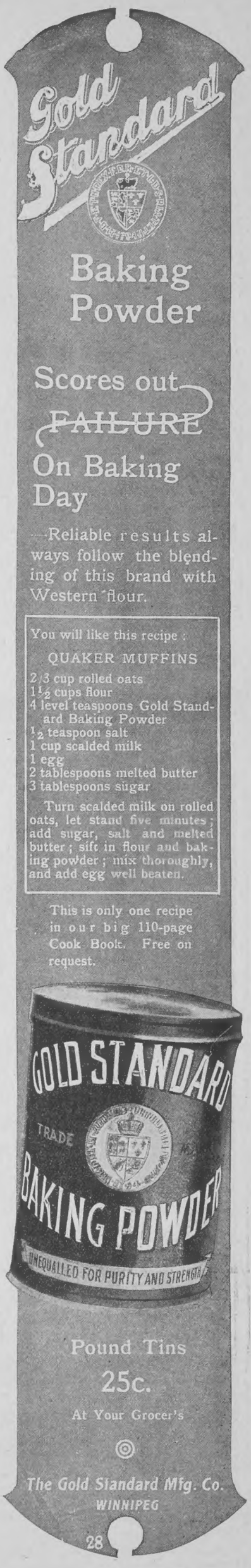
I have a rendezvous with Death,
At some disputed barricade
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death,
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

Richard Butler Glaenzer put the horror of it all in another form in these words:

Oh, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun fun,
To catch the silly enemy and get 'em on the run,
To here and there blow off a head,
With just a bit of chuckling lead,
To bayonet a foolish bloke
At hide-and-seek in trench and smoke,
To shoot, shoot, shoot
Till they've got no legs to scoot!
Fun? Sure it's fun, just the finest ever, son.

Have you heard the paean of victory—victory in defeat and victory in success? Listen to Lincoln Concord:

Men face to face with nature, death and pain!
The Elemental shown! And dim and far the truth appearing!
The hovering dream! The distant and divine conception.
I sing no battles lost, retreating armies:
O, I tell you in this campaign there are no defeats!
O, I tell you, the retreating and advancing armies are equally triumphant—;
O, I tell you, the lost battles contribute as much as the battles won to the sure result of this campaign
Victory! Victory! Victory!

## THE AROMA OF SAVOURY COOKING

from the NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE makes keener the appreciation of the coming meal. Appetizingly the kitchen smells of perfectly-cooked food,--with no smoke, coal-gas or other impurities in the air. The whole kitchen is pleasing--no coal-dust, ashes or chips on the floor. A fine meal is in prospect for healthy, hungry people.

In the New Perfection, the heat is ***controlled***, and there is the maximum of it when wanted. There is no waste and no gas; the oil is completely burned, because the Long Blue Chimney effects ***perfect combustion.*** The New Perfection is successful wherever used, and in all seasons.

*With Royalite Coal Oil cooking costs only from 5 to 10 cents per meal.*

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

# NEW PERFECTION
## OIL COOK STOVE

# Editorial

### Germany's Downfall

THERE is something particularly sad in the down-above all peoples but now she is dishonored fall of Germany. She might have been honored for evermore. She might have led in industry, education and in all the arts of peace, but now she must suffer in humiliation and in poverty until centuries have passed away. She has lost not only wealth, power and opportunity, but her good name. Saddest of all is this, that she deserved not the good name previously bestowed upon her. The war has revealed her true character. For however much we may admire industry, efficiency, organization and painstaking thoroughness, we forget them all when they are placed over against deceit, broken faith, ruthless savagery, and indescribable bestiality. It is as if one of our friends whom we regarded as a model of propriety, and piety had suddenly made himself known as a moral leper, or a common thief.

We must be careful that in losing faith in Germany we do not lose faith in mankind. Rather must we dwell upon the other pictures that are crowding fast upon us to-day. Russia emerging from her chrysalis, America awaking to her responsibility, the over-seas dominions joining in with the Motherland, the whole world in arms against a strong, but ignoble power—all these restore our confidence.

The world is not wrong at heart. After the great shock it will right itself. It will be purified as by fire, and rendered humble through loss and suffering. Yet we can but wish that it had all been otherwise—that Germany had never been Prussianized, that she had never been misled by false ambition and lust for gain, but that she were what she seemed to be in the olden days—a worthy competitor in science, art and industry, and a leader among earth's peoples. May our next idol not have feet of clay and heart of iron.

### The Railway Situation

AFTER that report of the Railway Commission, there is only one thing to do—to follow the advice of the majority. After all, why shouldn't the people who pay the price own the concern? The nominal owners of the roads have put little of their own wealth into them. They have merely financed on the credit of the Dominion and the provinces. The only real difficulty is in getting the management of the roads free from political control. This difficulty can be overcome. Gradually we are learning that the patronage system must go, that a Civil Service Commission must take the place of the Government in making all appointments, with perhaps a few necessary exceptions. Such a Commission if given power could name a Board of Control for the Canadian Railway System. One's best wish is that national railway in Canada would for a short time get a real chance. The story of the Intercolonial and the G.T.P. is a story of colossal mismanagement and extravagance. With non-political managers in control, the state-controlled roads would be just as profitable as the Canadian Pacific Railway. It wouldn't be a bad thing for us just now to own a National Transportation System.

### The Australian Way

ONE would like to refrain from speaking out but that would be cowardly. Things have reached such a pass that extreme measures must be taken. Owing to the high cost of the necessities of life the poor are scarcely able to live, and this despite the fact that there is abundance. There is no reason why flour should be over six dollars a sack, why potatoes should be two dollars a bushel, and eggs forty cents a dozen. These prices would not remain twenty-four hours with legislators alive to their duties. The only explanation that can be given for inaction—for the Order-in-Council of last November is worse than inaction—is incompetency or design. The Montreal Herald has put the matter very plainly, and every one should read the criticism. Remember this is no party matter. So far as we can make out the apathy or helplessness in general. One almost loses faith in democracy. But here is the article mentioned:

"While no real effort has been made by the Canadian Government to combat price-boosting, excellent results have been obtained in this direction by the Government of Australia. That country has a simpler, more direct—and consequently efficient—method of dealing with the situation than that embodied in the Canadian Government's Order-in-Council. The latter puts all the responsibility on to the municipalities. The Australian Government assumes the responsibility and acts. Under the Australian War Prosecution Price Regulation passed in July, 1916, a commissioner is appointed for each State of the Commonwealth, and a federal commissioner co-ordinates the work. It is provided that the commissioner in any State may recommend that a certain article of food or any other commodity may be declared a necessary commodity under the regulations. Evidence is then taken under oath as to the cost of the raw material, the average cost of distribution, existing wage awards, freight charges and all the factors which govern the actual cost of production and distribution. On this evidence the commissioner then recommends a price, wholesale and retail, at which the commodity is to be sold. With regard to goods imported, the importer is required to produce the original invoices.

"By New Year last the Commonwealth of Australia had already succeeded in fixing the price of a large range of commodities, 'without subjecting the trading community to any material hardships.' Flour sells in Queensland at $3.45 a bag, and in South Australia at $2.96 a bag. (In Winnipeg it is now around $6.65 a sack.) Butter all over the Commonwealth sells at 36 cents a pound. Other items on which prices have been fixed include bran, bread, bacon, biscuits, cheese, cocoa, hams, infants' food, jam, milk, meats, oatmeal, rolled oats, rice, soups, and the number is being added to every week. Investigation is also being made into boots and shoes.

"Is it to be wondered at that while the people are reading every day of what other countries are doing in the matter of controlling the prices of necessities of life, they should be indignant and disgusted at the fact that nothing has been done by their own Government except to pass an Order-in-Council which the City Attorney of Montreal declares actually protects price-boosters instead of punishing them?"

### Potatoes and Other Things

HOW should the price of potatoes be regulated? Out at Manitou or a little beyond, the farmer is selling at a dollar a bushel. Here in Winnipeg the price at the corner grocery store is $2.25. Does it cost $1.25 for transportation and handling? Apart from that question let us ask another. Why should the price of the vegetable ever be $2.25 a bushel in Manitoba or in Canada? A little investigation early in the season would have enabled a government to find out the available supply, and to fix a reasonable selling price. It does seem that prices of the great commodities must be fixed in order to prevent gamblers and blood-suckers from robbing the people. For nothing is clearer than that the great speculators standing in between producers and consumers are mainly responsible for the increase in prices.

It is reported on pretty good authority that one wealthy firm is in the field already buying up all the eggs possible in order to store them up for the winter. Is it true? If so, why should the thing continue? Is a government not supposed to regulate trade and morals? How long would a government in Great Britain or in Germany permit this? Our legislators should either resign or get busy.

### National Spirit

IN these days of supreme trial we value men possessed of national spirit, and rightly condemn those who are lacking in this regard. There are not a few in the Empire who should be condemned. When the call came it is nothing less than marvelous how the various factions, classes and creeds forgot their differences, yet there are a few so small and mean that they have never been able to lose themselves in the greater issue. All around us are men who instead of helping the Empire are using the occasion to strengthen their racial, religious or economic position. Though one is compelled to refrain from mentioning names just now, the day of accounting will surely come. Across the sea the same thing is occurring. The tempest in the Irish tea-pot still continues. Ulsterites, Nationalists and Sein Feiners, all of them perhaps partly right in their contentions, yet show a surprising littleness in continuing their agitations at this time. Why should people strive to settle their family jars, when burglars are invading the home?

Outside the Empire there are evidences of poor judgment or worse. One cannot wonder that in Russia there should be sectional feeling. The forces of the enemy are at work, and the mass of the people do not yet know their friends. More than that, they are not sufficiently alive to the situation to be able to estimate the significance of the war. Fortunately in the United States in spite of the natural leaning of many citizens to the opposite camp, there is yet a commendable unanimity and a determination to fight the issue to a successful finish. In France there is apparently no thought but one. Why then in our country should there be indecision or petty wrangling? It may be one year or ten until the war ends. Until that time let us act as if our national position and our eternal salvation depended upon our loyalty to the great cause—the cause of freedom and righteousness.

### Conscription

A FEW years ago many of us would have pinned our faith to the volunteer system. We would have taken the ground that men who of their own will enlist for service, are more likely to show courage and devotion, than men who are compelled to take up arms.

This may be quite true, but it does not meet the case at all. The men who are willing to go are not always the men who should go, and some of those who remain behind should be in the ranks. It is not fair that the best, the strongest and bravest should fight for the flag, while people of doubtful loyalty, and of non-ally origin should reap the rewards of victory. Inactivity of any class or section should not be permitted. In defensive warfare every man should be expected to stand to the guns. There is great resentment among the men at the front, because in certain sections of Canada there is no rally to service. One man put it in a nutshell the other day when he said: "Either conscription immediately or a civil war in Canada when the war is over." Men who will not fight for their country do not deserve to hold a stake in the country. It is to the credit of Premier Borden that he has pronounced himself in favor of conscription. Our best and bravest cannot be allowed to make the supreme sacrifice in order to preserve this land for the children of slackers and for those whose attachment to England and Canada is only in name.

### Prevention of Waste

EVERYBODY that arrives home from Europe has the same story to tell regarding the scarcity of food products, and the effort of the people to economize.

We are told that Canadians and Americans do not begin to understand what food saving means. This is probably true, and there is of course, a reason for it in the fact that supplies are furnished in such abundance. There is no felt need of gleaning in fields when the yield is over thirty bushels an acre, and no need of saving potato peelings when the product is so great. It is a common practice to select only the best of all food products and to throw away the balance. A little thought will convince any one that the practice is not wise. That which is most easily convertible into food is not always the best food. The discarded portions contain elements needed for sustenance. Whole wheat bread is more nutritious than that made from white flour; the skin of a baked potato supplies something that the starchy inside does not contain. When the portions of food usually discarded are properly treated, they furnish dishes just as palatable as others. Many people prefer hash to steak, and Scotch broth to consomme. Every time usable food is thrown away some one is robbed—some one here or in some other land. It is therefore right that concerted efforts should be put forth to save food supplies.

Now, in this matter a word of kindly advice might be in place. There are in every community those who have learned the art of saving—mothers of poor families, and especially mothers who have known the hardships of pioneer life. How would it do to let these have the platform at Food Saving gatherings? A lady who has always had two or three servants, and who knows nothing about cooking theoretically or practically, may look very sweet and may utter very wise sayings, but she cannot speak as one having authority. But when a good, sensible matron with experience tells how she made a meal from left-overs, or when a trained cook tells how he made the brisket as palatable as tenderloin, there is something worth while in the recital of experience. In other words there is a time when the professional woman's leader may well take a back seat and learn.

### A Worthy Institution

SOLDIERS returning from the front tell of the great work being done by the Y. M. C. A. Evidently it is performing a service that could not be successfully undertaken by the religious denominations as such, nor by the regular chaplains, some of whom are necessarily poorly adapted to work of this nature. In England and France the Y. M. C. A. has learned how to reach and help all classes of men, and it has reached them in many ways. This experience will be of great use after the war is over. At present some Associations are but clubs for men of fairly good families. They are in a sense exclusive. This will not be the case after this. The Association, useful as it has been in the past, will be doubly useful in the future. Will churches just as readily adapt themselves to new conditions? If not they must lose their prestige and power.

### Why Alaska was Purchased

HALF a century ago the government of the United States bought from the government of Russia the peninsula of Alaska for $7,250,000. The bargain was made in March, 1867, a few months before the Dominion was formed.

Addressing the Ottawa Canadian club a few weeks ago, Mr. Elihu Root, one of the most distinguished of living citizens of the United States, said that the hope in which Secretary Seward, at Washington, recommended to Congress that Alaska be purchased, and used his powerful influence to have that huge real estate transaction carried through, was that it might facilitate the gaining of territory on the Pacific Coast by the United States. Mr. Root was at that time a student in Mr. Seward's law office, so that there can be no doubt that he knew what he was talking about when he made that statement to the Ottawa Canadian club—and added that he could say, in all sincerity and in the knowledge that the overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen agreed with him, that he was glad that Mr. Seward's hope of hampering the formation of the Dominion, stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, came to nothing, and glad that the United States had as its neighbor on the north a great nation, in every sense of the word.

# *The girl who wanted more color*

## *The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for*

THE girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

**Oily skin—shiny nose!**
*If this is your bugbear, make this Woodbury treatment a daily habit.*

### What is keeping most of us from having this charm?

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny dead particles, so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibers stimulated.

You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin, which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

### Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your wash cloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work the cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once.

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

**Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments**

One of the Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. We have given just one of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs, which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury book, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 4c we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address

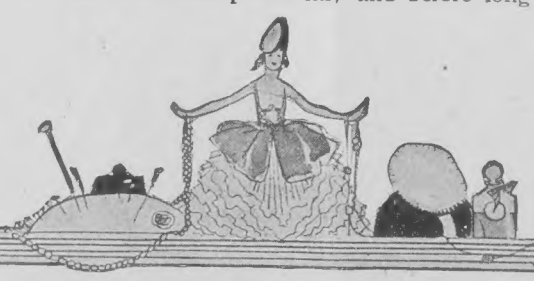
The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd.,
2405 Sherbrooke St.,
Perth, Ontario.

**Sallow—colorless!**
*Such a skin will yield to the effective treatment described here.*

*Send now for this miniature edition of the Woodbury Book on the skin and its needs.*

MADE IN CANADA

*For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast*



# Winter with the "Longfaces. Laddie "Somewhere in France"

By Bonnycastle Dale

I WISH to say to my kind readers in W.H.M., before I give them Laddie's next letter, that the usually cheerful tone of his letters is the general tone of C.F.A. (Canadian Field Artillery) in France, but we should not let ourselves think, because the lads laugh away the "duds" that strike so near and fail to explode, joke about a race for life along a shelled road to the "lines," tell of a swift leap into an abandoned trench or into some nearby shell-hole to escape a coming "whizz-bang" that the danger is not great and ever present. To those who have dear ones at the front I advise the sending of lump sugar, Reindeer Cocoa (milk, sugar and cocoa prepared) and good sensible food, as it is hard to get "full rations" up to the line in these days of strenuous fighting. The artillery boys seem to have about a month with the guns; then a "rest" (so-called) with the "longfaces" (horses and mules) at the horse lines. Don't be afraid to send some "trench comfort" (insect powder) as even a wash is hard to get at times. If your boy uses tobacco send it, a smoke helps to quiet the nerves so strained by continual concussions, a suit of light underwear is much appreciated besides the ever needful socks, and cut out all the comics and cartoons and send them, and write, write, write. I hardly like to give advise on this last sacred duty but I make a habit of writing a page or two daily and mailing about every five days. One package a week keep the lad you send it to in the little luxuries so needful in the trenches.

"Sorry I had to send you a whizz-bang (field postcard) but I have been working like a machine for weeks day and night, now I am back at the horse lines for a rest, it is a pretty lively spot where our guns are now, and my nerves get a bit on edge, everywhere I'd turn a whizz-bang or 5.9 would come, I always seem lucky enough to strike a shell-hole or trench to duck into, the only one that came within ten feet was a "dud". I was on guard and had to travel along a certain road to get rations etc., and it was a bit risky—don't worry its all over for a while now. You and our readers in The Western Home Monthly will have to do without illustrations—there is no scenery left; let alone picturesque spots. The soil of France hereabouts is all carefully packed away in sandbags or blown to dust and buried, the subsoil shows everywhere, villages and towns as big as the "two elevator" ones of the prairies are only to be found if the engineers have struck a name board where they once stood—not a single brick left, we use them all for roadmaking. I hear the railroad men have built as many miles as the C.P.R. has already, and more country roads than there are in Ontario. Oh! how good the sweet stuff is in the packages after a month in that treeless shell-hole-covered country. I got paid the usual 15 Francs and had a feed of eggs and chocolate, the pork cost high, must have been gold-fed, seven dollars and fifty cents for a meal for two of us—but "eggs is eggs", thanks for the parcels it sure does raise a fellow's spirits to get something from home."

"(Two days' later). This is the first moment I have had to myself since I went to sleep writing you the other night.—Reveille at 6.30 yesterday, I was detailed as time orderly—at stable till three—supper, then went up with ammunition, back at two this morning, in a few minutes I must fall in for headquarters as I have to be inoculated again, they say the doctor he is a———. 1.30 p.m. I was going to say the doctor was a rough chap—he is! I've just been over and had several million germs shot into my chest, you would think he was sticking pigs instead of doctoring men.

We did have a lively trip to the guns last night with ammunition—pouring rain—black night—eight hours' trip—some snow—developed into a regular western blizzard. The wagon I was on had rather poor drivers on the horses and we just smashed everything we came to, trees, motor trucks, tractors and wagons, a few times we broke the harness, once the wagon box came off. It was hard to sit on the seat let alone attend to the brake. I was soaked and then mudcaked most thoroughly.

We had a fine spin to the next village on a motor truck one night, fried eggs and picture show, and caught a motor truck for a ride all the way back to our longfaced friends—beware! of the army horse. The one I attend to launched out and caught me fair in the stomach, luckily there were no bones to be broken in that section; but he knocked me several feet—your teaching about kindness to animals—did it include the artillery horse?

I have just broken off the last hand of my watch, the glass went long ago, so send me a stout Ingersoll, they seem to stand the concussions best—and between one's own battery and the enemies big duds there is lots of concussion here—thanks. I've just been into an Estamint and had several cups of black coffee—wonder if it will help the inoculation, arm and chest getting pretty stiff, fear I will have to report sick in the morning, first time too, you see we do not get any time off here as we did in Canada and England.

That wonderful leaning figure of the Virgin in Albert still leans out at a precarious angle.

Just think, our present billet has a roof and a floor, and glory be —a stove, then pay-day comes soon again, "oeuf pain du beurre et cafe au lait" poor French I know but I can get the eggs just the same. We boil rice and eat the "sucre" you sent with it—fine I tell you, but the Y.M.C.A. ran out of rolled oats so our breakfasts are partly spoiled.

(Some days later). I have just succeeded, after much hunting in the empty dugouts, in finding a sheet of paper, maybe its German, sorry I can't write, been hopping about like a toad on hot coals, night as well as day, all my kit is ahead in a new position, we nearly got drowned out last night, awoke in a pool of water, I've got rubber blankets up for a roof to-night though. Yesterday was a beautiful one for the planes, do you know a fellow can hardly do his work for watching them, I saw four sent down altogether, I get the awfullest crick-in-the-neck watching these air fights, they seem always to be going on. Fritz has been pretty lively with his shells here lately, but he does not know where we are, as long as he does not find us; we are jake. If the blankets keep the water out of the cocoa we'll finish it in the morning —the worst thing happened last night, that flood went right into the pocket where I kept all our matches and we had to puddle out in the dark.

"Well! It did'nt rain last night and the cocoa is where the weather will not hurt it.

"I have a tin roof on the dugout now and the rats are beating time on it so regularly. I wonder what they will do for a living when we beat the Huns? There are literally millions of them and they get bold at times, they're fighting above me now, presumably for the right to steal from me.

"I dare not tell you how long it is since I had a wash or changed this underwear, big times doing, we wonder if there will be any water in the shell holes this summer, as streams are scarce in this part of France.

"Tell me what's happening? We get so little news—if its not night firing its ammunition carrying, or guard, or horse picket duty, I guess I am too tired to read much anyway, and the fumes from the charges don't keep a fellow any too bright, I think I need something under my unshined buttons, in the way of food, its hard to get the fodder up here when we are real busy. I must get another pill for this pen (ink tablet)—there, that's better, some of our gunners got a bit inquisitive this a.m. and went too near the front, "Fritzy" saw the group and did a pretty bit of shelling, they ran for a dugout like badgers, but the shrapnel whizzbang got one and shocked another before they made good cover, the wounded one has no more than a good Blighty and both of them are getting lots of cats—and his whole working party too for some strange reason. Say! I saw a dandy flock of geese go over last week, also many quail.

"The chap who shares my 'funkhole'—the boys call it so because it's deep, got a package to-night and he decided we would finish it off instead of having several dabs and pecks. Say! but we had a gorgeous feast. It does seem odd to sit here and read my letter in The Western Home Monthly—all the way there and back, what makes me wonder more and more is that none of the parcels or letters have been lost by the sub attack, its a full year since I left and my mail has all arrived.

"The other day an unexploded anti-aircraft shell came down and burst on grass nearer than was comfortable, but we all ducked in time and no one was hit. A 'Fritzy' airman made me mad the other day, he had just been fighting with one of ours and came down low in returning, I was looking out of our dugout, but I guess he was too excited to see me or he had me sure with his little pop gun—and not a gun did I have of any kind to let fly at him with. I had the old duck-shooting feeling of the bird getting away without a shot. If I had had a rifle I would have peppered his planes for him all right, all right. I saw a Hun plane fall in flames, a very wonderful sight, it didn't last long.

"To-day we have been digging as usual into the frozen ground, suddenly it struck me it was Sunday afternoon and I could see you in the dear old camp so peaceful and happy. Out here we lose track of the days, but the diary you sent helps me to keep some track of the right dates.

"In reading over my printed letter in the old magazine it seems I must have been happy at Shorncliffe; happy all the time in England, I suppose when I get back to Canada I will also find I was happy all the time in good old muddy France too.

"When the call suddenly came this morning of 'stand to' I made a dash out of my warm blankets into a white country, it had snowed all night, this March morning was cold and we fired fast to keep warm and get a good appetite for 'iron rations'—there was quite a bombardment up at the line—that's just over the hill. After breakfast, evidently having made 'Fritzy' change his mind about coming over, we were busy putting the last few bits of France into some sandbags. They make dandy walls and roof, you lay them like bricks and hammer them down with shovels and you can make very neat and strong walls out of them.

So Laddie ends his letter. If you happen to see The Illustrated London News you can see how these C.F.A. boys do their work, of course Laddie will not send anything definite, his letters are so well censored, and, when he uses the "green envelope" issued but scantily, he is on his honour not to mention anything in the inclosed letter that might be of benefit to the enemy—just "private and family matters". The Illustrated London News however shows them carrying their heavy shells on their shoulders along a snowy road, also watering the "longfaces" at an icy trough, they seem to use 4.5 Howitzers in great numbers, according to the illustrations, as we are reported to be manufacturing 654 of these for every hundred we made in 1914. And 66 times as many shells are now made. These are about 35 pound shells, but the big ones are so great that a huge motor lorry hauls but four, a weight equal to something like as many tons, and double that weight for the seige guns. Taking the shells up to the guns, with three wild teams, a driver on each left side horse, along well known roads, at times in plain view of enemy batteries,—"Never for one instant while an attack during the general advance on the Western front is taking place can the field guns in the advanced artillery be allowed to slacken fire"—can you get that? I ask any reader of military age who hesitates whether he should go or not—picture the need for those Canadian drivers, need to get those shells up to drive the Hun back —Yes and to keep the sullen faced alien in our midst, and the traitor too, for we have a few of these animals in Canada—silent and afraid.

Look at the outfit our men must carry to turn aside the devilish work of the enemy and the harsh forces of Nature too. A steel helmet—Laddie's "tin hat", anti-lachrymatory-shell goggles, goatskin coats and rubber boots, as well as the gas masks "dog muzzles" the boys call them, in darkness and thunder, rain and hail, frost and wind, shellhole and sunken road, whizzbang and Archies, mine and crater, sniper and airship, half-rations and delayed packages, holes in the mud for beds, a wet sky for a roof, rats for bunk mates, and yet they all write the same cheerful letters as Laddie does—can you beat it ?

A Boy's Winter Duck Shooting—Laddie, Jr., Filling Absent "Laddie's" Boots

Laddie, Jr., at the Home Camp—Wharf Building.

---

### Mt. Edith Cavell

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

She lived for England, and she died
Unwavering in loyalty;
Her love for native land so deep
She flinched not from the death decree.
She flinched not from the "mercy shot";
Her faith had strength to face the flame;
She won her crown of martyrdom,
Enduring love, undying fame.

And far across the ocean foam,
And far across a continent,
Where the great rockies lift their heights
To greet the starry firmament,
So long as earth in space shall spin,
One mountain shall perpetuate
Her name, who for old England died,
A victim of the German hate.

For God hath reared a monument,
Worthy her life and final days,
And with wild flowers strewn it o'er,
With birds to chant their hymns of praise.
And many a marble shaft may rise,
Her tale of martyrdom to tell,
But this shall tower above them all.
The mountain named for Nurse Cavell.

As once the wounded soldier turned
To her, for refuge and for aid,
The creatures of the wild shall find
Their refuge in her mountain's glade.
As we in pity sigh for her,
And as for her our teardrops swell,
The pines shall sigh, the rains shall weep
Upon the heights of Mount Cavell.

As she in England's history
Shall shine, a bright and glorious star,
So shall the stars far-flung by God
Shine on her mountain from afar.
As still and deep the silence was
In that dim dawning when she fell,
So still and deep the snows shall fall,
Throughout the years, on Mount Cavell.

She died forEngland ! And her name
Is numbered with earth's bravest, best;
Pure as her heart, the lilies blow
Upon her mountain's lofty crest.
Pure as her life its cloud-crowned heights;
Deep as her love, each dimpling dell;
God's grand, eternal monument
In memory of Nurse Cavell.

# Rustlers of the Kootenai Range

By Max McD

THE Folkins came from Nova Scotia in the days when cattle barons first began to use the prairies of Western Canada as ranging grounds. Their bunch was small at the beginning of their operations, but good winters, plenty of water, and rich prairie grass prevented any depletion in the breeding stock, and in a few years the herd covered all the range land between the Indian Reserve and the Rocky Mountains. There were no fences in those days, and wild steers fed up to the door yards in Fort Macleod.

It was springtime and the IV outfit, as the Folkins ranch came to be called, was making a careful count of its stock. Collie and Hez, sons of Jim Folkins, were particularly interested in their yearlings. The boys had been given cows when they were babies, and had brands registered in their own names. When they grew big enough to look after their increase, they selected a little run at the forks of two rivers near the home ranch, cut out their cattle at the fall roundup, and herded them in their own little stamping ground. They knew to a steer how many they had, but for some reason or other they had not been tallying for a month or so, and when the general count was on they found six head missing. There was little chance of their straying out of the range that grazed the father's stock, but they were no where to be found. Many theories as to their disappearance were discussed and dismissed as impossible.

Finally Jim Folkins let out one day that rustlers were at work in some of the big bunches, and that more dressed beef was being shipped from the Fort to the towns in the Pass, than the buying of certain ranchers and butchers would warrant.

The fall before, after the final count, there had been ninety-eight calves in one of the bunches of the IV outfit out of a possible one hundred and ten; two of the twelve having simply disappeared, the probable prey of rustlers. Folkins felt that he was paying for his boldness in openly accusing the Brown boys during the round-up of the last season. A secret count of Browns' herd revealed the fact that the increase for two seasons far exceeded even a fair expectation.

Of course, as every rustler must have reasoned, depredations of wolves and coyotes would account for the loss of calves, and any excess might easily be explained by bills of sale. At any rate, absolute proof was demanded before a suspected thief could be brought to justice. The summary dealings of many years before, when snap judgment carried many a cow or horse thief to his deserts, no longer prevailed.

A conference of big cattle owners in the foothill country revealed the fact that several herds had been cut into, and they were as certain as Folkins that the Brown family were the rustlers. But like Folkins, they realized that to save themselves from serious embarrassment they must, in some manner, get absolute proof that old Bennie and his boys were the thieves.

A plan that had been forming in Jim Folkins's mind for some time, took shape, and he determined on his own account to ferret out the guilty parties. He suspected that a considerable portion of the dressed meat shipped out by Brown Brothers from their butcher shop in Macleod, had been stolen; but, of course, to prove it was practically impossible. Nevertheless he felt that a careful watch at the station might, if systematic, develop facts that would ultimately lead to good clues. Accordingly he took Collie and Hez into his confidence, and fully explained his plan. The boys were to alternately keep watch of the depot at Macleod, and secretly to ascertain the amount, probable age, and destination of the beef shipped out by Brown Brothers.

This was comparatively easy; for the only two trains that stopped for express in the Pass towns crossed at the Fort and one trip a day covered both. Then someone had to call for mail, and it was no hardship for the Folkins boys to carry out this part of their father's plan. It was thought that a month's quiet observation would show the usual methods of the rustlers.

Folkins had revealed his plan to two neighbouring stockmen, both of whom were certain that the Browns had preyed upon their herds. They were to learn through their range riders the source and amount of the daily supply of beef, and to discover, if possible, the rapidity with which the Browns' fat steers disappeared. They had little assurance of the success of the plan, but felt it to be the only logical way to proceed.

It was soon discovered that the only persons shipping dressed beef out of Macleod were the Brown Brothers. Collie and Hez, alternately, made the long ride to the depot, and rode casually past at a distance just as the trains were pulling in. One glance at the trucks, loaded for shipment, sufficed to compute the number of quarters; from the position of the trucks on the platform it was a simple matter to determine the amount going each way. It was found that three times a week, regularly, an average of four beeves at a shipment went westward to the Pass; once a week as many went to the towns on the prairie east of the Fort. It was learned, also, that the meat invariably reached the depot after dark, and was immediately loaded on the trucks.

The boys reported their finding daily to Jim Folkins, who, with the information gained from the other men in his confidence, soon reached the conclusion that much more beef was being shipped out than Brown Brothers' market killed at

Arthur James Balfour (right), Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, and M. Viviani, Minister of Justice in the French Cabinet and formerly premier, who head the Allied War Council that visited the United States to formulate plans for the merging of America's gigantic resources with those of the nations arrayed against Germany.

their slaughter-houses. It was certain, therefore, that the excess came from their ranch in the foothills, and it was known that it could not be their own beef.

Usually the Folkins' boys rode past the depot without dismounting. One morning, though, Collie expected his father in on the East-bound express, and took this as an excuse to tie his pony to the fence and saunter upon the platform. He noticed the usual truckload of meat at the west end, so walked idly toward it. There were three full beeves quartered. Collie looked at them for a moment, then leaned against the truck to wait the arrival of the train. Presently the West-bound, with the right of way, rumbled in on the main tracks. After the agent had run the truck up to the car, Jack Brown, old Bennie's eldest son, slouched out of the depot and was helping to load. Just as the last quarter but one was tumbled through the door, Collie was amazed to see a brand showing faintly on the yellow meat. The letters BR, the Browns' brand, were legible, standing out in purplish-red outlines, similar to an old scar.

The full meaning of the discovery flashed into Collie's mind at once, involuntarily, he leaped toward the truck and peered intently at the remaining quarter.

Jack Brown saw Collie's sudden interest. "What's the matter, Kid?" he demanded roughly. "Anythin' wrong with that meat? Say, what're you hanging around here for, anyway?"

"Waiting for my dad. He's coming in on the East-bound," replied Collie, vexed that he had not been more careful.

"He is, eh? Well what's wrong with that beef?" Jack Brown demanded a second time.

"Nothing wrong!" replied Collie carelessly; "just thought I saw an old wire-cut".

Brown did not press his query, but leaped from the truck and strode off down town, as if satisfied with the boy's answer.

Jim Folkins came in on the next train as expected, got his horse from the livery-stable, where he always kept it when away on such trips, and rode off with Collie

"Dad," broke out the boy, after going nearly a mile in silence, "how deep does a brand burn? Ever more than skin-deep?"

Jim Folkins was familiar with the lad's seeming irrelevant questions after long periods of abstraction, so he was not surprised.

"That all depends on the man, Collie. Some declare that simply burning off the hair will kill it and make a lasting brand; others are not content till the seared flesh comes off with the iron. Our own way, to burn till the brand shows cherry is a medium between the two extremes. The first is uncertain, the second needlessly cruel; ours, neither. Why do you ask?"

"Does the brand often show on the flesh under the hide?"

The elder Folkins laughed tolerantly, "I don't think so, my boy, though I've heard a dozen cranks declare that a good brand ought to be more than skin deep. I've never seen such a thing; but as a matter of fact, I've never paid the least attention. I should give it as my opinion though, that there might in some cases be a slight indentation under the brand, but illegible in determining the real marks."

"I was sure I saw a brand on one of the quarters shipped out this morning. The light was poor, but I could see some purplish-red lines that looked exactly like a brand—sort of like an old scar."

Folkins was instantly attentive. "Now there might be something in it after all. Could you make out the figures?"

"It looked like BR".

"Their own brand," said Jim. "I'm not much surprised, for they burn deep. That may be worth watching, Collie," he observed.

"If one brand will show through, others will, too. I'm going to keep my eyes open. There must be stuff going out with other marks on, besides the BR."

"Be very careful you don't let them see you, Collie," cautioned the father. "Once they find out we're watching them they'll be on their guard."

For several weeks Collie kept watch at the depot, dodging in to examine the trucks only when it was evident that none of the Browns were around. During that time he found an occasional quarter upon which marks were discernible, though in each case so indistinct as to be illegible. Some of the marks were but a faint colorless depression, scarcely distinguishable even to a keen observer. There were several times that Collie imagined he could trace the faint outlines of a BR.

Some time later it occurred to him that if he could examine the meat when the boys took the trouble to help with the loading, he might find a reason for their attention. In all cases when the marks had been at all legible, there had been none of the boys about the depot, and those marks had always beeen the Brown brand. Since they themselves must have noticed the brands, there was a possibility that only that bearing their own would be guarded till started on its destination, and away from suspicious observers.

So the next trip Collie made to the depot he tied his pony at some distance away, and went cautiously toward the building. He could never be sure that the boys were not somewhere about, so he always waited till the trains came in. He could not afford to be caught spying among the trucks. When it appeared that the agent was alone Collie would saunter across the platform, carelessly observing the loaded meat. As usual he was afraid to venture out in the open, so loitered back of the section-house. The trains came in and he saw the agent come out alone and push the truck at the West-end to the car door. Collie was satisfied that no one was there, so he slipped over to the platform and examined the truck at East-end. To his amazement and satisfaction the first quarter that he saw bore a brand plainly discernible from his place at the end of the depot, twenty feet away. It was that of a neighbor rancher, and was well-known to Collie. The boy had taken every precaution to disarm the suspicion of the station-agent, so dared not step away from the hiding place behind the building. In his excitement, however, he could not restrain a step forward, hoping o see accusing marks.

In this position he was startled by a heavy step behind him. Collie whirled about, to be confronted by the coarse face of Jack Brown leering at him from the corner.

"See something this time, kid?" came a snarling voice.

Collie straightened and tried to appear unconcerned. In his startled surprise he was unable to reply at once. Brown strode up to the truck and shoved a heavy finger against the purple lines.

"That's what you're here for, is it? That's what I caught you staring at before, eh?" he advanced menacingly

ECONOMY WITH GOOD LIVING

is excellently attained by adding to the daily menu a ration of

Grape-Nuts

Goodness—Energy—Ease of Digestion—Excellent Flavor—are all found in this truly remarkable wheat and barley food.

toward Collie, who shrank back toward the corner of the building, fascinated by the hate that gleamed in the cow-boy's eyes.

"So you've been spying around here ever since waiting for this. Well what're you goin' to do, now you've found out somethin'?"

By this time he had reached Collie, and seizing him in an ugly grasp, he crushed him against the wall of the depot.

"What're you goin' to do about it you whelp?" Brown shook his victim roughly, cursing as he did it.

"Look here, you spy," went on the rustler, "I've got no time to fool with you; but just one word: Your dad's got you here sneaking around this beef—layin' for us. You think you've found out somethin'; but if you squeal one word of what you saw or what I say, I'll kill you. kill him like a dog, see? Then you go the same road. If you want to save your hides, stop spyin' around and keep your mouth shut." With this brutal threat, Brown hurled Collie savagely away from him.

Collie arose to his feet from where he had been thrown, turned and saw the half-frightened look on the agent's face, then went quietly to his horse.

On the way to the ranch he fought the battle of his life and for his life. After months of persevering search, absolute proof had been discovered against the thieves that for months had been a menace to the whole Kootenai range, but at the same moment his lips were sealed by threats against his own and his father's life—threats that he knew only too well would be made good, eventually, should this matter be pushed. As he fought for an answer to his own problem, he realized that each moment of delay meant everything to the value of his evidence. None but himself, Jack Brown, and the station agent, knew of the discovery. Meanwhile the branded quarters, the real proof, hastened to the block. A few hours meant the effacement of all proof. The rustlers would see that the like did not occur again.

Suddenly it flashed upon Collie that Jack Brown's dire threat would be effective for only the brief period that fear bound him. A day's delay and action would be impossible for all proof would be gone. He spurred for home and told his father everything.

"Never mind, my boy," said Jim Folkins, approvingly, "you have done well, those threats are idle. Times have changed since that sort of outlawry had its day.

Within two hours the Mounted Police had intercepted the branded beef, and learned that Folkins' neighbor had not sold a hoof to buyers for ten years. A quiet search of the Brown ranch discovered more than a hundred hides at the bottom of an old lake. These ranged in age from hours to years, and were marked by a score of different brands, the Folkins' numbering into the twenties.

At the trial the cogs of the law ground relentlessly, fed by a dozen witnesses, a number of hides, and a piece of the preserved quarter of beef. The two Brown boys who conducted the meat market, were sentenced to three years each found guilty of rustling, and at Stony Mountain.

Old Bennie growled impotently under the fearless progress of the machine he could not bluff, and when passing out of the vestibule, voiced a passion that might yet have to be reckoned with: "I'll get you yet, Folkins, and that kid, too."

# When Jack's Troubles Began

By G. Armine Relyea, Jr.

JACK was to marry a girl who lived in a small town of Hoffmans, New York, and on the morning selected for the event, he arose early, packed his grip carefully, partook of an early breakfast downtown and hurried to the depot.

It was beginning to snow, but he did not mind that, and he whistled cheerily as he walked up and down on the platform, waiting for his train. He was very happy; his thoughts were of an elevated, ennobling sort, that kings might reasonably envy. But suddenly in the middle of his lofty meditations, he stopped short. An icy chill crept down his backbone.

"What have I done with my grip?" he muttered to himself. He looked around, but it was nowhere in sight. Roused to realization of his loss, he rushed up to a uniformed official who bore the title, "Station Agent" on his cap. "Where's my grip he demanded?"

The station agent looked him over closely. "What do I know about your grip?" he replied.

"That's what I want to find out," continued Jack, excitedly, "because my clothes and my money are locked in that grip, and I've lost it."

"That being true," answered the official gently, "I'd advise you to find it." And he walked away.

Jack ran after him. "But I haven't the least idea where it is," he panted, "And I'm going to be married."

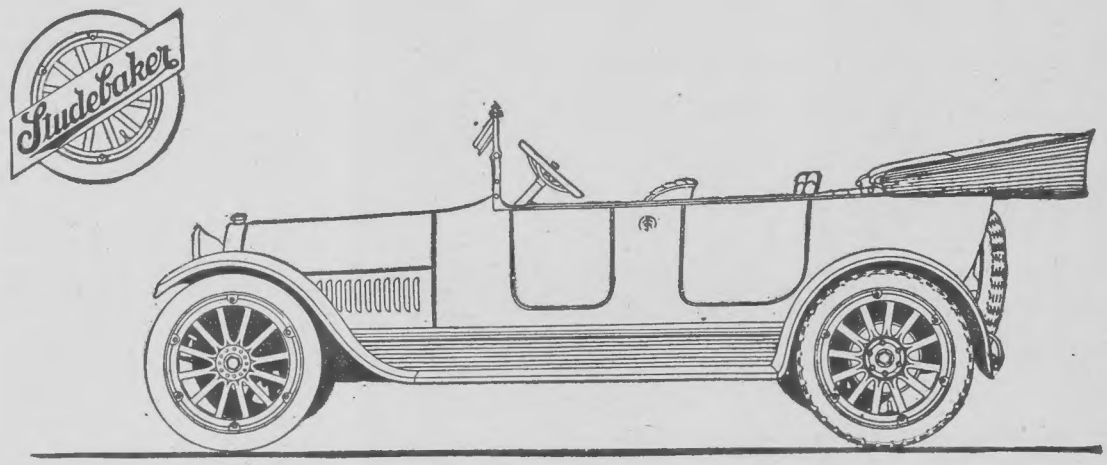
"That so?" returned the station agent, pausing.

"Yes, it is. And I can't get married without any money, can I?"

"That depends on the girl," answered the man, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I might just as well not try to get married!" ejaculated Jack. "We were going to New York City too. Dear me! What shall I do?"

The station agent suddenly remembered a time long ago when he himself was getting ready to be married. "Young man," he said, somewhat kindly, "if your grip is in this station, I'll find it. But don't depend too much on me; there's a party of theives working here, and if they have stolen your property, it is doubtless miles away by this time. But I'll do


*The Recognized Leader of all Canada-Built Automobiles*

UNLIMITED resources, two generations of manufacturing experience and pre-eminence in the solution of the world's transportation difficulties—with a proud record of successful building of fine vehicles—has wrought for Studebaker a superiority in producing motor cars that neither millions of dollars invested in plants nor regiments of engineers can rival.

Studebaker has proven itself a leader in the production of fine cars at a medium price.

Made in Canada and built for Canadian roads—a car you can depend upon for consistent, satisfactory service in any part of the Dominion.

In every detail of construction the superiority of the Series 18 Studebaker is evident—its masterful power, its sturdiness, its riding-ease, its luxurious comfort, its beauty of lines—things you must see and experience to really appreciate. And when you have seen the Series 18 Studebaker and driven it yourself, you will also appreciate the wonderful value this great Canadian institution has put in this car—a value that has classified it with cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

*40 H. P. FOUR $1375*
*50 H. P. SIX $1685*

STUDEBAKER
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

# HORROCKSES

ARE

## Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers

with an experience and reputation of over a century and a quarter. As they are determined to maintain the reputation of producing

## The Very Best

you may rely on all goods which bear their name on the selvedge.

*For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agent, John E. Ritchie, 591 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal*


what I can. Have you got your ticket?"

"In my pocket," answered Jack quickly. "I bought it yesterday."

"What time is the wedding to be?"

"At noon."

"Then you have got to catch this next train," said the man firmly. "I don't believe your grip is in this station, but I'll look. Are you sure you did'nt leave it in the trolley car?"

"Absolutely sure," answered Jack. Then a horrible thought struck him. "But I might have left it in the lunch room where I had my breakfast," he ventured.

"Go there and see," advised the station agent. "Your train is due in fifteen minutes. You'll have to hurry."

Jack ran all the way up the street to where the trolley stopped and then he remembered that all his money was in his grip and he couldn't ride. He began to run all the faster now, for it was a good half mile to the lunch room, and he might have to run all the way back again. The snow was coming down faster now, and it seemed as if the big flakes took great delight chasing each other down Jack's neck. But Jack sprinted on in his despair. All covered with snow at last he dashed through the door of the lunch room and asked the pretty young lady at the cashier's desk if a grip had been left there.

The cashier pointed to the corner of the room and said: "There it is." Jack's heart jumped for joy. He looked at his watch. Eight minutes left. He picked up the grip and without thanking the pretty cashier, he rushed out of the lunch room like a madman, sped across the street and turned the corner leading to the depot. He had run a block or two when he realized that, now he had the grip safe once more, there was really no reason why he should not take a car. So, with the purpose of getting his money, he stopped in a doorway and opened the grip. Much to his surprise he found that it was not his, but that of a total stranger. By the looks of its contents, it must have belonged to some young lady.

Jack groaned and pulled out his watch. He had five minutes left. If he returned to the lunch room he might be arrested for stealing, or miss the train and—horrible thought—never be married!

This was out of the question. So he set his teeth firmly, picked up the grip and boarded the next car bound for the depot, putting the grip carefully behind the seat in front of him.

When the conductor approached, Jack almost broke down. "I haven't any money," he blubbered, "and I'm going to be married, and I must catch the next train that's due in three minutes, and all my money's in my grip and I've lost it."

"What do you call this?" asked the conductor, kicking the grip with his foot.

"That isn't mine. I don't know who it belongs to. I thought it was mine when I picked it up, but I didn't look at it very carefully, and now I am sure it isn't mine, because mine was trimmed with red, white and blue ribbons by the folks in the house where I room."

The conductor looked at him pityingly. "You're a case for the bug-house all right," he said, "but I'll let you go this time and pay your fare myself. But I'll keep the grip as it isn't yours."

"I don't care what you do with it," replied Jack, taking mental note of the conductor's number, which was 13, with the idea of befriending him some time in the future.

"Lots of time," greeted the station agent as Jack ran into the depot. "Your train's ten minutes late. And your grip is found."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Jack, dropping into a seat, exhausted.

"It's right up at the top of the hill. I'll send a porter for it immediately." Then he continued, "Funny how it happened—just before you got back I received a telephone call from the car shed saying a grip had been found on the car, that tallied with your description of yours."

Jack jumped to his feet. "Don't send for it," he gasped. "Don't send for it! It isn't mine," cried Jack.

"Not yours!"

"No. That's the car I came down on. I—I—saw the grip on the car myself and —and—it isn't mine."

A low whistle sounded through the station.

"Here's your train, young man," said the officer. "You'd better go anyway."

"Yes," replied Jack, gathering himself together manfully. He took the man's hand in his. "I want to thank you for all you've done for me," he said. "I appreciate it very much. But I'm going to get married if I have to do it in my pajamas. And if you happen to find that grip of mine, send it up to the office where I work. I've got a card in my pocket somewhere." And with that he fished out a bedraggled bit of pasteboard.

The station agent looked stunned for an instant. "That isn't a card, man. That's a baggage check."

Into Jack's face came the illuminating light of memory. "Why, of course it is!" he exclaimed. "I remember now I checked my grip. Goodbye."

Comfortably seated in the train, Jack was at last off for Hoffmans, New York, and as the train flew along, the old rhyme came to him of

Needles and Pins!
When a man marries,
His trouble begins.

### Wonderland of the Empire

By Fritz

Wonder land of the Empire,
Valleys, and plains of the West;
Foothills, and mountain pastures,
Up towards the Selkirk's crest.

Land of the purple sunset,
Land where the wheatfields wave,
Home of a million freemen,
Sturdy, and true, and brave.

Land where the life blood quickens,
Land where the heart grows warm;
Your noble sons have answered
The Empire's call in the storm.

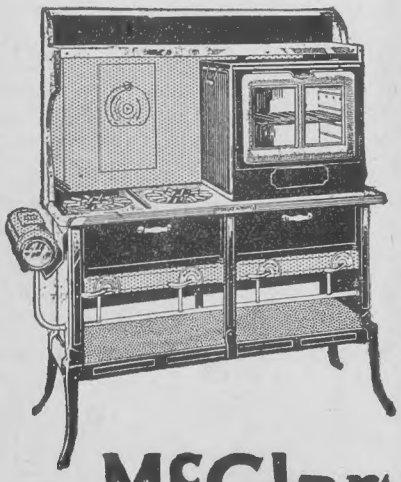
They have answered the call of their Sovereign,
From over the wreck-strewn sea;
That Europe might not be fettered,
That Britain might still be free.

They have offered their all in the struggle.
They have heeded the ties that bind
To England, while she and her Allies
Are fighting for all mankind.

Their deeds will live in stories told,
When the purple sun is set,
And the world will pay them homage
And the Empire will not forget.


# MORE TIME FOR

reading, fancy work and the children if you have a McClary's Florence. This is a time-giving stove, because it needs no watching. Height of flame never varies of itself. Properly adjusted, with plentiful oil supply, it will do its work untended for an hour or two if desired.



McClary's

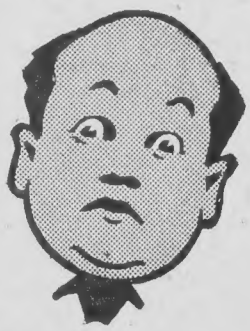
# FLORENCE

OIL COOK STOVES *Wickless, Blue Flame, Valveless, Automatic*

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY, SASKATOON, EDMONTON

26





# WHAT!

NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT?

If coffee was the cause change to

# POSTUM

and sleep!

"There's a Reason"

# "For La Belle France"

By Evelyn R. Caverley

IT was a bright August morning. In the quaint, little villages in Brittany everything was excitement. The peasants had been early astir so that now, the household tasks completed, the population were thronging on the street in the full splendour of holiday attire.

Rosy-cheeked girls were there, bedecked in their best dresses, dresses which had been carefully preserved and which had passed from mother to daughter for generations. Very pretty indeed were those dark blue cloth dresses, so richly embroidered and bedecked with tinsel that the original material could scarcely be distinguished. And to this an added charm was given by the brilliant silk apron, the cross of gold for the neck, the broad sash of velvet ribbon, the gold chain with the locket and charms that hang from it, the lace collar and the "Coif", the great feature of a Breton woman's costume. This latter adornment was of real, old lace, stauding high above the head, with wider lace wings and loops and fastened to its cardboard frame with wonderful gold and silver pins. Then, too, how picturesque were the masculine portion of the population in their finely embroidered blouses and big wooden shoes!

Today a "Pardon," the great religious festival of the year, was being held and every Breton was trudging to the shrine of his patron saint, there to burn a candle as an offering of his thankfulness and to pray for the forgiveness of all his sins.

Already, big wagons drawn by fat horses, whose heads were bedecked with rosettes of pink and blue paper, were coming in, the little, round bells attached to the harness tinkling gaily as the wagons rumbled along.

On the outskirts of the village were peasants trudging along the highways, their big, wooden shoes making a rattling clatter as they moved. Intermingling with the peasants were innumerable carts, carriages and diligences, packed inside and out with serious faced men and women.

Seated in one of these little carts were two people who seemed oddly out of place in that throng of shrine-seekers. The girl, who was very young and very pretty in her quaint costume, seemed almost too happy and joyous an atom to be mingling with this sombre mass of humanity. And handsome Alanik Rosel, beside her; in his deep eyes shone happiness also, Nannie and Alanik were but newly wed and the joy that laughed in their hearts illumined their young faces.

On all sides were other faces, serious, with lips moving voicelessly in prayer, and as though becoming observant of this, at length, Nannie sat suddenly erect and cast an accusing glance at Alanik, who reading the glance guiltily dropped his eyes and tried to look as solemn as the occasion demanded. But grave thoughts cannot long endure where love is singing. Soon they were smiling happily at each other again.

Arrived in the village, the multitude assembled in the square before the church, which at high noon became packed with kneeling figures. Finally, after certain religious ceremonies were performed, the Bishop appeared. He raised his hands and evoked a blessing on the people. The "Pardon" has been said.

Magically then, the scene changed from one of devotion and prayer to one of rejoicing and merry-making. Hawkers wandered through the crowds loudly crying their wares. Jokes flew from mouth to mouth and peals of laughter rang out.

Now, no restraining influence prevented Nannie and Alanik from being as happy as they wished, and their friends crowded about them to congratulate them and wish them all joy and a happy life together. And so midst the happy throng they passed, eyes softly seeking eyes and hand in hand, happy as children and like children enjoying the various wonders of the veritable midway of life and color.

Suddenly, above the laughter and shouts of the merry makers, there sounded the shrill notes of the "binious", the Breton bagpipes, and away rushed the crowd to the grand dance which closes every "Pardon".

There a band of gaily-dressed dancers formed in line for the stately gavotte of the "Pardon". This dance was of religious origin and was always performed with great ceremony. To the best dancer or the dancer who longest endured, was given a broad, blue ribbon with silver tassels, as a prize.

The wild gavotte music began and the dancers who had stood hand in hand, awaiting the signal, broke into fours and the dance was on. Nannie and Alanik danced with the others. Gradually couple after couple began to fall out and the excitement arose to fever heat. Now but two couples remained, Nannie and Alanik were one of these. Friends of each couple shouted encouragement. At length Nannie and Alanik danced alone. They were the victors. Amidst laughter and cheering Nannie received a crown of tinsel and flowers, and shyly and proudly adjusted the ribbon of honor on her husband's shoulder.

They were in the midst of wild congratulations, when a sudden hush gripped the throng. A French officer was speaking from the raised platform where the musicians sat. Towards him surged the crowd, and amazement and incredulity looked from those simple, peasant faces, as the import of his words sank home.

"Germany has declared war upon France and the Republic calls upon every last year's conscript to shoulder arms at once."

Stupidly the words were repeated from mouth to mouth. They could have but one meaning, War! Ah! there must be a mistake surely! Up until this moment no word of the agitation which was to shake the world, had penetrated this remote and peaceful, little village. But there was no mistake. Gradually those simple-hearted people understood. France was again calling upon her sons to go forth to defend her honour.

It was Nannie who first recovered from the shock of the news. Last year's conscripts would report immediately for action, the officer had said. As she grasped the significance of the command, she clutched at her husband's arm.

"Alanik, my Alanik," she whispered, "You will have to go."

At her touch and words, the big fellow roused from his torpor. As he looked into her anguished face, the instinct of protection awoke within him and he gathered her closer to him. The clasp of his protecting arms loosened Nannie's emotion and she began to sob. As a mother soothes her child, Alanik soothed her, and tenderly supporting her, led her to a quiet street. There, after a time, they were able to look duty in the face. Nannie would not have her husband desert La Belle France in her hour of need; no never! So, with a clinging kiss and without a murmur of protest she gave him up.

Soon the village was in a state of confusion and excitement. At six o'clock a special train was to convey the men to Rouen, where they would join their regiments. The situation was too critical to permit of a moment's delay. When Alanik and Nannie reached the station, a large crowd was already there. How different from the merry crowd of the morning! Wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts sat with white, drawn faces beside their loved ones. Nannie stood beside her husband, saying no word, but staring with big unseeing eyes straight in front of her where lay duty. Her hand lay in Alanik's. His arm was about her drooping shoulder.

At length the train thundered in. Oh, the sad parting! Alanik clasped Nannie to his heart and kissed her once—twice, then with one long look into her brave eyes he released her, and dashed for the moving train.

Nannie stood erect and smiling where he left her, watching the fast disappearing train. As it swung about the distant curve, she fell unconscious upon the platform. Kind hands lifted her. Kind friends carried her away. Kind faces bent above her as for days she lay prostrate with grief.

Then, gradually, she began to recover. At first, the sight of her little home where she expected to be so happy was a torture to her. But wonderful letters came from Alanik, letters of love and encouragement, and by degrees her poignant grief wore away. As news of the grim struggle reached her, she realized that she, too, must be brave.

She, herself, superintended the harvest-

McLAUGHLIN

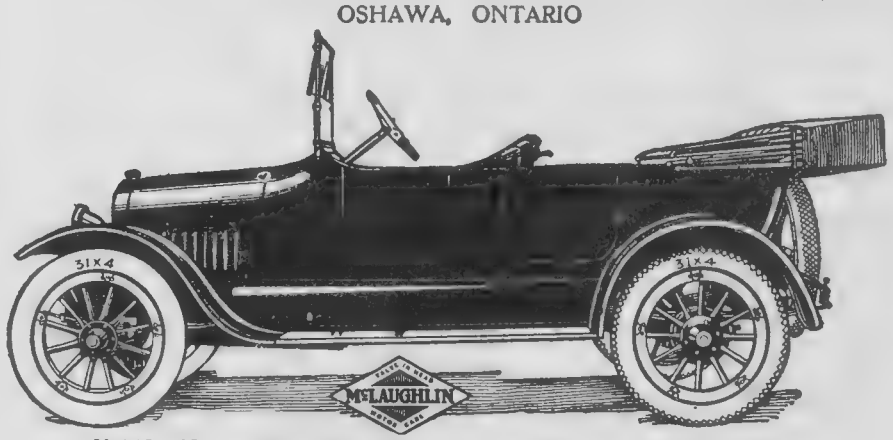
RESERVE POWER

THE McLaughlin valve-in-head motor actually develops from 15% to 20% more power with the same fuel consumption than any other type of motor of the same bore and stroke. This fact has been established by engineers, by block tests and tests in actual service. This means fuel economy and power.

Because this power is sometimes vital, it is found in abundance in McLaughlin Motor Cars, ready for instant application. It is "RESERVE POWER" and marks the dependable and efficient car.

Send for Catalogue "B," describing our complete line, to

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited,
OSHAWA, ONTARIO




Model D-4-35 is a new Four Cylinder Touring Car—the challenge in 1917 Motor Car values—106 in. wheelbase; 35 H. P valve-in-head motor; Delco starting, lighting and ignition.

$925.00 f. o. b. Oshawa. Spare tire extra.

The New Series McLaughlin cars include 4 and 6 cylinder models in Touring, Roadster and Sedan types, and at prices ranging from $910 to $2350, and a new 60 H. P. 6 cylinder, 7 passenger Touring car at $1900.

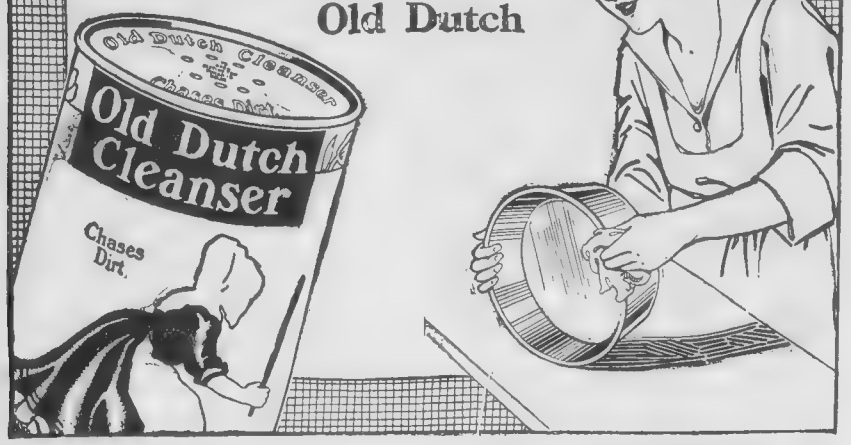
*See the McLaughlin Models at the nearest McLaughlin Show Rooms*

*Branches in Leading Cities.* *Dealers Everywhere.*

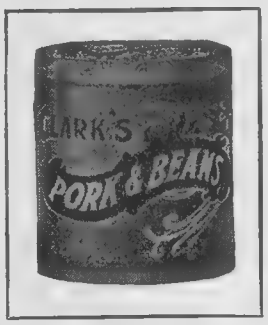
Canada's Standard Car

# Your Bright Tinware

**will smile back at you and it will wear longer if you keep it clean with Old Dutch**




# Clark's Pork and Beans




The value of **BEANS** as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

**CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS** save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

*They are cooked ready—simply warm up the can before opening*

**W. CLARK MONTREAL**

# PEERLESS PERFECTION

**No matter how fast it comes, the most unruly animal can't break through a *Peerless Perfection Farm Fence*—it springs back into shape.**

Made of heavy Open Hearth steel galvanized wire with all the impurities taken out and all the strength and toughness left in. Every wire is crimped making the fence into one continuous spring. Top and bottom wires are extra heavy. Will not sag. Requires less posts than ordinary fence. Absolutely guaranteed.

Don't buy a rod of fencing until you get our illustrated Catalog. Describes our big line of farm, poultry and ornamental fencing. Also Peerless farm gates.

Throughout Canada Peerless Perfection fencing has built a reputation that we are proud of.

**The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,**
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

PEERLESS THE ALL AROUND FENCE

# OTTAWA LADIES COLLEGE

PERFECTLY SANITARY FITTED WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE

New Fireproof Building

Academic work up to the first year University. Music, Art and Handicraft, Household Arts, Physical Culture, etc.

*For Calendar apply to*
J. W. H. MILNE, B.A., D.D., President.

The Capital offers exceptional advantages.
JAS. W. ROBERTSON, LL.D., C.M.G., Chairman of Board.




ing of the crops, the gathering of the apples and pears from the orchard. Her dairy and her poultry, together with her household cares, kept her busy and she worked with an energy that exhausted her body and gave her little time for reflection.

When the harvest was in and big piles of brushwood had been gathered in the oven-house for winter use, Nannie determined to go to the scene of the war. She had heard how many women had gone to the hospital to help, and besides, she might be near Alanik.

Accordingly, having arranged with the neighbors to look after the little farm, she left Brittany. She had decided to go to Belgium as there, she heard, the need was greatest. It was not an easy matter, especially in this time of stress for the little woman to reach one of the large hospitals in Belgium, but love surmounts all obstacles and reach it she did. Then it was another difficult matter to gain permission to stay, for only an efficient body of women could be maintained. Finally, however, touched by Nannie's earnest appeal to be allowed to do any kind of work, the matron consented to allow her to remain.

It was not long before Nannie's thoughtfulness and usefulness won her many friends among the nurses.

Then, one day, the town in which was the hospital, was beseiged. Shells burst over the homes destroying and killing the hapless inmates. Miraculously the hospital escaped. A bomb, however, falling into the courtyard, worked awful destruction. The debris completely covered the well and no water was to be had. Across the street was a convent which was still unharmed.

When Nannie discovered that water was needed, she quickly caught up two pails and sped across to the convent well. She had filled her pails and was about to return, when the tramp of soldiery fell on her ears. The oncoming soldiers were near, so she decided to wait until they passed. As they came closer, she peeped out through the little opening in the gate. Oh joy! they were French soldiers! This she knew from their red and blue uniforms. Then her eye fell upon the officer at their head and she caught her breath. It was Alanik, oh joy! she would rush out and—

Already her hand had lifted the latch. Then, as suddenly, it dropped. Was she a woman of France to disgrace her husband by her weakness? Not yet could she look into his dear face and hear the voice she loved so well.

Mechanically she picked up her pails and slowly returned to the hospital. Having safely delivered the precious water, she was seized by an irresistible impulse to follow that column, at whose head was her own Alanik, and turning she sped up the street. Masses of ruins barred her way, shells burst over-head; but quite unharmed she followed the French soldiers. Near the edge of the town they stopped and entered a house. Nannie crept into a deserted house opposite. She would watch. No doubt, an opportunity would present itself to enable her to speak to Alanik.

The room in which she found herself was large and richly furnished.

Presently when she had recovered from her breathlessness, she heard voices. She listened intently. They were men's voices and she distinguished German words. The knowledge filled her with dismay. She must escape at once. Tales of the atrocities committed on helpless women had already reached her ears, and she was terrified.

But, before she could leave the room, cautious steps were heard approaching. As they drew near, Nannie's eyes searched wildly for a place of concealment. The windows were deep and hung with heavy curtains. Into one of these she climbed and drew close the curtains. Soon, a number of German soldiers entered the room. They talked earnestly. Through a hole in the curtain she saw them pointing to the house opposite, the one which sheltered the French soldiers.

Then a panic seized Nannie. Now, that the Germans knew of the presence of the French, danger threatened Alanik! When they left the room she would steal out and warn him. But the moments passed and the enemy showed no intentions of quitting the room. On the contrary, they seemed to be preparing to stay. They were doubtless waiting for darkness to aid their plans.

Suddenly a thought struck her. Cautiously she drew aside the blind. It was as she surmised; the window opened on the street and was only about three feet from the ground. Her little foot shot out, shattering the glass.

She had squeezed through and was already half-way across the street when a shot rang out. But Nannie dashed on unharmed. Another shot followed and she fell in a limp heap. But already the French were pouring from the house. A sharp encounter followed, which resulted in a number of Germans being killed. The remainder were taken prisoners.

Nannie was tenderly lifted up. Blood was flowing from a wound in her back. "Alanik, Alanik," she gasped in a tone of frenzied anxiety.

A strong arm supported her and her eyes looked into those of Alanik himself. For a moment he was quite dazed, but as reality was borne in upon his mind "Nannie, Nannie," he cried chokingly and gathered her closely into his arms.

"Alanik," she whispered, "kiss me, my husband." His bearded lips met her white ones in a long kiss. "Little one," he spoke, "How came you here? I thought you safe in Brittany."

Then suddenly the paleness of her face struck him. Inarticulate words, broken phrases burst from him, as he pressed her convulsively to his breast. Nannie smiled happily. "I came to help," she murmured wearily, "I saw you pass, I wanted to warn you."

"God, Oh God," he sobbed. A shell whined through the air. There was a deafening detonation. The soldiers ran wildly from the spot.

When at last all was quiet again, the French soldiers crept back. Under a pile of debris they found Alanik and Nannie. She was still clasped in his arms. Both still breathed. As quickly as possible they were borne back to the hospital. Here it was found that although both had sustained serious injuries, yet there was a chance of their recovery.

Six months later Alanik and Nannie sat on the vine-shaded porch of the little home in Brittany. They were pale and weak, but the sun, sinking behind the far hills, smiled a promise of hope, and life and love. Reading with her the promise, his arm stole about her waist.

"You love me Nannie?" he whispered.

"Next to La Belle France," she whispered back.

"Ah, that is truly enough," he smiled. And again their eyes turned to the sunset.

---

### The Benefits of Forced Simplicity

Several years ago a woman was on the verge of nervous prostration, due to the cares of her big house and the troubles caused by incompetent help. She had woman after woman who stayed a week or two and then departed, leaving the care of the house and family on the hands of the wife and mother. Finally the doctor ordered her to take a month's vacation, and she determined to simplify matters as much as possible while she was away. To this end the rooms were stripped of all useless ornaments, the food was cut down to the minimum of plain, wholesome supplies, the entertaining was of the simplest character, and the cleaning that was necessary was done by outside helpers. The mistress acknowledged that it was a makeshift, and apologized to her family profusely, but something had to be done.

Any one who has tried the experiment knows what happened. That family was literally forced into such good health, good temper, serenity and quiet that it never wanted to go back to the old way. The big, burdensome house was sold and a smaller one taken. The smaller house lacked the convenience, but there was nothing useless in and about the rooms. The whole effect was restful and delightful, while the saving in money was remarkable. The family doctor was no longer a frequent caller, and the temper of the family became so improved that "nerves" were rarely spoken of in that home. But the most remarkable thing was that a competent, good-tempered woman, seeing the state of things, applied for a place as domestic. The mistress had the good sense to adhere to the simple methods of living, and the domestic is with her to this day.

For the invalid as well as those in perfect health

Baker's Cocoa

is an ideal food beverage, pure, delicious and wholesome.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA • DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations sold on the Merits of

Minard's Liniment

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost, by using our attachableoutfit. Fits any Bicycle. Easily attached. No Special Tools Required.

"Compared With Others"

*Mr. C. F. Wilhelm, 35 Shanley St., Berlin, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I received your Attachment a couple of weeks ago and I like it fine, and appreciate the difference between a two cycle motor and a four cycle. Also wish to state that it has considerable more power than the (competitor's motor.)"*

FREE BOOK Write today for bargain list and free booklet describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment, also Motorbicycle, complete. Our prices run from $25 up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 193 — Galesburg, Kas., U.S.A.

# When Wiley Woman Woos to Win

By Margaret Burton

THIS is a most deplorable tale from Alpha to Omega. The two dreaded m's—mumps and measles, had claimed an unprecedented toll that season. In a state approaching panic, the local Board of Ailments had issued a proclamation demanding the support of all citizens in stamping out the epidemic. Both front and back yards were ordered fumigated and any person using unsterilized air, either hot or cold, did so at his own peril. Undoubtedly the trouble lay in the fact that Pristhilymette, the most elite of apartment houses, boasted a yard neither before nor behind and that she lived way up in the ether zone. At any rate that malignant germ known to cupologists as "Eyewilhavim" slipped through the blockade, making straight for the thirteenth level where in a sumptuous suite, dwelt Danety Morcel.

From an authentic source I learned that during her infancy this girl was a mere child in size. In fact until she reached fifty per cent. of a year, she nightly journeyed to Dreamland incased by Mother's arms, but then expansion commenced a demonstration. By her twelfth birthday, so great was Danety's avoirdupois, that every lift which she entered immediately dropped.

Without any encouragement every portion of the girl's anatomy thrived and grew, excepting her brain. Outside assistance being deemed necessary in that development, Danety was placed for five days each week in a substantial seat of learning. All went smoothly for a time. She quite enjoyed the novelty of getting an education and relished the attention her unusual figure accorded her. One day, however, when waddling home from school, a most self-satisfied feeling in her breast, a loquacious young upstart accosted her:

"Say, Hefty, why don't you cash that name of yourn in a vase on the mantel, so as you won't smash it."

Who can conscientiously condemn the tears which sprinkled her homeward path? Repeatedly her mirror had volunteered the information that she merited a more solid title than "Danety", but never before had her name been publicly insulted. She pleaded with her parents to catalogue her otherwise but they only laughed and endeavored to dissolve her sorrow in caresses. No matter what her bulk might be she would always be their little darling. Thus her name stuck, but never more did Danety Morcel enter a schoolroom. With an imported tutoress she secluded herself within the pretentious walls of Pristhilymette and there absorbed such knowledge as she could not evade.

Time, proceeding on his travels, incidently brought womanhood to Danety. As yet no knight had stormed her heart. Gladly would father have shared his family burdens with any willing youth. In vain mother tried to console herself by arguing that worse fates than spinsterhood might befall one's offspring. As for the maid—she was of an optimistic turn of mind, firmly believing that each fleeting hour but enhanced the charms by which she meant to some day land a husband.

For every self respecting female, Dame Fashion decrees an entire change of apparel at least once in three months. When these periods of wardrobe vicissitudes came round, consternation was monarch of the Morcel household. Day after day Nibs steered the costly limousine through the crowded down town district, stopping before each likely shop. It was no half hour's job to find clothes to encompass Danety.

"I do hope I can squeeze into one here," she sighed as on one of these trips the car drew up before a window of elegantly gowned models.

"I'm so sorry, my dear," apologized a trim little madame, "but we're just out of your size."

"Home," she snapped as Nibs held the door and helped hoist her weight. That expression of "your size" had been drummed into her ears for the past three days and was now mounting to her brain. Her eyes closed with weariness and disappointment. What cared she for dress? She wondered if shrouds were made with ultra measurements.

What was it? The car lunged forward, then backward, stopping with a jerk. Danety sprang to her feet. Already a sea of pale faces surged around the machine. It came so suddenly she had hardly sensed the situation when a wave washed Nibs and a policeman ashore, the latter bearing a small bundle of humanity.

"Yes, yes," gasped Nibs, "we'll rush him to the hospital."

Hastily the door was opened, the unfortunate deposited at Danety's side and off they sped. She glanced at the victim's face, then scrutinized it with care, Her eyes told her that by some invisible link that visage was connected with her past. Where had she seen him before? If only his eyes would open she might remember then. His hands, lying limp at his side, were quite ordinary members—one thumb, four fingers each—no clue to his identity there. His feet—yes, sure enough—three tiny gold initials were embroidered on those wisteria socks—N.S.K. Could it be possible that there within her own limousine lounged the despicable individual who in by-gone days had so grossly insulted her appellation? Just then his eyes parted, disclosing two familiar brown orbs.

"You are—?" she fainted.

"I am," acquiesed Noe S. Kape.

The hospital expedition was apparently unnecessary and Nibs had driven straight to the portal of Pristhilymette.

"A not unpleasant incident," acknowledged Noe S. Kape, assisting Danety to descend.

Upon her reinforced, lace bedecked bed, Danety tossed through a restless night. The accident of the day before proved of minor importance, a five minutes' departure into oblivion being the only inconvenience the young man suffered.

Now as she lay there in the dark, she thought of scores of things she might have said and done instead of feigning indifference and coolly walking away from him. Evidently he had changed since that memorable day at school, for yesterday he had respectfully addressed her as "Miss Morcel". Whether or not he had improved in manners this was her nearest approach to masculinity and romance, and she had no intention of forfeiting her one opportunity. Most carefully she planned an aggressive campaign and by coffee time she had decided to enlist the services of the Bell System in her initial move.

The architect who supervised the construction of Noe S. Kape deserves congratulations on the finished monument. The exterior, of which an enticing, well groomed mustache formed no small part, was minus a flaw. Aside, however, from the usual amount of mechanism installed in each human body, his interior was unfurnished. Society noticed not the deficit. In every noteworthy aggregation he proved an asset to the decorative scheme and tickled the social column publicity seekers by his ravings of "my set". Now the family tree of Kape was ancient and firmly rooted but drooped from lack of pecuniary fertilization. Situation after situation, where ornamentation and a glib tongue were the only essentials, Noe had tentatively tried. Inevitably about the second day society had demanded his presence and—well, he concluded it was folly to tie himself with an occupation when he owned a father, who would clothe and feed him. At the moment he collided with Danety's auto, he was greatly piqued, not about a question, but about a trifle out of date dress suit which father maintained showed no signs of wear.

A morning meal in the Kape abode consisted usually of light breakfast and heavy argument. The beginning of this day was no exception to the rule. According to the head of the establishment one dress suit was good until its property of reflection made it bad. It was most lamentable that Noe had to tolerate such stinginess. Think of parents raising such a fuss about spending three-quarters of a hundred on dress togs for a promising scion.

"You think of nothing but girls and dress, dress and girls, from one morning to the next. Likely that's one of your social parasites at the phone now. In my day, a girl learned to busy herself at home and leave the telephoning and courting to the man". What but dis-

Unusual Biscuit

Unusually crisp and tender, they melt in the mouth.

Unusually evenly baked—none overdone or scorched.

Unusually tasty—more so than many fancy biscuits.

Unusual in packing—triple sealed striped cartons.

Unusual in price.

*In Packages only—Plain or Salted.*

With dessert and light refreshments our

COCOANUT WAFERS

are simply delicious.

North-West Biscuit Co., Limited
EDMONTON - ALTA. 10

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON ONTARIO

ARTS
MEDICINE EDUCATION
APPLIED SCIENCE
Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

HOME STUDY
Arts Course by correspondence. Degree with one year's attendance.

Summer School July and August
Navigation School December to April

15 GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar

Athletes know the value of Absorbine, Jr. for putting vim and energy into jaded muscles.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is a soothing, cooling liniment—a mild herbal preparation that allays pain and reduces soreness and inflammation.

One ounce Absorbine, Jr. to a quart of water or witch hazel makes an effective rub-down.

$1.00 a bottle. Druggists or postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
509 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

CURLY HAIR

"WAVCURL" Imparts Beautiful PERMANENT CURLS. One packet sufficient, however listless your hair. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Result certain. Price 2s 9d. Special reduction for few weeks. Send 1s 6d only for large size 2s 9d packet.

The New Wavcurl Co., 67 Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, Holborn, London, W.C., England.

LEA AND PERRINS
THE UNIVERSAL SAUCE

**In Use Throughout the Civilized World**

Known from nation to nation; proved leader in quality by the test of time; welcomed by the best cooks and most discriminating housewives.

An ever-seasonable aid in serving the rarest flavored dishes.

*Lea & Perrins'*
*The Original Worcestershire Sauce.*

More economical than any other sauce.

Look for the signature. It protects you from substitutes.

***Impressive Stationery***

WE can supply you with the kind of stationery that is at once dignified and appropriate. We specialize on Wedding Stationery, Society Printing and Engraving, and : : : : : :

SEASONABLE GREETING CARDS

One trial order means a regular customer.

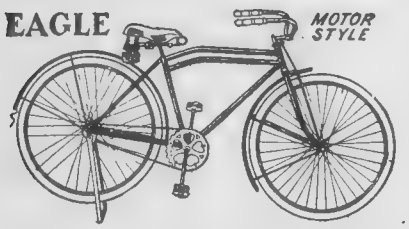
***Stovel Company Ltd.***

PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS

NEW BLDG. ON BANNATYNE AVE., FROM DAGMAR TO ELLEN STS

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

EAGLE MOTOR STYLE



**Write to-day for our big FREE CATALOGUE**

showing our full line of Bicycles for Men and Women, Boys and Girls—Tires, Coaster Brakes, Wheels, Inner Tubes, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Saddles, Equipment and Parts for Bicycles. You can buy your supplies from us **at wholesale prices.**

**T. W. BOYD & SON,**
**27 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal.**

**RICH MONUMENTS**

sold on a money-back basis direct to you. It is now possible to erect wonderfully attractive and enduring stones at prices within the means of the average family. Illustrated booklet tells how we do it—contains many epitaph designs—gives you the net costs on handsome monuments. This booklet will be mailed free if you write.

**STANDARD CEMENT STONE WORKS**
P.O. Box 104 GIROUX, MAN.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

approval could be expected from an old fashioned mother living in this feministic age.

Inwardly Danety chuckled. Her first move had been crowned with victory. Of course, Noe had scoffed at the suggestion of her offering Nibs and her machine as an ambulance for an invalid's airing, but, he hastened to add, as a perfectly sound person he had no objections to a spin with her. She had difficulty in controlling the triumph in her voice as he swallowed the bait so deftly, so with, "In thirty minutes, Mr. Kape," she hooked her receiver. Barely had the half hour lapsed when the ride began. Now if she had been a man and he had retained his masculine identity, that auto seat would have been comfortably filled. But, as Danety happened to be a girl with a conspiring nature as well as much width, poor Noe suffered great compression. In spite of her endeavor to interest him in some branch of small talk, his enthusiasm never waxed beyond "yes" or "no".

"The bills at the Orpheum are so dear this season. Have you been this week? I'm just crazy to see Sumbuoy there in Xaqushun."

Though accustomed to collective adoration, up to date Noe had found girls individually dissatisfied with his pocket contents—various keys. He realized that Danety was not of his set and she could hardly be described as "chic". Still if she wished to spread over one and one-half of father's seats at the Orpheum the next night, what right had he to refuse the proffered other half? This time his mercury arose to "yes".

Promptly at eight o'clock on the following eve, Mother Kape responding to the door bell, confronted the liveried Nibs. Noe gave his mirror a last fond smile then loitered out to receive Danety's greetings and free transportation to the Orpheum. Sumbuoy in Xaqushun surpassed the fondest expectations of his audience while the rest of the bill, as the papers had published, was "above the average." Danety, lavishly gowned and radiantly happy proved after all to be no detriment to her companion's pleasure. Gradually he was warming to the situation when, hearing a familiar voice, he turned and met the disapproving gaze of his social contemporary, Mr. Yze Gye. Noe lacked ability for reading another's thoughts, but he immediately whiffed trouble. How he began to twitch and turn. Danety feared that St. Vidas had outwitted her and won the prize.

The next morning before Noe and his pajamas had severed relationship for the day, there came to him over the wires, an ultimatum from his friend Mr. Gye.

"Do you intend to marry that girl? She'll steer you to disaster sure unless you use the emergency brakes mighty quick. No offense, but remember this counsel comes from one who knows the signs. Good luck."

Something told Noe that Yze Gye understood the ground. What an appetiser for breakfast. The receiver slipped unnoticed from his immaculate hands as he tried to picture himself marching up the aisle to the strains of "Phredumlostfrever". The nerve of the girl to fancy she merited such a gem. He must see her at once and make her understand that she played a losing hand.

"No, no, Noe. You can not mean it. Just as I'd made such plans for our lives together, you tell me that they must be existed apart. The gates of Heaven you've slammed in my face. Begone, cruel trifler," and the patter of falling water accompanied her sad farewell.

The next day passed somehow, as did its successor, but on the third, Danety collapsed under the torture of Eyewilhavim's feasting on her heart. Surrounding her bed, father, mother, two Red Cross auxiliaries and an M.D. unanimously agreed that she was light headed and feverish. Mystery enveloped the case. The medical agent frictionized his hands and scratched his head until an idea hatched there. He chuckled at his keen perception. How dense the others were. Miss Morcel's pet canary must be released at once, for its captivity evidently worried its sympathetic mistress. The doctor's instructions were carried out in detail, but when the empty cage and the bird were separately exhibited before the patient's eyes, her persistent shriekng, "no escape, no escape", accelerated to fortissimo.

Possibly because he had one day been hunted down and trapped by this same girl's mother, father was here subjected to a revelation. Danety's anxiety was of a business nature—an amalgamation, she had in mind, with Noe S. Kape the silent partner. No one could justly accuse this father of selfishness for he weighed both sides of the question with precision. First in young Kape's freedom he saw himself for a moment. He shook his head—he had not heart to contribute to a fellow creature's enslavement. Then with paternal instinct, he glanced at the contorted features of his child and duty called peremtorily. His mental conflict settled, he bolted from the sick room and tore madly to the street, where, ever on the alert, slept Nibs at the wheel.

"It's out of the question, I tell you. This afternoon I'm contracted to play tennis with the Dadsumilyunair girls," apologized Noe as he struggled to extricate his shoulder from Father Morcel's determined clutch.

"Tell me nothing, young man. You're going with me, and right this minute, too. Hop into that car." And poor Noe abhorring the exertion of war, obeyed.

Back they drove to Pristhilymette; each man silent and apparently oblivious of his travelling companion. On father's face was stamped that tenacity which twenty-five years married men delight in displaying when freed for the time being of wifely pressure. Noe groped in darkness. He had been told where but not why. Undoubtedly, he mused, Danety suffered humiliation due to her sentimental outburst and rejection of three days past. It seemed most natural that after meditation she should crave forgiveness, for the annoyance she had caused him. By the time the elevator had soared to the thirteenth station of Pristhilymette, this magnanimous youth had internally agreed to take her hand in a fraternal manner and promise to forget the late unpleasantness. Certainly he must use great care and decision in his words and actions for the girl was of a predatory type. Even as he recognized his name hurled out in the corridor to greet him, he still fancied he had an equal chance, but when father shoved him into the sick chamber and her outstretched arms formed a receptacle, the heart in him sank to his shoes.

"I knew you would come to me, darling, if I were only patient," sighed Danety Morcel, holding him in a Herculean vise.

Prior to the total submersion of his visage in a soft flabby neck, he had witnessed the exit of the medical corps. Father, alone, remained to view the execution but as he belonged to the allies, Noe looked for no assistance there. Poor boy. With all air crowded out of his lungs and the intake bulkheaded, even speech was deprived him. Thank heavens they could not shut off his thoughts. Only a second had to dwell on his painful, hopeless position when the tamer's voice broke his reverie.

"He belongs to us all, father—your son as well as my husband. Bless us," and she partially released her captive for felicitations.

"I—I—," attempted Noe with dying effort as he felt Hymen's talons tighten around his throat.

"My benefactor," breathed father from the pit of a grateful heart, as he pressed an elongated slip of paper into the hand he grasped.

Far be it from me to condemn humanity as mercenary, but I know, you know, and the world knows that a substantial pecuniary remuneration oft-times makes great shifts in a mortal's likes and dislikes. I have my suspicions concerning the docile Noe S. Kape who during his light repast next morning, ignored the customary avenues of disagreement. Did not heart weaken one's vitality? Well then, cold coffee was just the beverage for breakfast. Soggy biscuits, he had somewhere read, more quickly reached the human granary than their lighter kinsfolk. What did it matter if the sky wished to drown this glorious earth, to-morrow might be fair. Patiently he waited until his father had perused the Daily Prevaricator, then while mother adjusted her close range specs, he turned to an inner sheet of the newspaper and there in print, he read his fate.

His crime—ignorance of the wiles of women; his sentence—life term with a damsel who had consented to divide his joys, as well as to multiply his sorrows, and no man knew better than he, just how slim were Noe S. Kape's chances for a reprieve.

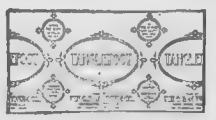
**106 Fly Poison Cases Reported in 3 Years**

**A Large Percentage Fatal**

Appalling as this record seems, it is only a fraction of the real number. The symptoms of cholera infantum and arsenical poisoning are almost identical. Diagnosis is extremely difficult. Many actual fly poison cases are unrecognized and unreported.

**The U.S. Government recognizes this danger to childhood and issues this warning,** in supplement No. 29 to the Public Health Report: "Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for the purpose of condemnation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poisoning to summer diarrhea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-destroying devices must be rated as extremely dangerous, and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

**TANGLEFOOT**



catches flies and embalms their disease-bearing bodies with a disinfecting varnish. It is safe, efficient, non-poisonous, and your protector from both fly and fly poisons. (105)

**Made in Canada by**
**THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY**
**Walkerville, Ontario**
**American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**THE C. P. R. GIVES YOU TWENTY YEARS TO PAY**

**An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms ranging from $11 to $30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands up to $50. One-tenth down, balance if you wish within twenty years. In certain areas, land for sale without settlement conditions. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc. up to $2000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or to secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to Allan Cameron, Gen'l Supt. of Lands, Department of Natural Resources, C. P. R., 911 First Street East, Calgary, Alberta.**

**PATENTS** Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circular, terms, etc.

**FEATHERSTONHAUGH & CO.**
Fred. B. Featherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A. Sc.
**16 Canada Life Building, Portage Avenue**
(Corner of Main) **WINNIPEG**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

## Huntsman's Luck

By Charles Dorian

LORNA Duke sprouted in Ragonak like all the wild things that grew there and blossomed into beauty. Flowers thrived well in her garden, the birds and animals were attracted by her and men fought over her.

Her father had been station agent since Ragonak was first planted. She and her sister grew up in the station and took many a peep into the mysteries of railroading. William Duke lacked the temerity to ask for more assistance as the work grew heavier, so the girls pitched in and helped. The older delved into the musty records and books while the younger learned the Morse secrets on the telegraph key. As Mary Duke remained in the background of the office and grew up plain, Lorna occupied the front desk where trainmen and passengers alike saw and admired her.

The dusty window panes could not hide her beauty; it was like looking at pink roses through smoky gauze, the veil giving an incentive for protracted feasting. Her hair was a shade yellower than natural silk, her eyes a shade deeper than the blue sky, her teeth whiter than ivory.

Trainmen have consummate nerve, it is said, but no trains were ever delayed at Ragonak for five-minute flirtations with the pretty stationmaster's daughter. She repulsed familiarity with her certain superiority just as she repulsed all the hopeful swains of the village—except one.

Willie Fendale was it. Willie was a farmer lad of sturdy build, handsome face and quiet habits. He had no words for her attractiveness; he had only eyes. And just as the Morse code flashes secrets that written language cannot spell so do eyes convey deeper messages than the tongue can tell.

Lorna Duke and Willie Fendale were very happy together and so let them be while we look at the scenery and see how the trouble started.

Ragonak was wild, we said. It was prettily poised on the side of a hill with a command of a long stretch of Lake Huron. Back of it was a string of placid lakes where black bass abided. The surrounding bush was low set, thick and snarled. Here and there rugged pioneers had cleared homesteads; over the hills prospectors had made meagre discoveries. It was a port of call for the lake steamers; freight was transferred from boat to train and an occasional tourist dropped off to stretch a fishing line or hunt deer. A small sawmill gave to the place a "getting on" spirit, yet all in all, Ragonak was a wild spot, beloved of huntsmen and anglers.

Deer abounded there. They came up to the back doors in the early morning hours to sniff at the garbage pails and fled at the first sound of human movement. Not all had fled, though, for one over-bold had paused for a glimpse of Lorna Duke and became ensnarled by the winning charm of her. It came again and often, closer each time until she felt its cool, perspiring nose in her hand, and knew she had tamed it. Then she put a cowbell on it and called it "Pete" and the neighbors petted it and fed it and called it "Lorna Duke's fawn."

In the woods it would have grown a beautiful thing; civilization had made it a gawky creature with long, jointy limbs and big ears, resembling a mulley cow. Its large, trusting eyes never grew hard, though, and in them lurked the glimpse of ancestral freedom.

The summer was fading, "Pete" was growing, and Willie Fendale and Lorna Duke were spending outrageous hours eye-gossiping in the shadow of an historic maple in the station garden or boldly facing the chaffing moon on the water front.

The hunting season brought its usual votaries who assembled their accessories and trudged into the surrounding wilderness. A new comer was easily recognized by the fact that he carried no equipment except his gun, and stayed over night at the hotel.

He strolled down to the station before supper and caught a glimpse of the pink rose through the window. She was alone. Her father was laid up with rheumatism, her sister tired out and she was holding down her trick at the key when the stranger came round and waited respectfully until she had closed the key before he spoke.

"They told me it was the deer that brought people here. I don't believe it," he opined, by way of introduction.

His voice was musical, his manner pleasant, and he was a good-looking stranger withal. His words thrilled her; his eyes held her, not as Willie Fendale's did—somehow there was no sentimental submission in them but compelling mastery. She looked at him in a startled way, which was an unusual way for Lorna Duke. He continued:

"I didn't want to come. I never handled a gun in my life. But they say deer are as thick as bees here and one can't miss them. Even if one does the outing has its compensations. Did you—ah—grow here?"

The startled look gave way to that superior glance which meant dismissal to so many.

"If you want to send a message I'll be glad to take it, but if it's local history you're after, try the guides," she said.

"Oh, you're busy," he laughed. "Well, never mind talking to me. I'll maybe have a message later."

He lifted his cap, politely and went away.

He arose very early in the morning but he was not out before "Pete" had recon-

Major Richard Lloyd George, eldest son of David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain, and his bride, formerly Miss Roberta McAlpine, daughter of Mr. Robert McAlpine, of Totterbridge, Hertfordshire. The bridegroom had been convalescent for some time and was staying at Bath, where the marriage took place. The route from the hotel to the church was lined with smiling Tommies presenting arms. The Premier and many prominent personages were present at the ceremony.


# The Test of Value is Demand

ON THIS TEST the value of The Great-West Life Policies is strikingly obvious.

For ten successive years popular opinion has given first place to the Great-West policies For ten successive years the Great-West has written the largest Canadian Business of all Canadian Companies.

During twenty-four successful years there has been a steadily increasing appreciation of the low premium rates, the high profit returns and the liberal conditions that characterize the Policies of

## The Great-West Life
### Assurance Company

*Dept. "Q"*

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

*Ask for Personal Rates—stating Age.*

# UNION BANK
## OF CANADA

Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets over
$109,000,000
Deposits over $85,000,000

### Bank by Mail and Save Long Drives

IF none of our 200 Western Branches is near your home, mail us the cheques or cash you receive, with your Passbook, and we will return it with the Deposit credited. Then you can pay your bills by cheque, which we will honor; or if you want the cash yourself, send us a cheque in your own favor and we will forward the money by return mail.

BRANCHES IN SASKATCHEWAN

Abbey, Adanac, Alsask, Arcola, Asquith, Assiniboia, Bounty, Bruno, Buchanan, Cabri, Canora, Carlyle, Craik, Cupar, Cut Knife, Dinsmore, Dummer, East End, Esterhazy, Estevan, Eyebrow, Fillmore, Gravelbourg, Guernsey, Gull Lake, Herbert, Highton, Humboldt, Indian Head, Jansen, Kelfield, Kerrobert, Kindersley, Landis, Lang, Lanigan, Lawson, Lemberg, Loverna, Lumsden, Luseland, Macklin, Major, Maple Creek, Maryfield, MacRorie, Melfort, Milestone, Moose Jaw, Moosomin, Morse, Netherhill, Neudorf, Ogema, Outlook, Oxbow, Pense, Perdue, Piapot, Plenty, Prince Albert, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Robsart, Rocanville, Rosetown, Saskatoon, Scott, Sceptre, Shaunavon, Simpson, Sintaluta, Southey, Strassburg, Swift Current, Tessier, Theodore, Togo, Tompkins, Vanguard, Viceroy, Vidora, Wapella, Wawota, Watrous, Webb, Weyburn, Wilkie, Windthorst, Wolseley, Yorkton, Zealandia.

# FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carload shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against Shipping Bills at 7 per cent interest. : : : :

## THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

**700 W Grain Exchange Winnipeg**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Let Redpath Sweeten It —

The mistress of the house is the nation's food dictator. Men wisely leave to her good judgment the selection of their daily food.

Redpath SUGAR

appeals to her good judgment as a food product of undoubted purity—sold in a convenient series of protective packages, from the 2-lb. Carton to the 100-lb. Bag —and with a record for uniform quality that goes back over half a century.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO.,
LIMITED, MONTREAL. 25

FENNINGS' For children cutting their teeth, prevent convulsions, are Cooling and Soothing

CONTAIN NOTHING INJURIOUS TO A TENDER BABE

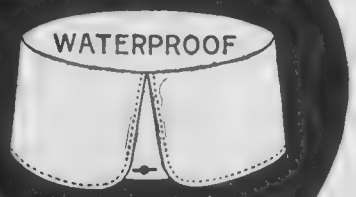
Safe Teething CHILDREN'S Easy Teething

Sold in stamped boxes at 50c. per package, with full directions, by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Montreal. (Branches in all parts.)
(Alone have the trade mark, "A Baby in a Cradle.")

Read "Fennings' Every Mother's Book." A Free Copy will be sent post Free on application to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight, Eng.

POWDERS

CHALLENGE




COLLARS

SAVE YOUR MONEY

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money—25c for collars, 50c per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book. Made in Canada.

The Arlington Co. of Canada Ltd.
54-64 Fraser Avenue, TORONTO, Can.

Mailed Free to any address by the author

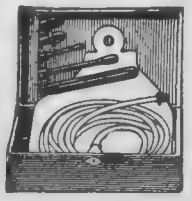
BOOK ON DOG DISEASES and How to Feed

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 West 31st St., N.Y.

If It's Made of RUBBER We Have It.

Write Us and mention your wants.

Camera Supply Co.
P.O. Box 2704 Montreal




noitred the garbage pail; in fact, "Pete" was plethoric with its contents and was wabbling lazily into the nearby bush when the stranger, who was in the city known as Nicholas Peterson, the broker, espied the fawn. He raced back to his room and was out again in a jiffy with his gun, and, regardless of the slumbers of the neighbors, blazed away at "Pete" and—rang the bell.

The head of the proprietor was bobbing out of an upstairs window in a moment and a hoarse voice demanding what in the blankety blank anybody was shooting at so close to the house.

"A deer—a beauty," explained the stranger, excitedly, starting on the run in the direction of its disappearing form. He continued his journey more painstakingly when he failed to see any living thing in the tangled fringe of bush.

He could not go far north or south without coming out at water but he was as unfamiliar with the ways of the wild as an unborn pigeon, and well as he knew the haunts of lower Broadway, of Duane and Wall Streets, he was completely lost in a strip of land half as wide as Manhattan in his most favored district.

Lorna Duke wondered why "Pete" had not put in an appearance and when she heard that "that fool city fella potted it," she crimsoned with anger and demanded that he be brought to her for an accounting. But whoever would do that had a task ahead of him. Willie Fendale heard of it and he contracted to bring Nicholas Peterson to book.

He took canoe and paddle and scouted the shore of the inland lake, hallooing at intervals. He returned at sunset without success and reported to Lorna.

"Lost, I guess," he elucidated.

"And 'Pete', she inquired, 'No sign of 'Pete?'"

"No sign of 'Pete'," he repeated.

Lorna flushed angrily: Willie winced.

"Willie Fendale," she accused: "You make me tired with your parrot answers. Must I go and bring in that man myself? Suppose he's—hurt!"

Her look of consternation terrified Willie Fendale. He promised to resume his search in the morning, and inured as he was to the ways of the country he went again by water, repeating his tactics of the day before, and at sunset he again returned fruitless. He did not report to Lorna this time. He had to bring in his man or word of him. He asked about him at the hotel. Nobody had seen him. Likewise no one had since seen "Pete."

Willie was up early next morning and out in his canoe, again using the method best known to him. Along about noon a shot answered his call and he called again to be answered by another shot. So, beaching his boat, he made a straight blaze for the sound and found Nicholas Peterson three hundred yards in a straight line from his hotel. He was sitting beside a deadfall with one leg stretched out. He gave Willie a sickly glance. His face was pale and smeared with sooty perspiration.

"You gotta come with me. You killed her pet deer. She'll deal with you," blurted Willie.

A flicker of a smile spread across the wan face.

"I don't think I can make it," he replied. "Could you manage to send out a doctor to splint my leg? I broke it in this infernal tangle of roots."

"Leg broke!" exclaimed Willie in horror, "Lor' why didn't you say so?"

"I was'nt just sitting here for comfort," said the stranger, impatiently. "I tried to doctor it myself but I put myself to sleep and I'm afraid I've been here a long time."

Willie was prudent enough not to tell him how long, and made for his canoe. He returned an hour later with the doctor and more help.

It was a difficult case. The long inattention had resulted in traces of gangrene and the doctor was put to his best skill.

"He's no ordinary man," he told Lorna's father, "or he'd lose that leg. Some keen interest keeps him alert. There's a mental force acting like an antiseptic upon that diseased limb."

Nicholas Peterson asked the proprietor for telegram blanks and envelopes and scribbled:

"Miss Pink Rose: I am sorry I killed your deer. I'll go to you and listen to what you have a mind to call me just as soon as I can hop—Nicholas Peterson."

He addressed it to "Miss Lorna Duke, telegraph operator, Ragonak station" and told the hostler to see that she received it.

Lorna bade the hostler wait while she picked three pink roses from the station garden, scribbled a note which she tied to the stems, and wrapping tissue paper around all and tying it lightly she asked the hostler to deliver it to the man who sent her the message.

"And mind, Jules Berner," she cautioned, smiling, "No gossip!"

Nicholas Peterson read the note when Jules had departed and pressed it again and again to his lips while inhaling the fragrance of the roses. The note ran:

"Dear Nicholas Peterson: 'Pete' returned this morning—minus her bell, so how can I bear you any malice? I hope you can hop soon.—Lorna."

Willie Fendale? Who was it saw him making eyes at the buxom young cook at the hotel when he went there to make inquiries about Nicholas Peterson? He was always restive in the presence of Lorna Duke anyway!

Lorna had no brothers and Willie Fendale was to her just what most brothers are to their sisters. The big moment came with Nicholas Peterson. When he was able to hop around he went to her and agreed to live in Ragonak the rest of his life.

"I've buried my gun," he told her. "I didn't really know why I came to Ragonak until I saw you."

"Considering everything I don't see myself that you could have come for anything else," she sighed, as she surrendered her lips for the dozenth time.

---

### As One Woman Saw It

A woman's club recently discussed the rather complicated question: "What is the Most Important Duty of the Modern Woman?"

They said about it many things, some wise and some less so, but without coming to any tangible conclusion. At last the president turned to a stranger who had chanced to be present.

"Do you mind," asked the president, "telling us what you think? A fresh point of view is always interesting."

The visitor smiled. "Well," she said, "I am too old fashioned to have anything to say which could belong to the discussion. I do not pretend to know what is the most important duty for modern women in general. It took me a good many years to find out what is my own."

"You found it, then?" asked the president.

"Yes," answered the stranger.

"May we ask what it was?"

"Yes," smilingly answered the woman: "to keep myself always sunny and sane."

The members of the club, who had been talking moral or intellectual or political or philanthropic duties, were a little puzzled, and at last the president ventured to ask for an explanation.

"The fact is," the visitor explained, "I got just to the verge of nervous prostration by trying to do all the things that are expected of women nowadays. One day I heard my small son tell his nurse that it was of no use to ask me anything because I was always so worried. It wasn't much, of course, but it set me to thinking. I realized that neither my husband nor my children cared much to talk with me about their personal interests because I was so taken up with my own, and I was getting to be shut out of my own family. Then it came over me that I was, as my boy said, too worried to have any judgment about any question that was really worth anything. I was always busy, always overworked, and never quite myself. So I made up my mind that my first care ought to be to keep myself sane and good natured enough to be respected. I hope," she broke off suddenly, "that this doesn't seem to you too personal."

A quiet fell upon the meeting, and while it had been the intention to discuss the question further, and the president tried to continue it, no one had anything more to say. But when the meeting broke up nearly every woman went to the stranger and shook her hand.

---

**A Pill that is Prized.**—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

# The Romance of a Cottage

By W. R. Gilbert

PEACE COTTAGE stood in its overgrown garden and, from the crest of the hill, looked over the smiling fields of Codford, across to the sea. It looked its name—the house of world-forgotten peace.

Either Sandy and Rebecca had grown like their cottage, or their cottage had grown like them, or both. They were a family of three—Sandy, Rebecca and the cottage.

One day pompous Mr. Grandison, of London, with his befrilled and powdered lady, startled the sleepy old village by briskly walking up and down its roads as though searching for something.

When at length they chanced on the old house on the hill-top, Mrs. Grandison stopped and pointed at the lovely cottage with parted lips.

"The very thing! Just look at it Horace!" she whispered.

"H'm! very pretty, my dear," Mr. Grandison said. "Just about the size. Decent little garden—a little overgrown; soon put that right. Two bedrooms, I fancy, living room and kitchen. Very nice!"

"For our week-end cottage, we simply couldn't have anything better!" declared Mrs. Grandison, gushingly.

"You're right! I believe we've dropped on the very spot. High up on the hillside, sea view, and quiet. Wonder what the price is?"

"Oh, do have a look inside!" urged the fervid lady. "I declare I'm hopelessly in love with the dear little place already! Knock and ask for a glass of water or something, and we can look round while we're drinking it."

"Very good!" said her husband, striding up the short path and bringing old Sandy hobbling to the door to answer his ponderous double knock. "I say, my good man, have you any milk, water, or anything drinkable y' know? Thirsty weather this, eh, what?"

Sandy blinked.

"Come along inside, sir!" he quavered.

"Ay, and the lady too, if so be as——"

"How awf'lly kind you are!" said Mrs. Grandison, sweeping majestically into the cottage after her husband. "What a nice old place you have here, to be sure!"

"And what a shocking state it's in," remarked Mr. Grandison, behind his hand, as Sandy stumbled out in quest of Rebecca.

"Not a bad room though. Wants cleaning—ceiling nearly black—lots of painting wanted."

"'Ere's my missus comin' as'll give you summat to drink, sir and lady both," said Sandy, with his old eyes bright with excitement.

"And mebbe you'll excuse us bein' so 'omely 'ere, but we never 'ave no visitors."

"You have such a dear old cottage," simpered Mrs. Grandison, "and I'm sure you must have quite two bedrooms upstairs."

The old man glowed with delight.

"Yes, lady, it's the prettiest cottage in all Codford!" he declared, glancing round the room with childish pride; "and me and Rebecca, we've lived in it ever since I brought her in through that door, the sweetest little bride ever a man had—that's fifty-two years ago come Easter."

"How delightfully romantic!" exclaimed Mrs. Grandison, "and with two bedrooms upstairs——"

"And it's got a wonderful little garden out there," Sandy went on. "And this corner seat 'ere by the fire—why, Rebecca says it don't look like itself when I be'ant sittin' in it."

"I think it quite too lovely for anything!" said the lady, "especially as you must have two bedrooms upstairs——"

Here, white-haired old Rebecca, wearing a spotless apron which but ten seconds before had been folded away in the drawer, emerged from the inner room, carrying two glasses of milk. And a moment later Mrs. Grandison was smiling more pleasantly than ever, for at length she had learned that the cottage had two bedrooms.

"Funny old couple!" remarked Mr. Grandison, as they left. "Now for the landlord—Farmer Price, didn't the old fossil say?"

"Yes, dear!"

To Farmer Price, then, went the pompous Mr. Grandison, and returned to his eagerly expectant lady an hour later.

"Got the little cottage all right!" he told her, triumphantly. "Had a bit of trouble. Didn't like disturbing the old folks. Been in Peace Cottage ever since they married. Sentiment, you know. Soon got over that. Made him see the business side of it. Old Sandy and Rebecca have to clear out this month. The landlord puts all the "doing up" and decorating to my expense, and charges me half-a-crown a week more than the old people paid. Those were his terms for turning them out."

"I see that you've got us the nicest week-end cottage in the whole country!" said Mrs. Grandison, giving her husband's cheek an affectionate peck.

A week later Sandy and Rebecca went down the hill arm in arm to Farmer Price. "You wouldn't think o' turnin' us out, not after all these years?" pleaded old Sandy, humbly. "You don't think what it means to us, farmer. Life 'ud never be the same to Reb and me outside of that cottage."

"It's in a shocking condition," said the farmer. "The place is a perfect disgrace, and the rent you pay won't run to anything being done on it. And the garden—well——"

"I know the garden's not what it might be," said Sandy, with a tear on his cheek. "This old back of mine, that's bent over it for fifty years, is gettin' rheumaticky and stiff. But if you'll only give us another chance, I'll do that garden up lovely—ay, I will, even if it breaks me!"

"That's enough," snapped Farmer Price. "I've let the cottage. You have to leave the cottage next Saturday according to notice."

"Peace Cottage," began Rebecca, then stopped and turned from the room, gulping down her anguish. Sandy rose to follow her.

"I wouldn't mind for myself, farmer," he whispered, pointing after Rebecca, "but it's 'er—it's killin' 'er! That cottage——"

"I've told you it's no use!" growled Price, finally. Whereupon Sandy and Rebecca, walking very slowly, toiled up the hill to Peace Cottage again in dumb and hopeless despair.

* * * * *

"It's lovelier than ever, Reb!" said Sandy. They were standing in the dusk of an evening a month later outside Peace Cottage. The workmen had left for the night, and the improvements in the cottage were nearly finished.

A light green paint framed the diamond-shaped casements; the living room, as they could see it in the dim light, was a glory of pale blue, the ceiling was spotlessly white, and behind lay the garden, transformed from a coarse overgrowth of grass and weeds into a shapely lawn, with flower beds.

"I couldn't 'ave believed as our old cottage could 'ave been smartened up into—into that!" admitted Rebecca. "But when these London swells arrive, I'm going to ask them to let me come in and clean for 'em. It'll be better than never going inside the dear old place no more, Sandy."

The next week-end the Grandison's arrived. Everything was exceedingly gay and satisfactory when Mr. Grandison first paced the back lawn.

"Lovely spot! Splendid air! Beautiful position! This is life—life," he cried. It was, therefore, the more annoying to the pompous Mr. Grandison when Farmer Price made his extraordinary demand. This happened on the Monday morning, just before Mr. Grandison started back to the city.

"Nice place you've made of it, sir!" drawled the farmer. "Looks a perfect picture."

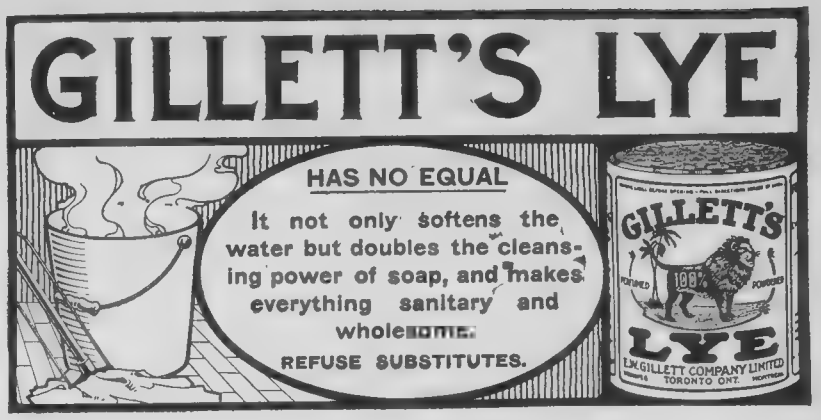
"Yes, yes! Of course! No halves about me. What d'you want? Rent?"

"Yes, sir! Seven shillings and sixpence it is, you remember. Thank you! And now I may tell you that after next week the rent will be a hundred pounds a week."

"What?" gasped the pompous one, starting back.

"I've raised your rent to a hundred pounds a week from after next week," said the farmer tranquilly.

"You—you sharper! You scoundrel!"



To Clean the Cruise—When my vinegar cruise got discolored inside, I used to try wood ashes and shot. The former made too much of a muss and the latter required too vigorous a shaking. Several years ago I learned a new method and one I like better. I cut a small potato into tiny pieces and put it in the cruise. Let it stand a few minutes, then shake a few times and put some water in the cruise and rinse the potato out. Wash the cruise and you will find it shiny and free from the discoloration.

Albumenized Milk—A reader asks how to make "albumenized milk." Put the white of one egg in a tumbler and add one-half cup of milk, cover tightly and shake until thoroughly mixed. If possible use the tin shaker, which is like a tin tumbler, and is placed over the glass, allowing one to shake the ingredients t better advantage.

And by the way, if your invalid cannot take milk alone, add a small quantity of vichy or seltzer water.

bellowed Mr. Grandison. "I see now why you refused to sell me the house. You've had it re-painted, re-decorated, re-plastered, cleaned throughout, new fencing and new garden—and all for nothing! And now you turn me out! You unspeakable swindler! I'll have the law on you!"

"Which law?" asked the farmer, quickly.

Mr. Grandison, realizing that the question had no answer, sank helplessly on a chunk of white alabaster, with which he had ornamented the garden only a week before, and groaned aloud.

"The truth is," said the farmer calmly, "that you went spying out the treasured little home of two feeble old people, and turned them out to provide you with a week-end cottage for your lordly pleasure. So I let you trim the place up, and re-decorate it for them, and put their garden in order for them, and now I'm going to turn you out, see!"

"Horace, dear," called Mrs. Grandison from the interior, "I do declare I can see those two simple old folks who used to live here staring in from the road as if —"

"Oh! shut up and go in," wailed Mr. Grandison wildly, "don't you see I'm busy?" with which his empurpled countenance returned to the support of his shaking hands, and he groaned again.

The departure of the Grandisons from Codford caused far less excitement than their coming. So quietly did they remove that before the village was well aware that anything was wrong, "Peace Cottage" was a bright painted and beautiful emptiness.

But Codford, awakening to the fact that a romance had happened in their midst, rose nobly to the occasion. A festoon of flowers swung one Monday morning between the brand new gate posts of Peace Cottage. A crowd of villagers stood about the gate cheering, laughing, and handkerchief-waving. Presently, up the avenue of merrymakers came slowly a very proud and self-conscious Sandy, leading on his arm, bridgegroom fashion, a very pink cheeked and grey-haired Rebecca.

"Got a new cottage for nothin', Sandy! What price the garden, Sandy? Finest cottage in Codford! My word, but ain't some folk goin' to be smart? All for nothin'—done for love—London swells!" came in hoarse and excited screams from the delighted villagers as the couple went by.

At the gate Sandy tried to reply, but a lump in his throat stopped him.

He lifted the latch of the cottage door, and with his arm around the dear old partner of his joys and sorrows, they passed into Peace Cottage the happiest old couple in the world.

## How to Ward Off and Prevent Some Cancers

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

"Why is it that Christian Scientists, herb doctors, caustics, salves, and advertised remedies are often claimed and believed to be cures of cancers, sarcomas, and other malignant growths?"

"Because many scabs, warts, sores, and other chronic affections which are harmless and get well of their own accord, are mistaken for cancerous conditions."

"How are we to tell the difference?"

"Unless you have had many years' experience, training, and close study of the distinctions and differences between them, you cannot tell which is a simple growth and which the malignant growth."

"How does a faith healer tell?"

"He or she does not know any more about it than you do. Healers and amateur physicians know as much about cancers as a housewife does of chemistry, or a clerk knows about archæology."

"But they testify that they cure cancers and have hundreds who say they have been cured. I've heard honest people get up in church and swear it is so. How do you explain that?"

"The facts speak for themselves. Since they cannot tell a harmless tumor from a sarcoma, a simple sore from a cancer, they save time and hide ignorance by believing them all to be cancers."

"Then, the apparent cancers all get well and testify before all that they were cured of cancer. Since experts are not at hand to prove them wrong, they live as eternal monuments and advertisers of the healer or the method."

"Yes, but some of them were surely cancers. Do you mean to say they did not get well?"

"Exactly. They died or drifted to hospitals or homes to be bedridden before the end. Since they are not at hand to deny the vaunted claims—dead men tell no tales—the cancer cure quack or similar healer, 'gets away with the goods' and put over the rich and the poor, the educated as well as the benighted."

While cancer cannot be cured by any of these methods, it can be prevented, according to Professor Joseph Colt Bloodgood, one of the great cancer experts of the world, and surgeon of the Johns Hopkins University.

Since cancers occur more often in women than in men, because of such vulnerable structures as the breasts and the motherhood mechanism, a prompt and frequent examination of those parts will sooner or later reduce the number of these death-dealing invasions.

Cancer of the motherhood organ will be prevented if all girls and women are made to keep a careful watch for unusual activities of that structure, and to hasten, despite all the feminine discipline of proper modesty, to a gynecologist for a conscientious internal examination.

Women who have had unrepaired lacerations, inflammations, displacements and fallen parts, need prompt and full correction by surgeons,

The causes of cancer remain to be discovered. Meanwhile any irregularity, deformity, module, or tumor in tissues, such as the womb or the breast, subject to cancer, must be done away with. Local treatments, and other makeshifts to postpone the inevitable operation, only invite the cancer they wish to prevent.

When lumps are immediately removed, half the cancers of the breast are at once prevented. Only one in every hundred lumps in the breast are cancerous under twenty-five years of age.

Ninety-six in every hundred adeno-cancers of the breast, if the surgeon amputates the breast, will be cured. If a wide and complete operation is carried out on hard and cystic cancers of the breast, 86% will be permanently cured.

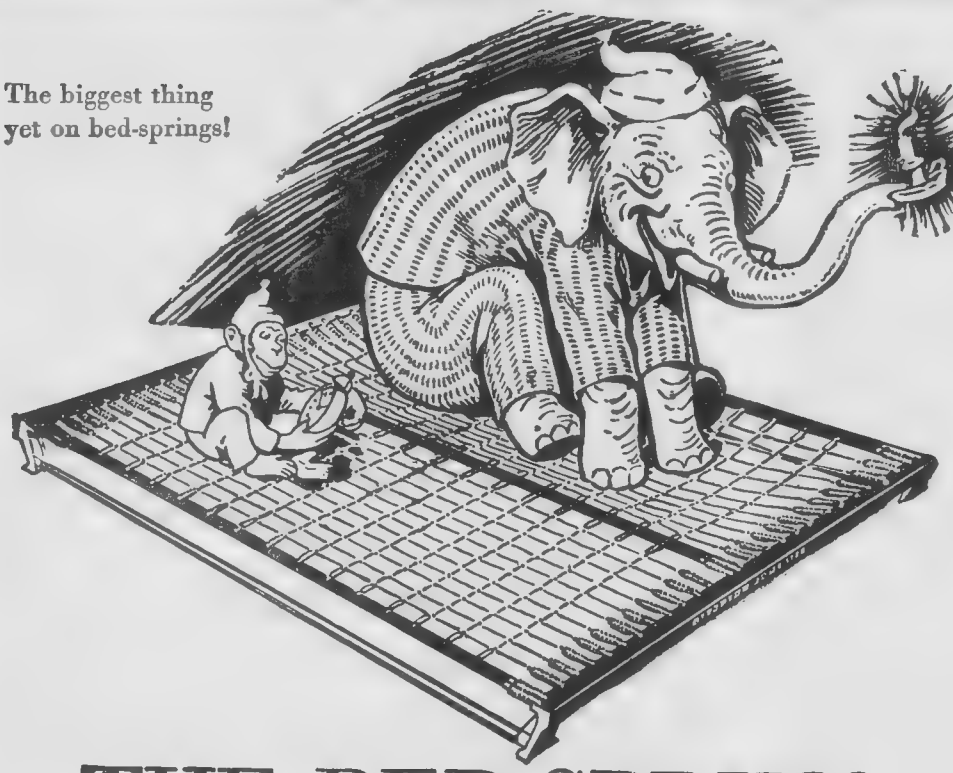
The knife—which was once feared, but no more—is the magic and only weapon which makes so many cures of cancer of the breast and other parts. The chances, however, for recovery, grow less and less as women delay each day, in a foolhardy effort to try anything other than the surgeon's skill.

Every irregular lump of any goitre-like swelling below the Adam's apple, in women over twenty ought to be removed to be sure that cancer will not be a swift change in a harmlessly enlarged thyroid gland.

Fatty tumors and other harmless growths under the skin in any part of your anatomy, are abominations to be sent into limbo by a good surgeon's scalpel. While they may do no more harm than a pimple if removed with a width of healthy tissue around it, it is the best possible insurance against malignant "sarcomata."

Rough teeth, toothpicks and smoking, as well as sores and syphilis are apt to start trouble on the inside of the mouth, the lips, and the tongue which may become cancers. The precancerous conditions usually consist in the appearance of one or more white spots or patches or ulcers. On the lip it may be a burn, a black area, a thickening, or a wart.

Discomfort and pain come after the cancerous change has begun. It is wise never to delude yourself, as most people do, into the belief that "if it doesn't hurt, it isn't serious." If you wait until pain has set in, serious harm has already begun.


THE BED-SPRING
*with* THE BACKBONE

A revelation in sleeping comfort! A level, buoyant mattress support, on which two occupants of a bed *cannot roll together.* That's

*The* "DUPLEX" 20 Years of Sleep Comfort Guaranteed

It makes an ordinary double bed into two single beds—because the steel backbone *entirely prevents rolling to the centre.* It's the ideal bed for *any* two persons—and the *only* bed *for two persons of unequal weights. Read that statement again!*

No other bed made in Canada has the patented features of the "Duplex." Order it *by name* or ask for the "Spring with the Backbone." Your dealer sells it or will get it *on request.*

THE ALASKA BEDDING CO., LIMITED

*Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding*

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING Made in Canada

Calgary WINNIPEG Regina

"Alaska on an article means *High Grade Every Particle.*"

128W

**PALPITATION**
**OF THE HEART**
**SHORTNESS OF BREATH**
**CURED BY**
**MILBURN'S**
**HEART AND NERVE PILLS.**

Mrs. S. Walters, Matapedia, Que., writes: "I wish to let you know how much good I have received by taking your Heart and Nerve Pills. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart and shortness of breath. The trouble with my heart was caused by stomach trouble.

I had tried all kinds of medicine, both patent and doctors', but I found none relieve me like Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I believe anyone suffering like I did should use them. I only used four boxes and I now feel like a different person."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years and have a most wonderful reputation as a remedy for all heart and nerve troubles.

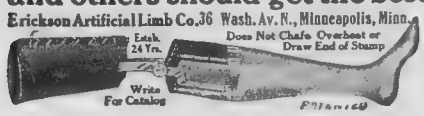
Price 50 cents. per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

**MAKE YOUR OWN**

Lager Beer in your own home with
**HOP MALT EXTRACT**
Made only of pure hops and malt. Makes real beer with the good old flavor that is appetizing and health building. Conforms to Temperance Act.
Small Tins $1.00; Large $1.50 Prepaid. Full directions with each tin. *Agents Wanted.*
DEPT. O
Hop Malt Co., Beamsville, Ont.

**ABSORBINE** STOPS LAMENESS
**from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone,** or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. **Does not blister or remove the hair** and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. $2.00 a bottle delivered.
**Horse Book 9 M Free.**
**W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal.**
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

**Artificial limbs are admitted DUTY FREE. SOLDIERS and others should get the best**
Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 36 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.



**SWITCHES!**
We will send you this beautiful Switch, made of best quality hair, by registered mail, for
**$1.60**
Just send us a sample of your hair. We can match it exactly.
**Seaman & Petersen**
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
Kensington Block
WINNIPEG

**HIGH GRADE SHEET MUSIC**
The entire stock of a prominent wholesaler. All attractive titles and selections. Biggest values. Six assorted copies, postpaid, 25c. Order quick. They won't last long.
HOME AND OFFICE SUPPLY CO.
Music Dept. Montreal


# The Soap Girl

By W. R. Gilbert

ROSEMARY hesitated. She stood on a flight of grey stone steps.

On one side of the landing, there was a promising looking green door with a nice brass knocker, and this was the second floor. The concierge had said: "Mademoisselle's studio is on the second floor," so this must be the right place.

Rosemary had never been in a studio before, and if her cousin had not been suddenly stricken with a fleeting mania for miniature painting, and invited her to tea, this would never have happened.

Rosemary conventionally brought up and always guarded by a grandmother and two aunts, felt a vague excitement at the thought of a real studio and models and pictures. They suggested somehow freedom and gaiety she had never known.

The Fates, who seem always a little sorry for conventional folk, guided her hand to the old brass knocker. Bang! Bang! Thump!

Inside the studio, sounds of an easel being wheeled aside, a chair turned over, and heavy steps.

Then the door opened and Rosemary saw, not her amateur cousin playing at art, but a real painter. A tall, young fair-haired man in shirt sleeves with a pipe in his mouth, and a big paint splodged palette in his hand.

"Bon jour. Good morning. Are you French or English? Come right in and let me have a look at you. Gee!" he paused, "but you are it, the absolutely one and only Soap Girl—dress, hat, everything."

"I am afraid——" began Rosemary. And it was true, she was afraid, but she did not mean it in that way.

She was going to say what she had been brought up to say, on any unlooked for occasion, that she was afraid there was a mistake.

"Keep smiling," said the young man pleasantly. "I'm an American, in case you don't know. You're English! Good! Yes, you're the very model I want. I engage you at once, any terms, only come in and don't stand wasting time."

He put his hand on her arm, and before she could realize what had happened, Rosemary was standing inside the big untidy whitewashed room.

She opened her lips to speak. She was just going to hold up her head haughtily and say in freezing tones: "I am not a model," when the young man began to speak.

"All over Paris," he said, "I have look for some Soap Girl, and I was giving up the idea when I hear a knock, open the door and—there she stands. Oh, I'm not mad. I'm enthusiastic. Enthusiast is my middle name. Sit to me and my fortune's made; you're my chance. The Fates sent you."

Again Rosemary was going to speak. She lifted her chin haughtily; she looked at him with an air of cool disdain.

To her infinite surprise, he waved his arms delightedly.

"That's the pose!" he cried. "Keep still, as you know how! Don't move! There I've got you!"

He had his easel and canvas ready and he was painting—staring at her and painting, making desperate little rushes to and from the canvas.

Rosemary, as before mentioned was just going to speak, but she laughed instead. She couldn't help it, it was all too funny.

This was a real adventure, the first she had ever known. She thought of her grandmother, and of her aunts, and how they imagined she was taking tea with her lady amateur artist cousin. If they had known—oh, if they had only known!

"May I move please?" said Rosemary. "My foot's gone to sleep."

"Hush!"

He was working feverishly.

"My foot's gone to sleep," repeated Rosemary.

"All right, kid," he said, cheerfully. "You can get down, and come and have a look."

She came and peeped over his shoulder There on a large square of pale grey canvas she saw herself in a vivid cerise dress, and her jaunty little French hat with its long cheeky looking black feather. It was a daring charming study. In one hand she held something—a piece of soap.

"Why soap?" she asked pointing.

"You're an advertisement," he said, lighting his pipe. "Joshua Jube's Jewel Soap. Some Soap Girl, I call you. I've got a commission from the owner. Half a dozen posters of a pretty girl—a striking girl, a hit-you-in-the-eye kind of girl. See, that's you. Got a blue dress?"

She laughed.

"Yes; but——"

"Come here this time to-morrow wearing it."

"Really I'm afraid I can't."

"What! ! !"

The horror in his staring eyes startled her.

"You see," she began, "I have an engagement to-morrow."

"Go to piexes! Cancel it! I'll pay anything—anything you like! It's my chance, this series—absolutely my chance. I've struggled for this; I've fought for this. Now see here! I've painted you in a cerise dress—some Soap Girl out walking. I want to paint you in a blue evening dress—Soap Girl at a dance. In a green dress—Soap Girl on the Golf Links. In a white dress—Soap Girl on the river. Say, give me the chance, kid?"

Rosemary hesitated—for the second time that afternoon. She looked at him—his eager, honest face and tumbled hair. And what went straight to her heart was a jagged tear in his loose white shirt, which looked as if he had darned it himself with brown wool.

"To-morrow," she said. "Very well; I'll be here to-morrow."

The next day at lunch Rosemary said she wanted to call again at her cousin's studio. Moreover, she wore a white dress.

"A very chilly day for white muslin!" said grandmamma severely. "And I wanted to take you to the Louvre."

"Your education is not finished until you have seen the Louvre," said the elder aunt.

"I know grandma," said Rosemary meekly; "but after all miniatures are a sort of pictures, aren't they? And we might go to the Louvre another day."

"Well, take your maid with you," said Mrs. Stacey Power, "and be back at the hotel by tea time, as the Irvines are going to call."

Rosemary said: "Blow the Irvines," under her breath, and mentally compared inane young Mr. Irvine with a certain lively, broad-shouldered person, who mended his clothes with brown wool.

She got away at last, and at three thirty tapped on the green door, at which a cheery voice called out: "Come right in."

"Good afternoon," she said. "I forgot I don't know your name.

"My name," he said without looking up, "is Peter—Pete for short."

"Peter what?" asked Rosemary.

"I should worry," he said queerly. "Guess, Pete's good enough, anyway. Say, kid, that dress is just laid out to kill. Now, this is the pose—you get it right now. I've got to about rush this sketch. Ready?"

The next pose was a river scene—Rosemary, in her white dress in a boat—represented for the time being by a big arm chair.

He worked as before quickly, and was so successful that he laid down his palette at five o'clock.

"That's done," he said; and then, suddenly, "You look tired, kid!"

She stepped down from the model's platform.

"I am—just a little."

"Tea? you stay here and I'll make some."

He paused, comically distressed.

"Now I ask you," he exclaimed, "kind Christian friends, why——"

"I——" she laughed. "Oh, well, I'll stay," she said.

"Cute kid," he remarked critically. "Say, you're about the cutest peach of a girl I ever saw!"

"Really," she said, reprovingly, "you


# Tells Just Why He Recommends Them

## Manitoba Man Found a Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills

**Heart Trouble and Sore Back Were Two of His Ills. The Others Also Came From Sick Kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills Drove Them All Away.**

Ledwyn, Man., June 5th.

(Special)—"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone who suffers." Thus does Joseph Homenko, a well-known farmer living near here, proclaim his confidence in the great Canadian kidney remedy. Mr. Homenko's confidence is born of his own exporience.

"I suffered for thirteen months from sore back and heart trouble," he states. "My trouble started with a cold. My joints stiffened, I was troubled with headaches, and my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. My appetite was fitful and I was always tired and nervous. My skin had a harsh, dry feeling, and it itched and burned at night.

"My limbs were swollen, heart flutterings added to my anxiety, and my back pained me terribly. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they helped me so that I kept on taking them till I used 28 boxes in all. They cured me."

Every one of Mr. Homenko's symptoms is a symptom of kidney trouble. If you have any of them, Dodd's Kidney Pills is the remedy.

*à la Grâce*
**Corsets**
The Season's Models are now being shown at all stores.
Write for catalogue.
**Crompton Corset Co. Limited**
**Toronto.**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

must not talk like that, you know! And yet—well you got your own way; you made me sit to you."

"An' throw up the other painter fellows; weren't they mad?"

She laughed and sipped her cup of tea, sitting back in the big wicker chair.

Then she said: "How many more posters are there?"

"Two more," he said. "Links—The Girl on the Links. You got a green golf suit; and a green and white striped waist? Well, you be here to-morrow, at two in the afternoon."

She agreed meekly—it was no use to do anything else.

The next morning Rosemary evinced a sudden desire for a green and white striped blouse.

"Most unladylike style," sniffed Aunt Eugenia outside the store window. "So very loud and French."

"But I think it's pretty, and it will just match my golf costume," said Rosemary. "I must have it."

"Rosemary," said Aunt Eugenia to her sister, "is becoming very self willed. Have you noticed it? She spends all her time at her cousin's studio, and I'm afraid it's giving her unconventional ideas."

"Oh, my dear!" said Aunt Wilhelmina, with uplifted eyes and hands.

Three days later.—The last poster was nearly done. Rosemary, in a blue evening dress, with two blue ospreys in her hair stood, while Peter painted. At last he put down his palette.

"All over," he said. "Gee! I'm tired, but they're done. I shall never be able to repay you, kid—properly." She stood waiting. He would never know what those posters would cost her. What would he know of her prim, unapproachable aunts, and the absolute autocracy of Grandma Stacey Power. What would he ever know of the horror that would shake them, when they saw their guarded, carefully brought up charge publicly displayed on the hoardings as The Soap Girl smilingly offering soap to the public in her green and white striped shirt waist.

There was no mistaking her. Her heart failed her, but she looked up at her friend; he had something naive and childlike about him that attracted her strangely; this, with his big talent, made everything else—Grandma even—seem suddenly rather paltry and mean.

"I'm glad!" she whispered; "I'm glad I did it for him."

He came towards her with a check in his hand. He held it out.

"No," she said. "Really, I can't take that—Peter."

"Why?"

"Because I can't. I liked sitting to you. I won't take any money. Not a penny. So there!" She spoke quickly, a little angrily.

Peter rested his hands on his hips and stared.

"Feel mad?" he asked.

"Oh, don't be so American!" she replied.

"Are you mad with me?"

"No, no, no!" she caught up her hat.

He calmly, slowly and coolly took it from her. All the time he held her wrist.

"You are not going like this?" he said.

"But I just am——"

"Believe that, and I'll tell you another one," he remarked calmly.

"Oh, don't be so American!" she said, almost crying.

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Let me go, Peter."

"See here, Rosemary, I want to know more about you. I'm not going to let you go like this. No, sir. Where do you live?"

"Never mind.'"

"I do mind. Now see here. I've just about fallen in love with you; I want you to marry me when we fix this poster business."

"Peter," she gasped. "But you have scarcely seen me! You don't know if you really like me. Besides——"

"I know what I want," said Peter gently "and who I want."

"Only a model," said Rosemary, still at arm's length.

"I should worry a lot!" he said. "You're you and that's good enough for me. I know the right girl when I see her, and I'm not going to let her go—unless, of course, you don't like me. Do you?"

She still held away.

"Peter, please don't," she whispered.

He took both her hands.

"Do you like me?" he asked.

She looked up. She could not say no. She said nothing, he held her very close then, and kissed her.

"Peter, we're both mad!"

He laughed.

"Aren't we?"

"Mad, but happy," he said.

"I'm not—not a real model, Peter."

"What?" he stared at her in surprise.

"I don't get my living—I needn't—I—oh it sounds stupid, but I'm just an ordinary English ladylike kind of girl."

"You never told me."

"You didn't give me time. I wanted to help you. I've been so useless all my life, Peter."

"You dear little kid! I don't care what you are or who you are. Are you living in Paris?"

"Staying at an hotel."

"Then I must call——"

"Oh, Peter!" she cried. She suddenly thought of Grandma Stacey Power—and of Peter—and how she had to marry someone very rich. How mean that seemed beside Peter, with his tweed clothes and sunny smile.

"You see," she began, "my people are rather — well, old-fashioned. They wouldn't understand—just yet. They are conventional."

"Oh," said Peter, "highbrows? What we call highbrows." He hesitated, then. "Why, when they see those posters they'll agree right away. I shall be famous."

Rosemary's heart sank.

"I'm afraid they won't understand those posters, Peter."

"You mean—Oh I see daylight. Being highbrows they won't jump for joy to see you as some Soap Girl. Eh, is that it?"

"They certainly won't jump up with joy," she repeated.

"I—see," he said, slowly. "Well, The Soap Girl must just naturally go hang; a lot depended on her, but you mustn't suffer my dear."

"No, Peter, no, she mustn't go. She shall be public property. I will have it. Do you hear? I won't marry you unless you promise to send to Joshua Jubes."

"Then you will—if I do?"

She looked at him; it was going to be hard, but—"yes, Peter," she whispered.

The next day, about three o'clock, Rosemary faced her grandmother.

"Grandma," she said, "I'm engaged."

"I did not quite hear," said Mrs. Stacey Power. "Speak more distinctly Rosemary."

Rosemary crossed the room, stood before her grandmother, her hands behind her back. "I'm engaged," she said.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" the old lady inquired coldly, "What do you mean?"

"I have met a man I love."

Mrs. Stacey Power sat silent for a few minutes; she seemed to be thinking.

"You mean you have heard from someone we knew in London. Who is it? Sir William Moore?"

"No."

"Is it young Irvine?"

"No."

"Then who is it?" thundered grandma. "No, no, don't answer yet. You know you must marry well. Now, who is it?"

Rosemary went white, but she dimpled, she couldn't help it.

"His name," she said, "is Peter."

"Peter who?"

"I—really don't know. I forgot to ask."

"You are engaged to a man whose name you don't know?"

"Where did you meet him?"

"He is calling here this afternoon. Listen grandma. No, I will speak. He is an artist. An American. I sat as a model for some posters for some soap person, and I don't care, I'm going to marry him, so there."

Mrs. Stacey Power closed her eyes.

"Wait," she gasped. "Wait, call your aunts. I must think."

"Granny it's no use thinking. I've made up my mind."

"You said he is calling this afternoon? I will—see—this person," she added. "Call your aunts."

Aunts having arrived all sat waiting for the advent of Peter.

The sitting-room door opened.

"A gentleman to see madam," began the maid—but Peter brushing her aside walked in—Peter, quite pleasantly immaculate in a suit of the best American cut—Peter, with smooth hair.

Rosemary stood up nervously.

"Peter," she said. "This is Peter, grandma."

'I am pleased to make your acquaintance," said Peter sweetly. "This is a real pleasant room. I like the trees outside. Say, Rosemary, our posters have done the trick. It's all right. Has she told you all about it?" he added kindly to Mrs. Stacey Power.

"My granddaughter has spoken of you to me," said Mrs. Stacey Power; her voice was hoarse, lips dry. "I must say I am indignant—utterly in——"

"No, no," said Peter, gently, "no, ma'am, not indignant surprised perhaps. It is sure quick, I admit that; but it is romantic, and that is about the best thing in this queer, old world.

"Sir," she said. "I gather you are an—an artist."

"I am that," he said, happily.

"And you wish to marry my granddaughter?"

"Sure thing."

"You are an American?"

"Guilty."

"Your name?" thundered Grandma.

"Peter Westcott J. Jubes."

To Rosemary's intense surprise, she said: "I know the name."

"Not the millionaire, Joshua Jubes?"

"Sure," he said, "but I'm a painter, and—his only son."

"You are—you are well off," murmured Mrs. Stacey Power.

Peter nodded, frowning.

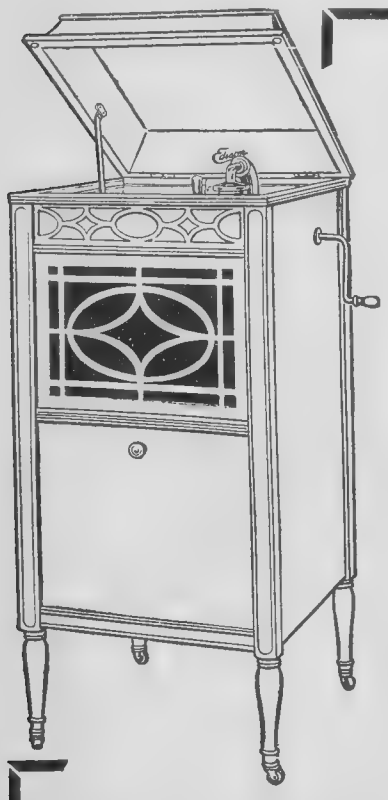
"I don't know what to do with all my money," he said, wearily. "It sticks around and worries me. But my painting," he added quickly, "I'm stuck on that. My old man, he said to me, 'Make good and I'll believe in you. Show me you can make a career, and you can do what you like.' I did those posters for him and he says they'll take London by storm. I heard by cable he is coming over. Rosemary can't you come out and dine to-night? Can she?" he added. "And you, too, and these other two ladies. Say, we'll have a real slap up party and go and meet the dad. Huh! but this is good to me. And now we're going to get the best ring in this little old town. Get your hat, kid!"

In surprise, horror, delight, Rosemary saw her lover shaking hands all round, his face beaming.

"Really, Mr.—er—Jubes, you are very—well, hasty, but, yes, we will dine with you. I should like to meet your father. Dear me, you Americans, are very modern, Mr. Jubes."

"Peter, ma'm," said Peter still holding the old lady's hand, "Peter to you."

"Run and put your hat on, Rosemary, my child," she said. "Don't keep Peter waiting."

*Don't Buy merely a "Talking" Machine—We Will Ship You, Transportation Charges Prepaid*

ANY NEW EDISON DIAMOND DISC PHONOGRAPH ON EASY TERMS

No need to lay out a large amount of money to secure the best phonograph made. We will sell you on terms to suit your individual requirements. Look over the catalogue which we will send you—choose your instrument—send us a small cash payment, and then—

**You Pay Off the Balance in Monthly, Quarterly or Half-Yearly Terms, as You Prefer**

Edison instruments have an international reputation. Many of the world's greatest musical critics have failed to distinguish between the living artist and the Edison Re-Creation of their voices. Take advantage of our convenient payment system and choose an instrument that you will always be proud to own.

***Write To-day for Illustrated Catalogue***

and detailed particulars, together with prices and terms of the various models.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES

STEINWAY, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, CHICKERING, HAINES, BELL, SHERLOCK-MANNING, DOHERTY, CANADA AND LESAGE PIANOS. EDISON, COLUMBIA, EUPHONOLIAN AND PHONOLA PHONOGRAPHS.

# Cunning

By H. Mortimer Batten

WHEN it was known that Red Walton, the treacherous desperado, was heading for the Whitewater Gulch Country, with the police hot on his trail, the news caused somewhat of a panic in that isolated locality. But of all men along the Gulch who least expected a surprise visit from the criminal, Dan Mayers, the Prospector, gave the matter least thought. He was therefore somewhat surprised when, just as he lit the lamp and sat down to his supper that July evening, the soft step of moccasined feet sounded outside the shanty door. In this lonely region visitors were scarce, and Dan leapt to his feet as the door was flung open.

It was as though a ghostly hand had lifted the latch, for no one could be seen through the open door. The man who had flung it open had evidently slipped back into the shadow, and Dan, standing in the lamplight, thought of Red Walton, and felt himself a helpless target.

"What's your game, anyway?" he inquired after some seconds of silence.

"Just this, Sonny," answered a hoarse voice from without. "I'm up against it. The police have been after me three months, and I'm out of grub."

"Who are you?" Dan inquired.

"Red Walton," came the unhesitating answer.

Though he was no coward, Dan felt a cold shiver. He knew now that he was dealing with a desperate man, who held the life of his fellows as of no value. Red Walton was known as a desperado without scruples of any kind. Dan mastered his feelings. "What do you want with me?" he inquired sharply.

"First, I want a good meal and some decent boots," answered the desperado. "Then I want a fresh supply of grub. But before we get down to business take your belt and tunic off. I've got your cover!"

"I don't carry firearms, if that's what you're scared of."

"Scared?" snarled the desperado. "I'm scared of nothing. Do what you're told, cuss you, or I'll pump you full of lead!"

There was nothing for it but for Dan to obey—and pretty quick too. He threw off his harness with an angry growl and at last the desperado entered.

Red Walton was a tall, red-haired man, thin as an Indian and with a vicious, ferrety countenance. His clothing hung in rags, and his face was disfigured with scratches through riding through the bush at high speed. Dusty, travel worn, his face covered with coarse, red stubble, his sun hat minus half the brim he truly looked a pitiable figure, but in his right hand he carried an automatic pistol, which he was ready to use at any moment.

"Get back into that corner," ordered the criminal. "Put your hands up and keep them up while I get my supper."

Dan obeyed, and Red Walton calmly sat himself down to enjoy the prospector's supper. When he had finished he said—"I'll take this piece of boiled bacon along with me. Now I want some rice, sugar and onions—and look quick, my son!"

He flourished the pistol threateningly, but ere Dan could obey, the sound of a pony's hoofs rang on the rocky track without. Walton leapt to his feet. "That's the police!" he whispered, and Dan noticed a note of fear in his voice. "See here, you," he went on. "I'm going to hide. If you let him know I'm here, I'll shoot you dead. See!—the least suspicious move and you're a dead man." Then, quick as a panther, the desperado slipped behind a large tarpaulin hanging on the wall.

There was a knock at the door, and a young police sergeant entered. He, too, was dusty and ragged, but about his whole bearing was a suggestion of keen alertness which told he was by no means played out.

"Seems I'm just in time," remarked the young officer, noticing the half finished meal on the table. "I'll be really glad to join you. You haven't had any visitors, by the way?"

"Visitors!" repeated Dan, "Gee Whiz! we don't get many visitors up these parts. Who are you after?"

"Oh, a red-haired quitter, who'd as leave shoot a man of seventy or a helpless woman as he'd shoot you or me. A man who's been mighty liberal with his firearm lately. A regular grass snake! Red Walton they call him; but of course you don't get the latest news up here. Gee! them beans and bacon look real good. I'll just have a snack with you, then I must go on."

The two sat down together and all the time Dan was trying to think how he could give the sergeant the hint without subjecting them both to instantaneous and deadly fire.

"Yes," the Sergeant went on as he ate "Red Walton is my man. He's a real beast, and I've sworn this, sonny, that either he or I go out before this hunt is finished. It may be both of us. No matter. If he bags me and I bag him that will be O. K. Anyway, he won't bag any more good men if I bag him—even though he bags me. Have you got it?"

"Sure." Dan answered. "You mean that you don't mind going out yourself, so long as you succeed in finishing his career. I guess that's the spirit that brings the Britisher to the top every time."

The Sergeant smiled. "By the way" he added, "I'd just like to write a note to my old mother and tell her how I'm going on. Perhaps you wouldn't mind posting it for me the next time you go in."

"Sure! Say, I'll write it for you if you like while you get your supper. I've got an old typewriter here. It'll save time."

"Right you are," said the Sergeant, "Go ahead."

An idea had suddenly occurred to Dan. An expert telegraphist, he knew there was just a chance of the sergeant understanding the Morse code sufficiently well to read it by ear, and anyway the game was worth trying.

The Sergeant began to reel it off:

"Dear Mother: I'm having the time of my life hunting a cuss—"

Dan went on ticking away at the keys, but all the time he was sending a message to the Sergeant in the Morse code. The Sergeant was not slow-witted, and the tick, tick of the machine reminded him of the instrument in his office down in civilisation. Gee! But it was just like a telegraphic message, and the next moment the Sergeant grasped the state of affairs with a jerk. The man at the typewriter was giving him a hint by Morse!

Slowly the Sergeant spelled it out—"The man you are after is hiding here. He has us covered."

The young police officer was used to surprises. He knew how to carry out the game. He paused in his dictation for some moments, then he said: "I've got it! Tell her the man we're after can't shoot for nuts."

The dull-witted fool behind the tarpaulin never saw through the game, though Dan knew now that the Sergeant had read the message, and that he himself must look out for fireworks and be ready to obey.

The Sergeant finished his supper in peace, dictating as he ate, then lit a cigarette.

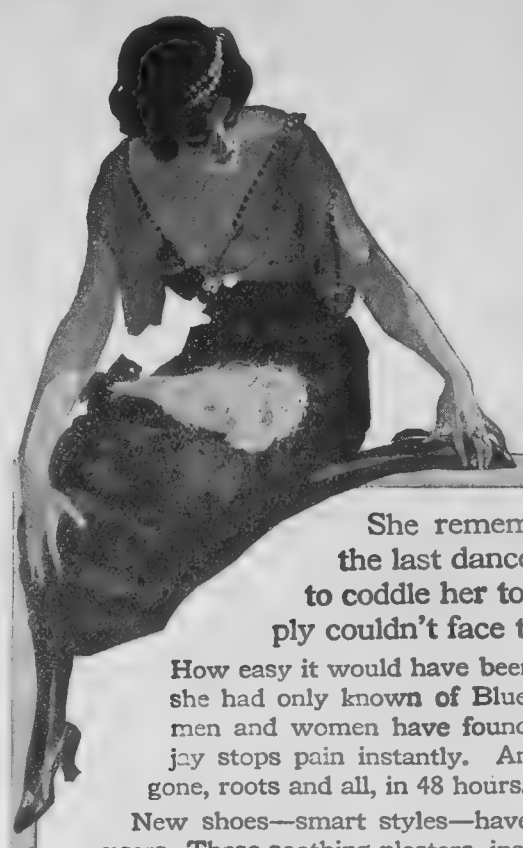
"Mind where you throw your matches, Sergeant," advised Dan. "That case in the corner is full of dynamite. I brought it in to-day."

The Sergeant rose to throw his match into the stove, but as he did so, he dealt a sweeping blow at the lamp and instantly the room was plunged into darkness.

"Bolt for the door—quick!" cried the Sergeant.

Dan did so. He lost no time about it, for as he ran Red Walton began to fire left and right into the darkness in the direction he thought them to be. Next moment Red Walton and the Sergeant were alone in the pitch dark shanty.

"I don't know where you are, Walton," said the Sergeant in a quiet voice, "but I know where that case of dynamite is, and if I fire into it, you and I and the whole shanty will go soaring skywards. As I just told our host, I don't mind

She Couldn't Go-Her *Corns* Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Other millions of men and women have found relief this way. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns. Many tests conducted by experts show that the first application removes 91 per cent. Stubborn cases require a second or third treatment. Why wait longer? Why suffer?

BAUER & BLACK
Limited
Toronto, Canada
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns

For Sale by all Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

# Canada in Flanders

## The Official Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force

By SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.

with an introduction by
Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., M.P., LL.D., Prime Minister of Canada
and a preface by
Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., LL.D., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This book should be read by all. In it will be found mention of innumerable brave fellows who a short time ago were mingling with us on the streets of our cities, towns and villages here in Canada.

## Let Us Send This Glorious Record to You—Free of Charge

We will do this providing you send us your new or renewal subscription to the Free Press Prairie Farmer.

**Remember: You get the Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, and the book, CANADA IN FLANDERS, all for.... $1.00**

Send in your subscription now and be sure of getting your copy of this remarkable book.

**Note**—The whole of the Author's Royalties on this book are donated to Canadian war funds.

CANADA IN FLANDERS
Special Coupon

**FREE PRESS, WINNIPEG.**

I enclose $1.00. Send me the Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year and a copy of the book, "Canada in Flanders," postage prepaid.

Name ..... Address.....

*SPECIAL NOTE—This offer is good in Canada only.*

June, 1917. W.H.M.

# NO MORE WASHDAY DRUDGERY

**You wouldn't think of cutting your Grain with a Reaper, yet your wife to-day is probably doing the washing with a Washer just as much a relic of the past as the old reaper is.**

Make life pleasant for the women folks by buying a **Canada Power Washing Outfit**, consisting of Canada Power Washer with Wringer, Belt and our Handy Boy 1 h.p. Engine, complete with magneto, for only

**$69.25**

The biggest labor-saving device ever invented

**The Canada Power Washer** has a reversible ball bearing Wringer, 5-year guarantee rolls. Will wash and wring at the same time. All gears are enclosed, no chains to tear the clothes, size of water tub, inside measurements, 12 inches deep by 22¾ inches diameter. Will wash clothes in a few minutes for the largest families. Price of Washer only **$22.50.**

**The Gasoline Engine** supplied with this outfit is our new one H.P., guaranteed in every respect, and is built on most approved lines. It will run a Pump Jack just as well. We can supply a reliable Double-geared Pump Jack for $7.00 extra.

**We Let You Test This Outfit 30 days** before you need keep it. Send us your order to-day and be convinced that the Canada Power Washing Outfit is one of the best values and labor savers ever made.

## C. S. JUDSON CO. LIMITED

**FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO FARMER**

**Logan and Sherbrook Streets** **WINNIPEG, Canada**



# Nuxated Iron Makes Strong, Vigorous, Iron Men and Beautiful Healthy Rosy Cheeked Women

**Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York, and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital, says:**

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. A patient of mine remarked to me (after having been on a six weeks' course of Nuxated Iron): **'Say, Doctor, that there stuff is like magic.'**

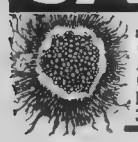
"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it should be kept in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

**Gee! That there stuff (Nuxated Iron) acts like magic. It certainly puts the ginger of youth into a man.**

**Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. James, is for sale by all good druggists on an absolute guarantee of success and satisfaction or your money refunded.**



**CANCER**



and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. ***Come, or write for free Sanatorium book***
**Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM**
**3023 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.**



**Got Gophers?**
**Kill-Em-Quick**
For further information see the Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison Advertisement on Page 35




going out myself so long as I take you with me."

"You daren't do it," answered the criminal, afraid now to move.

"By Jingo, I dare and I will!" cried the Sergeant. "I've lived a straight life and a clean one. I've nothing to fear, so long as I rid the earth of such a man as you."

There was no doubting the earnestness of the Sergeant's voice. "You've more to fear than I have," he went on savagely. "Your turn is coming. A man of your stamp fears death more than anyone, I know. It takes a coward to make a criminal. Now come out you derned quitter, or I swear I'll fire into the dynamite."

There was a moment's silence then the desperado wailed—"Have pity, Sergeant! I pitied you. I could have shot you while you ate if I liked."

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "and the only reason why you didn't do so was because there were two of us. You might have made sure of one, but the other would have gotten away. Then he'd have nothing to do but fire the shanty and make you bolt for it, while he remained in cover. Come out, you coyote, or I'll blow the whole shoot into the skies. This is your last chance!"

Red Walton came out. He came out with both hands above his head, whimpering like a frightened child, and thus the Sergeant won the day.

"The joke of the whole affair," said Dan ten minutes later, "is that there isn't a single stick of dynamite in that box. It's what I keep for sitting on, only you see, Sergeant, I was afraid of his opening fire on you, and since the box was in a straight line between you and him, I knew he daren't do so if he thought it to contain dynamite."

The Sergeant lay down and laughed, while their prisoner snarled and used bad language. They had a second supper of canned apricots and cream, and now and then Dan fed the prisoner out of a spoon.

"We may as well re-write the letter to the old lady, now," said Dan when they had finished.

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "and there is no need to tap it out in Morse this time."

But still the red-headed bandit did not understand.

### Old Mother Hubbard's Home

By Addie Farrar

A few years ago when traveling through England, we came to the little village of Yealmpton in Devonshire, the home of the original of that famous Nursery rhyme, "Mother Hubbard," who, with her dog has furnished entertainment for generations of children. Having only a year before visited the grave of Old Mother Goose (Elizabeth Goose) in Boston's Old Gramercy burying ground, we stopped over for a day that we might also pay a visit to the last resting place of Old Mother Hubbard, who lies in the churchyard of the old parish church, called by many Mother Hubbard's church.

This church is one of the oldest in England, the list of its vicars going back to the year 1297. It is perched on the side of a hill instead of at the top as is most of the West country churches and is severely plain in exterior and entirely without decoration inside.

From the rector we learned who the original Mother Hubbard really was. She was housekeeper to the squire of Yealmpton more than a hundred years ago and really did have a dog to whom she was very much attached. A guest at the squire's house, Sarah Catherine Martin amused at the antics of the housekeeper and her dog wrote the nursery rhyme which we all know so well. The book in which it is written is still in the present squire's home and is very interesting, for inside there is an inscription showing it to be the original copy dedicated to John Pollaxfen Bastable, Esq. M. P. "at whose suggestion and at whose house these notable sketches were designed." The date inscribed in the book is June 1, 1805.

While the squire's old home and the main part of the Mother Hubbard church is in a good state of preservation, the tower of the church is beginning to be badly in need of repair and parts of it are crumbling and the stones tumbling down.

A rather romantic history attaches itself to another nursery rhyme, that of little "Jack Horner" who was steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury, England. The abbot wished very much to appease King Henry VII the king of many wives, who was indignant because the monks had built a kitchen which he could not burn down. The abbot, therefore, despatched Jack Horner with a specially tempting looking pie which was filled inside with the title deeds of twelve monasteries as a gift to the king. Jack Horner putting in his thumb slyly abstracted one deed which referred to the Manor Wells and on his return told the abbot that the king had given him the deed. The rhyme was founded upon the "plum" Jack abstracted from the pie, the title deed of Wells.

Jack Sprat was no less a person than the Archdeacon Sprat whose name appeared in the original rhyme. Little Bo Peep was not a maiden but the holy friar (boo or bod being a contraction of the word messenger) who, in Anglo Saxon days went about collecting alms for the monasteries. The sheep referred to the congregation, and their tails to the alms or contributions they would bring with them. Humpty Dumpty was a bold, bad baron in the time of King John of England. "The Babes in the Wood" originated from an actual crime committed in the fifteenth century and the story is carved on a mantel-piece of an ancient house in Norfolk, England. "The House that Jack Built" was an adaptation of an old Chaldee hymn, symbolizing events of the Hebrew Nation and "Jack and Jill" is supposed to refer to the complete union between the Saxons and the Normans.

### Taking Care of the Skin of the Face

The first step should be to wash the hands thoroughly, then change the water, using only pure, clean water on the face. Various troubles may be caused by rubbing soiled hands over the face. Warm water—I use it hot—and soap should be used, the latter only at night, followed by friction with a Turkish towel. Do not go out into the open air at once after this, but wait a little while, for the delicate skin of the face should be protected against sudden changes, and especially against cold. It is well to use two washcloths, one for the soap and one for the clear water. The best material is said to be raw silk. Washcloths should be kept spotlessly clean. The most fastidious cleanliness is one of the first secrets of health and beauty. The care of the skin must be continuous.

Spasmodic efforts do not yield the desired results. Ammonia—a few drops in the bowl of water—is very cleansing, and may be used now and then. Tincture of benzoin, about a dozen drops in the water is refreshing to the skin. The circulation of the skin of the face must be gently but firmly encouraged by friction, as this not only gives nutrition to the parts but also carries off the worn-out and useless material. After all this care has been given the face may be rubbed over with a silk handkerchief. This gives a polish—not a shine—to the surface which is very pleasing. If you can use a little alcohol do so after a bath, or indeed at any time. Alcohol toughens the skin and gets it into a condition to resist the onslaught of sun, wind and cold. A Turkish bath is excellent for clearing the pores, and an oil rub is most beneficial. Olive oil cleans the face delightfully, after which cornstarch may be used without bad effects. A good face powder is made of prepared chalk, 75 parts, and zinc oxide, 25 parts.

The grand prize in the great Piano contest of the Masters Piano Company of Edmonton which was announced in our last issue has been awarded to Mrs. J. E. Carter, Jr., Kelfield, Sask., her reply being the 26th correct one received. The judges were Messrs. Percy W. Abbott of Parlee, Freeman & Abbott, Barristers, and Cecil T. M. Sapsford, advertnsing manager of Edmonton Bulletin.

We are informed that this contest aroused great interest and was successful in every respect. Mrs. Carter's prize was a valuable and beautiful phonola.

# The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Before this number of The Western Home Monthly reaches my readers, the opportunity for the women in the rural parts of the provinces to register will have passed, as the registering booths opened on May 21st, so that it is not possible to urge women to register, I can only express the hope that every woman, and more particularly every English speaking woman has registered, and will be in a position to vote at either Dominion or provincial elections.

**Registration**

At this time of writing it is extremely doubtful whether women from the Western provinces will be allowed to vote in the Dominion elections. The Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice(?) is of the opinion that women are not "persons," and Sir Robert Borden is eating his own words and stating that now the provinces should not have the right to determine who shall vote in the Dominion elections; when he was asked for the franchise as a Dominion matter, some time ago, he declared it was a provincial question.

One thing is quite certain, and that is if the present Dominion government can prevent the women of the western provinces voting in the coming Dominion elections, they will do it. But to be on the list is a great step forward, one that I hope every woman 21 years of age and over has taken.

In saying that I "especially hope the English speaking women had registered," it is with no idea of casting reflections on those who have not yet mastered our tongue, but only that I believe that in any election this year, it will be a great disadvantage to anybody not to speak and read English. The questions that will be involved in the election are of a character to demand very close scrutiny and very careful judgment, and the voter who cannot either speak or read English will be at a very distinct disadvantage.

The present Dominion government has excellent reason for fearing the vote of the women of the West. Western women are very largely free traders, moreover, Western women are, generally, strongly in favor of conscription, not only conscription of men to go to war, but conscription of men, women and money, and they will be likely to vote for those representatives who will stand for these things.

Our present Dominion government wants only voters that will return it to power, it remains to be seen whether they will finally dare to disqualify the Western women from voting in a Dominion election. It will only be laying up wrath against the day of wrath for themselves if they do.

In connection with voting the first duty of every woman is to get herself on the voters' list, and having performed that duty, the women will be in a much better position to fight than if they are unregistered. The Dominion government must either accept the new lists or it must make lists of its own and amend the Election Act to permit of this enormous expenditure of the country's money at a time when there is not a dollar to waste.

This has become such a hackneyed phrase that one is almost afraid to make use of it, but as one who deals at first hand with markets and prices of commodities, I want to give my readers the benefit of a few conclusions which I have come to in regard to the best means of lessening the cost of living. Personally I do not believe that any legislation, order-in-council, or any systems of boycott will really lessen cost of food-stuffs at the present time.

**The High Cost of Living**

Women on farms and in smaller towns and villages are perhaps not feeling the pressure of these things very much as yet, excepting in the matter of flour and sugar, two great staples that must be bought in every household. The west, unfortunately, is not fully supplied with gristing mills, these have been crowded out by the big mills with their more improved machinery, so that excepting in a few cases, farmers, in common with city dweller, must buy flour to make bread. The farmers of the west cannot make maple sugar and are therefore as dependent as any city dweller on the supply of cane and beet sugars. In the matter of flour prices the farmers have some consolation in that they are getting a better price for their wheat than when flour was cheaper, though the price of wheat to the farmer is hardly in proportion to the price of flour. In other words, our big milling concerns have shown a greedy spirit in the present crisis, and have sent up flour higher than there was any occasion for. However, the consuming public have been by no means guiltless in this matter, they have allowed themselves to be carried away by sensational stories of actual shortage and have laid in huge supplies of flour which they cannot consume for months, and the amounts being taken out of the general supply have increased the prices enormously to that class of consumer who by the very necessity of his finances, must always buy in limited quantities. It is estimated that not only the city dwellers, but a very large proportion of the farmers, have attempted to put in a year's supply of flour. One cannot help a wicked hope that not only will prices be down below what they paid for it (that is almost a certainty) but that the flour will not keep well, and that they will have to eat inferior bread as a penance.

The fact that you have money and can lay in supplies is absolutely no reason why at a time of crisis as the present, you should do so to the injury of your neighbor who has not money enough ahead for any such purposes.

What I really started out to say, however, is that in my humble judgment the way to reduce the high cost of living is to eliminate waste. Canadians as a nation have been brought up with the silly idea of being ashamed of small economies, and particularly has there been great carelessness in the matter of wasting food, and this applies quite as forcibly on the farms as it does in the city. I know that there is an idea that it is not waste to throw out good bread and scraps of meat to the chickens and the pigs, but while it may not be an utter waste to use food in this way, it is giving to animals what could and should be used as human food.

**Kitchen Patriotism**

It should be the pride of every housewife that her family is well fed on nourishing food properly prepared, and that there is no waste. Slices of good bread floating on the swill barrel are very nearly, if not quite as sinful as slices of bread thrown down the garbage chute of a city block.

But there is another form of waste which is common in both city and country and for which women are almost entirely responsible; that is the waste of supplies in enormous quantities of rich food, particularly cakes, which takes quantities of eggs and butter for patriotic suppers and Red Cross teas and the like. At the present cost of materials there is absolutely no money, no real gain in giving all these teas or suppers for these purposes and supplying for 35 or 50 cents a meal, which, if the material of which it is furnished, were paid for would cost more than that sum asked as admission to say nothing of the time and labor expended for its preparation. The people who go to these teas and suppers do not need the food, and they are being encouraged with the idea that they are giving to patriotic and Red Cross purposes, when as a matter of fact they are merely getting an extra good meal at an abnormally low price and nearly always a fairly good entertainment into the bargain.

If the women in both the cities and country who are almost killing themselves to do work of this kind would pool their material which goes into these suppers and sell it, they would not only have more money, but there would be that additional supply of food available for other purposes, and a widespread effort along this line would materially reduce the prices, and increase the supply. If the actual food materials that have been wasted in this way in the Canadian West since 1914 could be gathered together, the amount would be absolutely appalling, especially if there was placed over against it the comparatively small sum of money realized in this way.

I am not saying for a moment that all social forms of raising money should be abandoned, but I do know and would like to say it so emphatically that it would

EDMONTON EXHIBITION
July 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 1917

Liberal Prize List
For Horses Cattle Sheep Swine Poultry
Agricultural and Horticultural Products
Dairy Products
Domestic Manufactures
Fine Arts Women's Work
School Children's Work

Special Educational Features
Demonstration Train and Tent conducted by the Provincial Department of Agriculture.
Educational Exhibits of wool, eggs, knitting, weaving, etc., by the Dominion Department of Agriculture.
Art Loan Exhibit from the Canadian National Art Gallery at Ottawa.

ENTERTAINMENT FEATURES
Harness and Running Races on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday
Automobile Races on Friday and Saturday
World At Home Shows on the Midway
Aeroplane Flights daily by Miss Katherine Stinson
The Best Grand Stand Attractions available
Spectacular Patriotic Pageant—"Sons of the Empire," every night

Write for Prize List. Excursion Rates on All Railroads
W. J. STARK, Manager - - EDMONTON, ALTA.

FARMS FOR SALE
Belonging to Estates which must be closed out.
Send for Particulars.
UNION TRUST
STRENGTH — FIDELITY
COMPANY LIMITED
REGINA, SASK. WINNIPEG, MAN.

235

# Back up the Boys who are Fighting for You!

Work and save as earnestly and wholeheartedly as they are fighting in France.

Work at something that helps directly toward winning the war! Save, and lend your savings to the nation, to finance the struggle and furnish everything needed to the men in the firing line.

For every $21.50 you lend the nation now, you will get back $25.00 at the end of three years—an interest return of over 5%. Certificates are issued in denominations of $25, $50 and $100, and may be purchased at $21.50, $43 and $86 respectively, at any Bank or Money Order Post Office.

*Save for the men who are saving Canada.*

## The National Service Board of Canada

R. B. BENNETT, Director General — C. W. PETTERSON, Secretary

## James Richardson & Sons
LIMITED

## Grain Merchants

**Eastern Offices:** Kingston Toronto Montreal Quebec
**Western Offices:** Winnipeg Calgary Saskatoon Fort William

Specialists in the handling of farmers' shipments Write, wire or 'phone our nearest office for quotations or information.

Bill your cars **"Notify James Richardson & Sons, Limited,"** to insure careful checking of grades. Liberal advances on bills of lading. Quick adjustments guaranteed, accompanied by Government Certificates of grade and weight.

You will profit by sending us samples and obtaining our advice as to best destination before shipping your grain.

**Licensed and Bonded** **Established 1857**

The Best Magazine Value Available—
**The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 a Year**

reach the heart of every woman, that food provided for any such gathering should be of the very simplest. It should be a matter of pride to supply good bread and butter and tea, and for people to be patriotic enough to attend an entertainment and pay a reasonable price for it, and be contented with what they got.

It is not two months since I attended a supper in a country district and in addition to sandwiches of all varieties, I counted 10 different kinds of cake, yet the price of admission, which included a very respectable concert was just 35c., and I heard a number of those attending complain that it was not just a quarter, which had been the usual price in years before the war.

I know this gospel which I have been preaching will not be a popular one, but I am certain it is one of the ways of eliminating waste and reducing the cost of living. It is just as much a patriotic duty to endeavor to lessen the cost of living not only in our own country but across the seas, as it is to send men to the front. The housewives of Western Canada, if they would concentrate on the elimination of waste in their kitchens and in their entertainments, would give an immense aid in the winning of the war.

Next to the Prime Minister of the British Empire, the most important personage in all its length and breadth is the Private Secretary, since everything that reaches him necessarily passes through the private secretary's hands. In short, the private secretary is not only the alter ego of the Premier, but also his chief confident, his tactful adviser, his memory, and even his conscience.

Premier Lloyd George created a sensation when he announced that he had appointed as his secretary Miss Stevenson, as this is almost without precedent and a most startling innovation.

Miss Stevenson has gone up the ladder with the Premier. She has acted as his secretary in connection with the preparation of the National Insurance Act, when he became Chancellor and when he became Minister of Munitions, she became second of his secretaries, of which he had five. She went with him to the War Office and now is advanced to the role of principal private secretary.

This most important personage is a college graduate. Her brother was killed last year at the front in France, in the battle of Cuinchy.

Among the best known of her precedessors has been Lord Rowton, the private secretary of Lord Beaconsfield; the late Sir Schomberg McDonnell, who was private secretary of Lord Salisbury, and Sir Algeron West, who was private secretary of Mr. Gladstone.

### One of the Best Remedies

Lemon juice and glycerine combined is a favorite home remedy for freckles. Some people think they cannot possibly use glycerine! Perhaps they cannot, but I think that is only because they do not dilute it sufficiently. There are few exceptions where, if it is mixed with enough water—the degree of dilution should depend upon its effect on the skin treated—it will not prove beneficial. In combining it with lemon juice the mixture may be made of equal parts, or these proportions also may be varied according to their effect on the skin. As a rule the thinner the skin the smaller should be the proportion of lemon juice. A teaspoonful to seven times that amount of glycerine is enough for a very delicate skin. Another way to use lemon juice is to rub a fresh slice of the fruit over the face. This may be left to dry on for a time—for the object is to scale off the surface layer of the skin. Glycerine may be applied later for its softening effect, but the first method is preferable. The old-fashioned way of washing the face in buttermilk or sour cream is also advisable.

### A Correction

In the Viola Phonograph advertisement of the Dominion Sewing Machine, published in our last issue, the address was in error inserted as Toronto. This well-known and reliable firm have their western offices and warerooms at 80-82 Lombard Street, Winnipeg. In the "Viola" the firm offers a musical instrument of exceptional value.

# The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

### Back to the Days of Girlhood

My vacation has taken me back to the scenes of my childhood and girlhood. Yesterday I attended the little church where I "spoke my pieces" at Christmas and at Eastertime. The same platform, the long seats, and the choir loft in the corner made me feel as if it were but a day since I had been a girl. There was the old clock on the wall that I used to watch so longingly for the time the sermon would end so we young people could chat for a minute, then "he" would "see" me home. Sometimes the minister preached five or ten minutes over time, and a certain restlessness in the young men's corner evidenced a lack of appreciation of the minister's efforts.

As I sat there Sunday I saw the old-time Christmas tree where each family tried to give its own a little more than their neighbor. The climax of all gifts was a gold watch with a long chain nestled in a bright plush case. Some of the less favored ones would wait patiently hoping against hope for the unusual. Of course, there was the little bag of candy and nuts in a mosquito net for every one. I shall always remember one Christmas eve when I came home with nothing but the little box of nuts and candy. There was such a big lump in my throat, for on every lap near me were packages and boxes of presents.

My friends tell me now that I am extravagant with my Christmas gifts for my own girls. There is a reason.

Little hearts ache sometimes more than big people realize.

Then there was Easter Day when I had a "piece" to speak. I had a new white dress, but my boots were heavy and coarse. I cried before and after. When I got up on the platform I forgot everything but my boots. I felt that everyone in the audience was looking at my boots. My face burned to my ears. My heart beat fearfully and every part of my body trembled. Those boots remained fixed to the floor and I was speechless.

It seemed like a terrible nightmare. Finally something told me to bow and I did—then stumbled off the platform. The next number was a "recitation" by the girl near me. She walked up gracefully in a new pair of dainty slippers and had complete confidence in herself.

Sometimes people wonder why I do not insist on my children wearing something they do not like. There are two ways of spoiling children.

Then there was the choir. One day I was asked to join the choir. I did not know a note, but that made no difference. Our soprano usually was a half a tone out of the way, but we paid no attention to that—we all sang as loud as we could in our own way. All eyes were turned on us and we were quite conceited in a position of such dignity, especially when strangers were present. There were interesting people in that congregation.

Mrs. Brown chewed cloves through the service, so her breath would "not smell."

Mrs. Smith kept tab on all the young couples. She was the first to know when anyone was jilted. A couple together three times was a sure sign of marriage. Her inquisitive eye and pointed nose created gossip by the yard every Sunday evening.

Mr. James always went to sleep about five minutes after the sermon began. About ten minutes later he got to the snoring stage when Mrs. James "nudged" him, whereupon he would look about in an astonished stare. Yes, there were interesting people. In the front sat Mrs. Robbins plump and jolly, mothered a family of seven. She was the angel of the town, for every home with sickness knew the blessing of her visit with the basket of jelly and cakes. Her's was the first smile that greeted the arrival of new-born babes. We all loved Mrs. Robbins.

Then there was Mrs. Davis, who brought flowers every Sunday. The fragrance of the flowers on the pulpit at either side of the big Bible must have been an inspiration to the minister.

I think of the minister's wife. Her face was tired always, for when that church hired the minister they expected his wife's services free. The ordination of the new minister was always followed by a pound social, where everyone took a pound of stuff they could not use in their own home. This was supposed to keep the family a year. I looked about yesterday and these faces were gone. Others had taken their places.

The young men and young women in the choir were children grown up since I had seen them. As I passed out of the little church I noticed the hitching posts were gone and automobiles surrounded the place.

Then I realized it was longer than yesterday since my girlhood.

### In the Beginning

Two men occupied the pulpit, one an editor and one a soldier. They were working in the interests of the Army Y.M.C.A. It seemed strange to listen to the beginning talks on the need of funds when I had lived in Winnipeg for twelve years and had seen the generous response to every plea for patriotic purposes. It seems as if in Canada big hearts fill every patriotic meeting—for though we have given and given and given somehow, like the loaves and fishes, miracles work in the British heart and there is always more to give.

They have not yet learned here in the U.S. the meaning of sacrifice. There was little response to the plea for help for those splendid boys who offer their lives.

I heard remarks about me that made my blood boil. One said: "Let the taxes take care of them," another, "If we give to everything that comes along we shall have nothing left."

One mother near me handed in her subscription—she has a son who has just enlisted.

Ah! there we have it! When their loved ones are wearing the soldier's uniform, they will give—give—give. They will respond generously to every patriotic plea for funds. This is one of the lessons they will learn.

### Grandmother and Grandfather

One thing that impresses me while traveling is the universal kindness shown to children and old people. Nearly everyone likes youth in the beginning and the end. It is a beautiful plan of the Divine that old people can see through the eyes of childhood again. Let us cherish these dear old people while they are with us. My ears fill with tears to see grandmother's vacant room. How I miss her! The home is not the same with her gone. It makes me feel that nothing is too good for the old people. They may be a little old-fashioned to the young girl—but the atmosphere of the home needs a bit of this old-fashioned grace.

We cannot respect too much the dear old grandmother and grandfather. Let their last days be brightened with deeds of love from the girl in the home.

### Women Farmers

Women are fast making progress in farming. Mrs. G. H. Mathis, of Gadsden, Alabama, is one of the most remarkable farmers on this continent. She is known as the "Doctor of Worn-out Farms." A few years ago she went out into the clay hills of Alabama and bought 1,000 acres of the poorest land in the state, paying eight dollars an acre for it. She divided the tract into fifty acre farms and installed tenant partners under one of the most unique working agreements ever known. Each tenant entered into contract to follow her directions in farming. Too much cotton had robbed the soil, so she insisted on growing a variety of farm crops, which properly rotated enriched the soil.

She increased the average earning of her tenants from $300 to $2,000 a year. Six years after she purchased the land she sold it for $40.00 an acre.

Her success has made her the best known woman farmer in the South. For a year she was engaged as a field agent by Alabama bankers to preach her farming gospel to the farmers in the state. Her time is in such demand that she cannot accept half the engagements offered her. Every farming community in the South is anxious to learn from her how she doctors worn-out farms. One convention published 100,000 copies of her address and sent them to every English-speaking country in the world. Then in Iowa Miss Minnie Avery is the champion woman farmer and orchardist, and this means something when one considers that state has 15,000 women who manage farms. When Miss Avery's father died ten years ago she was left a worn-out, run-down farm.

A ten-acre orchard yielded the first year twelve bushels of apples scrawny and poor. Nine years later this same orchard yielded more than 12,000 bushels of choice apples.

She markets her own apples at the markets in Council Bluffs and Omaha. She has also worked up a mail order business for her fancy fruit.

Minnesota's champion woman farmer is Mrs. C. H. Moen, of Grand Forks. Last year during a poor season for the Middle West corn growers, Mrs. Moen won the "grand champion sweepstakes" for the best corn grown in Northern Minnesota, in spite of keen competition among the men farmers. During the past twenty years Mrs. Moen has won so many prizes in diversified farming that she is recognized as a valuable authority in agriculture. Her greatest success is in

**Fulfills Every Claim**

No furnace can do more than satisfy—but the "Sunshine" furnace absolutely and invariably does satisfy fully and completely when properly installed. Ask our local dealer to show you this good furnace, or write for free booklet.

**McClary's**
**SUNSHINE FURNACE**

LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON CALGARY
SASKATOON EDMONTON

For White Shoes, etc.

STOP-ON WHITE

*A Liquid Dressing for White Shoes, Belts, Spats, Tennis Shoes and Balls, etc.*

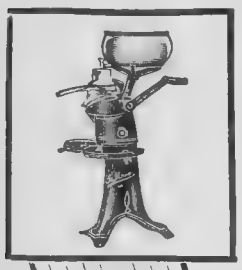
DRIES PURE WHITE
DOES NOT RUB OFF

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

# Get My Price

Wm. Galloway
Farmer and Manufacturer

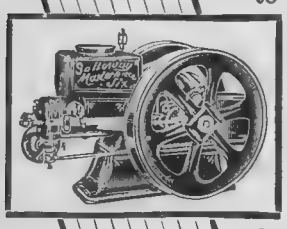
**—and you will be satisfied that GALLOWAY GIVES BIG BARGAINS in Farm Machinery. Agents and dealers will tell you that high-grade machinery cannot be sold at Galloway prices, but my catalogue tells how I do it—it tells and illustrates how I make the machinery I sell. It tells how by selling from my factory I can save you many dollars and give you besides the best machinery possible to build. Send for the catalogue and read my story.**



## Try this Galloway Sanitary Cream Separator for 90 Days Free

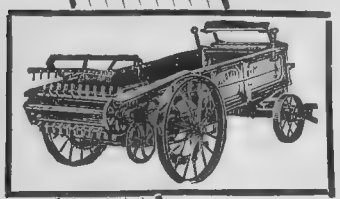
It's a marvel of mechanical genius and close-skimming ability. Money cannot build a better machine. The most sanitary, easiest running and dependable cream separator made. Catalogue tells all about it—it gives in actual figures the percentage of loss in butter fat by all the different methods of skimming; it tells how to get the most money from your cows—how to cash in at the creamery, and other information every farmer in Canada should have.

## Galloway Engines are Built to Fit Your Needs



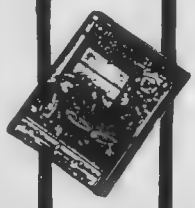
Are masterpieces of POWER and EFFICIENCY. A size for every purpose, 1½ h.p. to 16 h.p. The following superior features are good reasons why you should choose a Galloway engine: Large bore, long stroke, valves in the head. Hercules Cylinder head. Masterpiece ignitor. Economy carburetor; no overheating; perfected oiling; improved fuel feed. Mail the coupon now and learn the truth about gasoline engines.

## Galloway Low Down Manure Spreader Worth Its Weight in Gold



Many styles and sizes, each one fully guaranteed. Read these features that make for strength and efficient service. Endless apron. Force feed. Double chain drive. All-steel gear. Steel tongue, and many other exclusive features. Very light draft, and large capacity. Read all about how it is made in big catalogue. I have one for you—send name and address.

MY CATALOG FREE Postpaid If You Mail the Coupon



Ladies' Gents' and Children's Clothing Shoes Etc.

MAIL THIS COUPON

YOU MUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR FREE CATALOGUE

The Wm. Galloway Co. of Canada Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Wm. Galloway Company of Canada Limited, Winnipeg:
Please send me absolutely FREE, postpaid, the big Catalogue illustrated above, as advertised in

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Name .....

Address .....

☐ CREAM SEPARATOR ☐ MANURE SPREADER ☐ GASOLINE ENGINE

CHECK THE SQUARE YOU ARE INTERESTED IN

HUNDREDS OF GIRLS
WILL BE
WANTED
for the business offices of Winnipeg and the West this fall. Prepare now by training at The
DOMINION
Business College, Ltd.
The School that is a School.
Carlton Bldg. - 352 Portage Ave.
WINNIPEG
FREE PROSPECTUS ON REQUEST

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

raising dairy cattle. Her butter has been winning national honor and her herd has won gold medals.

I wish we might fill this page in the August number with experiences of our Canadian woman farmers, for there are women farmers in Western Canada who are second to none in their success as farmers. Just now when all the world is looking towards the farmer, the experiences of our women farmers would be most instructive to our women readers and would no doubt inspire business women to turn their attention to farming. I met one such farmer at our agricultural convention this spring. She was in the insurance business and she left that work for farming and is now an example and inspiration to the farmers in her community.

### Health

Electric power can accomplish nothing without a good power house. The body is sacred as well as the soul. No woman can fulfil her mission, especially if that destiny be the human race, unless she first acquire physical fitness and alertness. Chase the fresh air day and night "Nature is ever faithful to such as trust her faithfulness."

A sound mind in a healthy body is the greatest fortune a young woman can inherit. Not until the health is gone does one appreciate what it means.

A popular woman says this: "I have some rich friends; once in so often they ask me how it is my life is so full and theirs so empty; how it is I have so and so for friends whom they would give their souls to know. I cannot answer; for they would not understand. They have staked their all on appearances, the show of things.

"I have staked my all on the character of the people inside. I make dress subservient to one end, redundant, active, fiery physical health."

A very close relation exists between the health of the body and the health of the spirit.

A strong will shows itself in ability to concentrate its effort on a chosen purpose.

Since the will expresses itself in action, it can be best cultivated in a body capable of vigorous action.

Distinct types of girls may be known by the decisions they make.

A healthy body encourages wholesome thought and reasoning power.

### A Lesson in Life

Continued interest and enthusiasm keeps the mind from despair. We all look for better days, if the fire of hope keeps burning within one.

David Livingston says: "Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of false estimates; set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of a genius, a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return, a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such philosophy the world will give up all the empty joy it has."

### Keep Young

Avoid worry, hurry and getting flustered.

Learn self-control. Anger is a rapid wrinkle-bringer.

Be temperate. Moderation does not only refer to the stomach. Overdoing in any way makes premature age.

Love the open air. Fresh air is not a fad, it is a necessity if one would keep young.

Get plenty of sleep. Nothing lines the face like nights of wakefulness.

Keep mentally alert. An intellectual back number adds years to her seeming age. Nothing makes for youth like a young mind save perhaps a young heart.

Don't let yourself get sluggish and indifferent. Here is where the benefit of massage, physical culture and a vital interest in life comes in.

### Removing Disfiguring Moles and Warts

Moles, especially those from which hair grows, are most unsightly but a girl should never attempt to use any home remedies, since these defects are too deep-seated for superficial treatment. They may also, if interfered with ignorantly, be the starting point for cancerous growths. Never meddle with these growths. If you must have something done for them, consult a skin specialist or a reliable surgeon and follow the advice given you.

Many suppose warts to be contagious, but this has never been proved. Neither is it at all probable that they are caught from toads. Their habits are curious. Sometimes they disappear suddenly with no apparent reason. Caustics, such as nitric acid, chromic acid or acetic acid, are often efficacious, but are too dangerous in the hands of any but a skilled physician. Many lifelong scars have been caused by their ignorant use. A simple remedy for warts is the following: Have the chemist put up a dram of salicylic acid with an ounce of collodion in a bottle which has a tiny brush run through the cork. Apply this mixture to the warts twice a day and in a few days they will dry up and fall off. Any ordinary corn cure whose basis is salicylic acid will accomplish the same result.

### "Do Not Drink Too Much at Meals"

This has become such a frequent warning that it is an old story by this time. However, it is such a bad habit, and, like all habits, so easy to form and so hard to break, that the warnings cannot be too well heeded. Be careful to limit the amount of water and fluids which you take during meals, since large quantities of these, especially ice-water, hinder digestion and thus react on the complexion. Not more than one glass of water should be taken during each meal. In order to quench the thirst which is so apt to clamor for water at meals, an eminent authority suggests taking a glass of hot water fifteen or thirty minutes before meals. This acts especially well in the morning, as it cleanses the stomach and intestines of all mucus and allows the absorption of food to take place to the best advantage. Coffee, as well as very weak tea, once a day, will do you little harm, if any, when you are in ordinary health.

### His Wealth and Mine

By Strickland W. Gillilan

My rich and childless neighbor's yacht, they say
Looks like a ship of some trans-ocean line.
A tall girl travels schoolward every day—
The child is mine!

My neighbor owns a limousine that goes
Two score or more of miles per hour—that's fine!
There comes a brown-eyed child with freckled nose—
The child is mine!

This side the rose-hedge at my neighbor's bound
There stands a wicker cart of common line,
In which a baby sleeps all snug and sound—
The babe is mine!

### The Plea of the Sheltered Women

By Amelia Josephine Burr

We sheltered women, love-enwrapt,
Whose every wish is gratified,
From all adversity close lapt
In tenderness and kindly pride,
We from whose paths you put aside
The possibility of care,
We women shielded and supplied—
What burden can we have to bear?

Smiling as at a child's demands,
You fill these idle days of ours;
You give us roses for our hands
And songs to sing among our flowers.
We twine you crowns for your delight;
You only ask to find us fair
When weary you come home at night.
Is not our burden light to bear?

We are the garden of your ease;
And if we bloom you are content.
It would but rob you of your peace
If to your loads our shoulders bent,
But oh to see you sad and spent—
To know the pain we may not share—
Pity us, Masters and relent;
This burden is too sore to bear.

# Work for Busy Fingers

### Round Yoke for Corset Cover

Material—Two balls of No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton. Start with 40 ch sts.

First row—1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into the next st, *2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 d c, repeat * twice; 4 ch sts skip 3 sts, * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, repeat * until you have 4 d c all into the same st, forming 1 fan; 4 ch sts, skip 4 sts, repeat until you have 4 fans, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second row—Make 1 fan over last sp of fan of preceding row, 5 ch sts, repeat for 4 fans, 5 ch sts 1 d c into each st, 2 ch sts, 1 more d c into the last st, 5 ch sts, turn.

Third row—2 d c over the 2 ch sts, * 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 d c repeat *until you have 4 sps, then make 4 fans.

Repeat 2 and 3rd rows alternately, increasing by 1 sp on every row of sps until you have made 14 rows, then start with the 1st row.

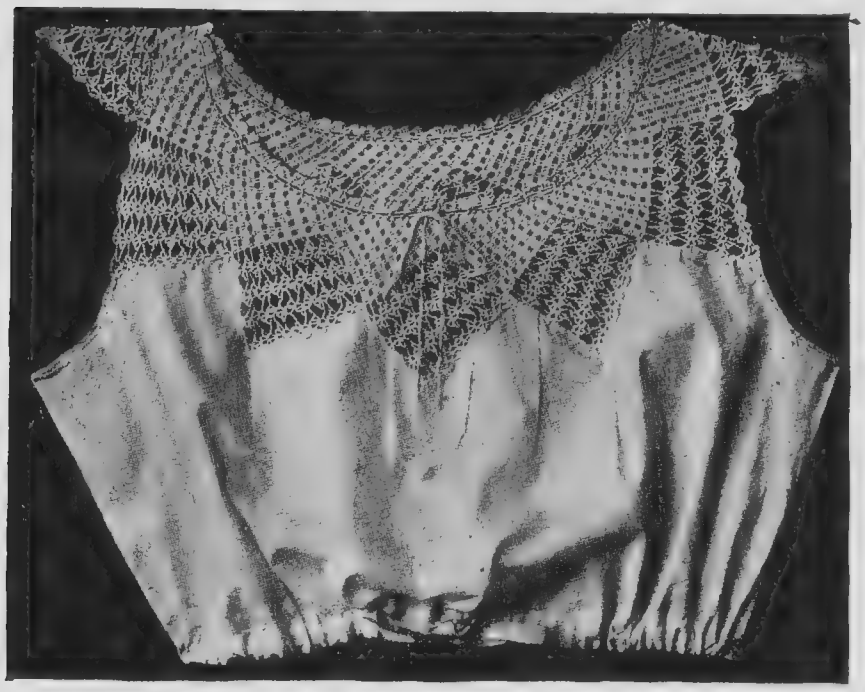
Beading, * 1 d c, 5 ch sts, repeat*.

Scallop, 1 fan 1 s c over each sp.

Hem the armhole, over this hem make d c close together into the material.

Cord, make length of ch sts, turn 1 s c into each st.

Drop 5 ch sts, join forming a circle, 1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c, into circle, repeat twice, join and break thread.



### EDGES FOR BATH TOWELS

No. 1—Material—No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton, color to match towel. For this filet pattern 6 d c form 1 gr, with la, next 7 d c together.

Make 43 ch sts, 1 gr, 1 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second row—3 d c, 1 sp, d c over d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 8 ch sts, turn.

Third row—1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 5 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourth row—Repeat third row making sp, above la.

Fifth row—1 gr, 2 la, 1 gr, 2 la, 1 gr, 2 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixth row—Repeat fifth row, sp above la.

Seventh row—1 gr, 3 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 4 d c, repeat backward.

No. 2—Material—Perle cotton No. 5, white, same in color to match towel.

Make 21 ch sts, 1 d c into fourth st, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 3 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, *1 d c, 2 ch sts, repeat *for 4 d c, all into same st, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second row—4 d c over ch, 1 s c over d c on each row, for 6 rows, repeat from peat *5 ch sts, 2 d c, 3 ch sts, 3 d c, 3 ch sts, 2 d c, 3 ch sts, turn, repeat alternately, first and second rows, adding 1 d c on each row, for 6 rows, repeat from first row. Of the color make one French knot on each leaf.

No. 3—Material—Perle cotton No. 5. White and color to match towel. Fasten white thread into hem, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, 3 d c into first ch st, *1 d c leave space of 5 ch sts on hem, catch d c, make 4 d c over this d c, repeat *for 2 rows of white and one row of color. Featherstitch hem with color.

No. 4—Material—No. 30 shaded violet mercerized crochet cotton. Start each pansy separately and when finished join.

Make 7 ch sts, join into a circle.

First row—3 ch sts, 1 d c, *3 ch sts, 2 d c, repeat * for 5 sps.

Second row—5 ch sts. 8 t c over each sp, 1 t c over d c.

Third row—1 p over each st, 5 ch sts, turn to back, 1 s c to top of d c, of first row, *7 ch sts, 1 s c to top of d c of next gr, repeat, * making 2 loops, 5 ch sts turn, 14 t c over each loop, turn, 1 p, over each st. For connection make 7 ch sts, * 1 d c skip 1 p, 3 ch sts, repeat * for 10 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 t c, catching 1 p of each pansy and joining them by this st.

Last row—5 ch sts, 1 s c over ch, repeat.

No. 5—Material—No. 30 shaded mercerized cotton to match towel. Make s c across towel, catching into hem.

Second row—*7 ch sts, 1 s c skip 3 sts, repeat * for 3 rows.

Last row—1 s c, 1 d c, 6 t c, 1 d c, 1 s c, over each loop.

No. 6—No. 5 mercerized crochet cotton, white and color to match towel. Of white make 5 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, all over fourth ch st, forming a fan, 3 ch sts turn, repeat for 8 fans, 7 ch sts, 1 s c, over ch between sixth and seventh fan, repeat for 3 loops, turn, * 12 s c over loop, repeat * 7 s c over third loop, turn, * 7 ch sts, 1 s c to centre of loop, repeat *, turn, 12 s c over loop, 7 s c over next loop, turn, 7 ch sts, 1 s c over centre of loop, turn, 12 s c, over loop, 7 s c over each of next 2 loops, 1 fan completes row.

For the next two rows make sps around the scallop, completing pattern. For the colored edge, make * 3 d c, 1 p, 3 d c, skip 1 sp, repeat *.

---

### He Knew

"Generally run down, sir?" queried the druggist. "Slightly seedy and want good toning up?"

The pale-faced customer nodded.

"Well, I've the very thing for you—Jimforth's Juvenator. Three doses a day and more if necessary. One dollar a bottle."

"No, thanks," said the pale patient.

"But, my dear sir, it's the rage of the day, the greatest discovery of modern medicine. It's the rage of the season. Every one is—rejuvenating, you might say."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather try something else," replied the customer.

"But," pressed the druggist, "I tell you it will have more effect on you in a single day than any other medicine could have in a month. It cures everything from coughs to corns. What is your objection to it?"

"Well, nothing, only I'm Jimforth.—Exchange.

# Wheat Bubbles

## As She Serves Them—And Why

Have you noted how many health articles now advise eating Puffed Wheat?

Do you know how often Puffed Wheat appears on doctors' diet lists? And how many nurses serve it under doctors' orders?

Not because it is sick folks' food. But because it is whole wheat made wholly digestible.

It is scientific food—a Prof. Anderson creation. Every food cell is exploded—every atom feeds.

Toast used to be the grain-food when digestion was delicate. The scorching, perhaps, broke up half the food granules. But now it is whole-wheat, not part-wheat. And all the food cells are broken.

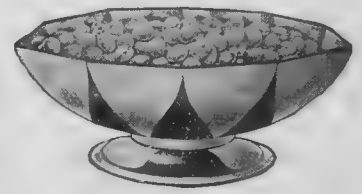
The same rule applies to well folks. Whole grains are far better than flour foods. And this puffing process—shooting from guns—makes all the whole-grain available.

And it makes it delightful. These giant grains, airy, thin and toasted, are really food confections.

**Puffed Wheat** Each 15c. Except in Far West **Puffed Rice**

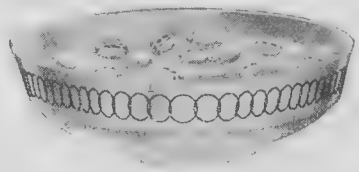
**WITH BERRIES**

Mix with your morning berries, or serve with cream and sugar. These are fascinating titbits.



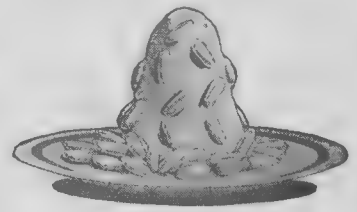
**AS NUT-BITS**

Douse with melted butter, or simply salt them, for between-meal dainties.



**IN MILK**

Float like bubbles in your bowls of milk. They are flaky, flavory, porous, crisp—easy to digest.



**ON ICE CREAM**

Scatter them over a dish of ice cream, to give a nut-like flavor.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada 1613 Saskatoon, Canada

# The Philosopher

### The Fifty-First Dominion Day

On Dominion Day, this year, the first day of next month, our country will enter upon the second half-century of its existence as a Confederation. None of the Fathers of Confederation could have foretold fifty years ago the circumstances in which the infant Dominion whose cradle they rocked would enter upon its sixth decade on July 1, 1917. Who that is alive to-day can imagine what the circumstances will be in which the Dominion will celebrate its centenary on July 1, 1967? One thing we may count on with confident hopefulness. Canada in 1967 will front the future self-reliantly and with the courage of a justly-founded pride in the strength of Canadian sense of duty as does Canada in 1917, knowing the staunch spirit of her men and the true devotion of her women.

### "The Women's Tribute"

Never has The Philosopher beheld a sight which it was harder to witness without betraying emotion than the scene in the Walker Theatre on the night of "The Women's Tribute," when the women of Winnipeg and of many places throughout Manitoba (with many more to be heard from) made a beginning of realizing a plan for the welfare of the men who come back from the trenches. The Philosopher was, by special privilege, admitted back of the stage, on which were massed some five hundred returned soldiers many of them with broken bodies, but all with cheery hearts. The body of the house was filled, from floor to roof, with women. For nearly two hours the stream of "Tribute bearers" kept coming to the stage—women and girls, more than five hundred in number, each one bearing the offering of her organization, of her fellow-workers and herself, in shop, factory, office or other working place, towards the erection of a building which shall be a meeting-place for the veterans of the war, where they can feel that they "belong," where various business activities for their welfare can have their headquarters, where they can renew and maintain their trench friendships and where every man who was at the front will feel that he has a right to go. It was touching to see the gratitude shining in the eyes of the men as the women piled up their magnificent foundation "Tribute"—$7.074.97 in cash and $9.503.75 in pledges and in addition a Winnipeg beach lot, free of all encumbrance, valued at $600. Surely a fine beginning. Among the maimed wounded men present were a number who had to be wheeled in chairs. But all were jolly, and sang their trench songs in a way that none who heard them can ever forget.

### The Canadians in Khaki

The most telling testimony to what the Canadians have done and are doing at the front is to be found in the letters of dead German soldiers and those who are taken prisoners. It is to be found, too, in the official reports made by German officers to their superiors. German plotting, German scheming, the wise plans of German professors on paper and of the German General Staff on the map, the great German expectations, which included confidently the belief that no sooner was the war begun than Canada would break away from British connection, are being answered in the only fashion in which it is possible to speak to the German people. And our country has just reason to be proud of the way in which Canadian men at the front are doing their share in speaking to the German people in the only fashion possible. Three years ago the Kaiser and his generals would have laughed in loud derision of any suggestion would, or could make themselves in the war. The Kaiser and his generals, and the whole German people as well, have a very different opinion of Canadians now.

### The Wish of All Good and Wise Men

Twenty-one years ago in 1896, when there was some friction between Great Britain and the United States because of a boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana, Mr. Balfour, speaking in the House of Commons, uttered these words, which may now well be looked back upon as prophetic: "It cannot be but that those whose national roots go down into the same past as ours, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great—it cannot be but that a time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfil among the nations of the world." And in the same speech he said: "The time will come, the time must come when some one, some statesman more fortunate even than President Monroe, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible." Several journals of authority in the United States have quoted those words, and said that they express a conviction and a hope which every good American and every sincere friend of human welfare and progress must cherish. And the suggestion is made that that conviction and that hope might now well be adopted as the Balfour Doctrine.

### A Forecast of Sixty Years Ago

In turning over the pages of that interesting old book, "The Overland Route to British Columbia," by the late Professor Hind, of Toronto, The Philosopher's attention was caught by a letter written to the author of that book by Mr. Seward, who was Secretary of State in President Lincoln's Cabinet. The letter was written in 1857, ten years before the Dominion was formed, while Mr. Seward was on a ship entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on his way to visit Quebec. This was ten years before he conducted the purchase of Alaska from Russia for the United States, and thirteen years before the infant Dominion bought the territory of Rupert's Land, which is now the Prairie Provinces, from the Hudson's Bay Company. "The policy of the United States should be to perpetuate and secure the alliance of Canada," he wrote in that letter. He condemned vigorously any opposite policy, and denounced as unwise in the extreme, the then prevalent idea in the United States that it was a wiser policy "to seek to establish feeble States out of decaying Spanish provinces on the coasts and in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico," in preference to joining hands of neighborly co-operation with Canada. "All southern stars must set," he wrote, "though many times they rise again with diminished splendor. But those which illuminate the Pole remain forever increasing in splendor." And yet Seward lived to experience a change of sentiments that led him to make it his chief motive in the purchase of Alaska, and his chief hope in that transaction, that he would thereby prevent the Dominion of Canada from extending westward beyond Lake Superior. All that is ancient history now, of course; but Secretary Seward's letter has a peculiar interest at the present time, when Canada and the United States are allied in the defence of human freedom against a military despotism, which among its many other machinations has sought to make use of Mexico in the working out of its designs.


DO YOUR FENCING NOW WITH

# IMPERIAL WOVEN WIRE FENCING

**OUR AVERAGE PRICES ON IMPERIAL FENCING ARE LESS THAN THE ACTUAL COST OF THE WIRE ALONE TO-DAY AT WINNIPEG OR SASKATOON**

Never in the history of Western Canada was a good fence so valuable to the farmer. The high price of grain, stock and land, demands that the grain be properly protected, the stock kept in and have proper attention; what is more, the Imperial Fence beautifies the place and adds to its value beyond the cost of fencing, especially at such remarkably low prices as are herein quoted.

You can rely on Imperial Fencing, because it is made from high grade, open-hearth, heavily galvanized steel wire, is woven evenly, and is of such a stout, stiff construction that it is correctly called stiff stay fence. Another point about Imperial Fencing is that it is made from guaranteed full gauge wire.

You cannot make a mistake in buying Imperial Fencing now at these prices. It is guaranteed to give entirely satisfactory service; you can see by comparison what the saving is. We know Imperial is second to none, and guarantee it so.

Order to-day at these prices, as they are not guaranteed for any length of time. May 21st, 1917

| Order your fencing from this schedule | | Order No. | Number of line wires | Height in inches | Upright stays width apart inches | Number of upright stays per rod | Weight per rod lbs. | Spaces of Line Wires inches apart from bottom to top | Shipped from Winnipeg: Price per rod | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **HEAVY FIELD FENCING** | | 97T5420 | 5 | 42 | 22 | 9 | 6¾ | 9-10-11-12 | .30 | Sold in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls. |
| | | 97T4330 | 4 | 33 | 22 | 9 | 5½ | 10-11-12 | .26 | |
| | | 97T7400 | 7 | 40 | 22 | 9 | 8¾ | 5-6-6-7-7½-8½ | .41 | |
| All No. 9 wire. | | 97T7480 | 7 | 48 | 22 | 9 | 9 | 5-6-7-9-10-11 | .42 | |
| | | 97T1050H | 10 | 50 | 16½ | 12 | 13 | 3½-3¾-3¾-4½-5-6-7-8-8½ | .60 | |
| | Coral | 97T951 | 9 | 51 | 16½ | 12 | 13 | 4-4-5-6-7-8-8-8 | .57 | |
| | Coral | 97T1158 | 11 | 53 | 16½ | 12 | 15 | 3-3¾-3¾-4½-5-6-7-7½-8-9 | .70 | |
| **MEDIUM FIELD FENCING** | Stock | 97T742 | 7 | 42 | 13 | 15 | 6½ | 6-6-7-7-8-8 | .30 | |
| | Sheep | 97T640 | 6 | 40 | 13 | 15 | 5½ | 7-7-8-9-9 | .29 | Sold in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls. |
| Top and lower wires No. 9 wire, all others No. 12 | Stock | 97T942 | 9 | 42 | 13 | 15 | 7½ | 3-3½-3½-4½-5½-6-8-8 | .37 | |
| | | 97T1050 | 10 | 50 | 13 | 15 | 8¼ | 3½-3½-3¾-4½-5-6-7-8-8-8½ | .40 | |
| **HEAVY HOG FENCE** All No. 9 wire. | | 97T726H | 7 | 26 | 12 | 16 | 10 | 3-3½-4-4½-5-6 | .45 | Sold in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls. |
| **MEDIUM HOG FENCE** | | 97T726 | 7 | 26 | 13 | 15 | 5½ | 3-3½-4-4½-5-6 | .28 | |
| | | 97T7261 | 7 | 26 | 8 | 24 | 6½ | 3-3½-4-4½-5-6 | .33 | Sold in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls. |
| Top and lower wires No. 9, all others No. 12 | | 97T834 | 8 | 34 | 13 | 15 | 7 | 3-3½-3½-4½-5½-6-8 | .34 | |
| | | 97T8341 | 8 | 34 | 8 | 24 | 7¾ | 3-3½-3½-4½-5½-6-8 | .38 | |
| **6-INCH CLOSE STAY HOG FENCE** | | 97T0726 | 7 | 26 | 6 | 32 | 6 | 3-3½-4-4½-5-6 | .34 | Sold in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls. |
| Top and lower No. 9, all others No. 13. | | 97T1036 | 10 | 26 | 6 | 32 | 8 | 2-2-3-3½-4-4½-5-6-6 | .46 | |
| **SPECIAL GARDEN FENCING** Top and lower wires No. 9, all others No. 12. | | 97T1449 | 14 | 49 | 13 | 15 | 10¾ | 3-3-3-3-3-3-3½-4-4½-5-5-6 | .54 | Special Garden Fencing sold in 20 rod rolls. |
| **SPECIAL POULTRY FENCING** | | 97T1736 | 17 | 36 | 4 | 48 | 4 | | .45 | |
| | | 97T2048 | 20 | 48 | 4 | 48 | 5 | Spacing very close, only 1 inch apart at bottom | .55 | Sold in 10 rod rolls only. |
| Top and lower wires No. 14, all others No. 17. | | 97T2360 | 23 | 60 | 4 | 48 | 5½ | | .65 | |
| | | 97T2672 | 26 | 72 | 4 | 48 | 6½ | | .75 | |
| **HEAVY POULTRY FENCING** Top and lower wires No. 11, all other wires 17 gauge. | | 97T1848 | 18 | 48 | 8 | 24 | 8½ | Spacing very close | .56 | Sold in 10 rod rolls only. |
| | | 97T2060 | 20 | 60 | 8 | 24 | 9½ | | .62 | |

**BARB WIRE**

**Imperial Standard Barb Wire in 2 and 4 point. The very best obtainable.**

**2 Point Barb Wire, approximately 80 rods in a spool; weight, 79 lbs. Price, shipped from Winnipeg ..... 4.10**

**4 Point Barb Wire, approximately 80 rods in a spool; weight, 86 lbs. Price, shipped from Winnipeg ..... 4.25**

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

WINNIPEG - CANADA

Order your Barb Wire along with your Fencing.

Order Imperial Gates from our general catalogue.

These prices are shipped from Winnipeg. If you live in the Saskatoon district it will pay you to order from Saskatoon.

# The Slacker

By E. G. Bayne

A YOUNG man in civilian clothes and carrying a suitcase in either hand turned into a side street in that purlieu of rooming-houses north of Portage Avenue centre, and advanced rapidly along, watching the numbers.

At number ten he stopped short and his eye travelled over the front of the house, noting the many agreeable features—the double balcony, the broad windows, the wicker verandah chairs, the cocoanut matting on the steps, the two potted palms.

Marker had been right. This was an exceptional place, well above the average. It was also seventh on his list, and—seven was his lucky number. He placed his baggage on the walk and jerked his coat collar into place.

A look of satisfaction passed over the young man's face, and with quick light steps he ascended to the broad piazza and pressed his thumb to the electric button. A small card unostentatiously inserted in the glass-front announced "Board and Rooms."

A neat, white-capped maid answered his ring, and informed him that "Mrs. Harbottle" would see him in a moment if he would just step inside. The landlady appearing, there ensued one of those interviews so well known to the self supporting homeless and the letter of rooms.

"Second-floor back," said the young man, in a reflective tone. "Well, I suppose it must do. I would have liked a front room—"

"The front rooms are two dollars dearer," said the landlady. "But anyway, as I say, they are all taken. Board too? Oh certainly. I have so many boarders I have to reset as it is, so one more won't matter. Will you step upstairs now?"

By ten minutes past six the first "setting" had taken their places around Mrs. Harbottle's more or less excellent board, our young man without them.

"Meet Mr. Winfield, everybody," said the landlady with her usual perfunctory geniality. "Miss Emmett, Mr. Winfield, Miss Green, Miss Edgar, Mrs. Vale, Mr. Dunnett, Mr. Scott, Mr. Mayhew, Mr. Allen, Mr. McDermott. Sarah you can bring in the soup at once."

The newcomer bowed to each of the boarders and took his seat between the last-named man and Miss Edgar.

It was fowl night—the adjective being open to two spellings—and for a considerable time everybody was busy in a tussle with wings, necks, legs and "steel girders," as Mr. Allen called them.

At length McDermott sighed dismally and owned himself worsted.

"Pass the dynamite, Joe," he begged of Mayhew, an English architect with chronic bronchitis.

"Aw, really you know that's very bad form, old chap," the latter made reply, shaking his head reprovingly, and glancing at the new boarder. "Nevertheless I vow this bird voted at the last election," said McDermott wryly. "The question is, which way. Now I say he's a Grit, he's so all-fired gritty."

"Take the foot of the class," said Miss Edgar, who was a pedagogue. "He was a Tory. This fowl was the victim of protective tariff, cold-storage, middlemen and big interests. He probably stood on the fence, flapped his wings and crowed lustily when his party was shouting: 'No truck or trade with the Yankees.' Pass the prunes, please."

"Mrs. Harbottle has an unwritten law," said Mrs. Vale, sweetly, "That her boarders should refrain from heated discussions, especially on the subjects of politics or religion."

"Thanks for reminding us, dear," returned Miss Edgar in honeyed accents. "Shall we talk of the war then?"

"The war?" said Allen, a young bank teller, with weak eyes. "I thought it was to be discussed only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays."

Winfield who had been silent up to this, now glanced around the table, and opened his lips as though to speak. McDermott caught the look.

"We men are all ineligible," he said in a low tone of explanation. "Myself, I have a deuced rheumatism that gets me in damp weather. Whatever prevents you, you had better get it off your chest or our Miss Green across the table will dub you a slacker, and your life will be made so miserable you will desire to commit hari-kari. Three of the boarders have already left because of the scorn in those angelic eyes. Don't look at her yet; she's looking straight at us!"

Winfield flushed a deep red. He could feel his face growing hotter as McDermott was speaking. When he did dare to look at Miss Green—whom he had not particularly noticed before—it was to see a very unaggressive looking girl in a dull-blue gown, with white collar and cuffs. She was rather small and her hair was light brown with a tendency to curl. She had a rather timid air. Winfield turned to his neighbor.

"You must be joking," he said, deprecatingly. "She looks as though she wouldn't say 'boo' to a mouse." "Oh it's not that she says anything. It's her eyes, man, her eyes. Watch 'em."

McDermott further informed him that she was a librarian, that Mrs. Vale was a hair-dresser, and that Miss Emmett wrote for the magazines. Someone was interrogating the latter at the very moment.

"How has the war affected my work?" she was saying. "Well, I must admit that I'm in the war profiteer class. I work hard, but I could sell twice as much if the day were only forty-eight hours long, instead of twenty-four."

"Its the Khaki heroes you know," said Mayhew, with a know-it-all smile. "They sell like hot cakes, by Jove!"

"One gets fed up on them though," was Mrs. Vale's comment, in mock-weary tones. "But they are dears." There was a chorus of indignant protest at the first half of this speech. It was known that Mrs. Vale seldom read anything but the society column in the daily papers.

"As to heroes," Miss Emmett resumed, "one does not feature them in mufti nowadays, unless one saddles them with flat-feet or astigmatism or minus a limb."

She happened to look directly at the new boarder as she spoke. Again he flushed warmly, and in turning his eyes away they encountered a pair of blue ones at the other end of the table. He was conscious only of the fact that Miss Green was regarding him intently, as though she were just now seeing him for the first time.

Up in his room the young man looked ruefully at himself in the mirror. He was fairly tall, undeniably straight, and almost handsome. His face was tanned like the faces of most Westerners and his eye was bright and keen and steady.

"If I had'nt paid my board two weeks in advance," he muttered, his brow wrinkling in perplexity, "I'd go to some other—wonder why Marker recommended this place so earnestly. The rates are a bit high, anyway."

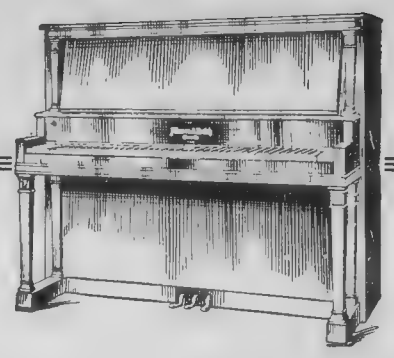
But he knew that in all Winnipeg this was the ideal house for his particular needs. It was semi-select, quiet, and close enough to the zone of his daily activities to render it very convenient indeed. Then too, there was that rarest of charms—board and lodging under the one roof.

"I would have told them," he went on, half aloud. "I was on the point of doing it. But now I wont. They'll never find out. They can hector me and sneer at me to their hearts' content."

The next morning at breakfast everybody was too hurried to engage in much conversation. Winfield had become stubborn and resolved to treat McDermott's friendly overtures with coolness and reserve. But the latter had already breakfasted and was gone down-town.

When Winfield had remarked to himself that he would have explained his situation he really meant with one reserve. That one thing he had not intended to reveal. It was really his own affair, and he hated talking about himself. It was nobody's business but his own. No, they would never find out—not if they died of curiosity, not if little Miss Green heaped all manner of contempt on him out of those wonderful eyes!

Three days later Winfield was leaving the house just at dusk when he encountered the librarian putting up her hat and coat in the vestibule. She smiled at him, and he said, "Good Evening," and passed on, very light of heart. He had noticed

# Mason & Risch Pianos

*"From Factory to Home" :: Twenty Branch Stores*

Mason & Risch Pianos are built to sell at as low a price as they CAN be sold, direct from Factory to Home, but they are NOT built to meet price competition from ANY source. And it is because they are made to render lifetime service and NOT to meet price competition that they have won the reputation of being Canada's First and Foremost Piano, "The Best Piano Built."

We have published a Booklet, "Inside Information," which is of the utmost importance to those contemplating the purchase of a Piano. Do not fail to secure a copy of this Booklet, for it tells you exactly the good points to look for and the pitfalls to avoid if you decide to buy a piano to give full and complete satisfaction in after-years.

**Write our nearest Branch Store for Booklets and information regarding our Easy Payment Plan, also for prices and description of used Pianos, Player-Pianos, and Organs.**

## Mason & Risch Limited

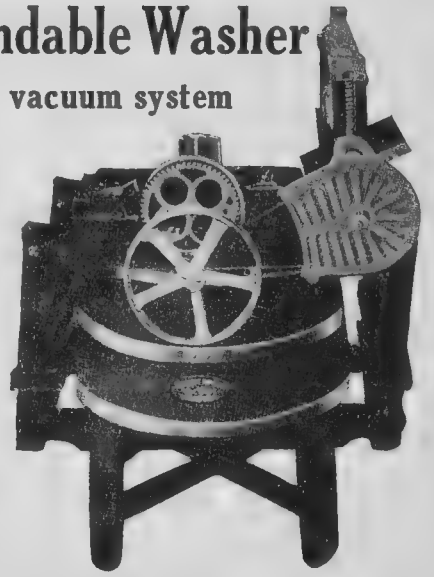
302 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

OTHER BRANCHES AT
REGINA SASKATOON CALGARY LETHBRIDGE
AND EDMONTON

## A Strong, Dependable Washer

**that cleans by the vacuum system**

No prongs to rip and twist the clothes — you may safely trust your finest laces to a



# Vacuum Washing Machine

Cup-shaped vacuum heads pounce the clothes thoroughly, expelling the dirt and forcing clean water through every inch of the entire wash. A later and better method than has been offered before. Driven by hand, gas or electric power. Sturdily built, every working part protected. Highest standard wringer. It cuts washday hours to minutes and with the least effort on the operator's part.

**A post card will bring you full particulars—write to-night**

## Cushman Motor Works of Canada, Ltd.

**Dept. R. - Whyte Ave. and Vine St. - Winnipeg**

# Classified Page for the People's Wants

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF POULTRY, FARM PROPERTY, FARM MACHINERY, OR IF YOU WANT HELP OR EMPLOYMENT, REMEMBER THAT THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY ARE ALWAYS READY TO HELP YOU ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECT. COST 3c WORD, MINIMUM 50c. CASH WITH ORDER.

## Plants, etc.

STRAWBERRIES—100, 70c; 1000, $5.00; currants, 10c; gooseberries, 15c; loganberries, hatching eggs, hares, goats, etc. Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Rural Industries Specialist, Langley Fort, B.C. 8-17

PEDIGREE STRAWBERRY PLANTS—Hardy northern grown stock of the following varieties: Senator Dunlap, Parson's Beauty, Glen Mary and Goodell; 100 plants postpaid for $1.50, 1,000 plants f.o.b. here $7.75. Currant bushes, Fay's prolific (red) and Black Naples, large two-year-old plants, $1.50 per dozen, postpaid or $7.75 per 100 f.o.b. here; discount of 10 per cent for cash in full with order. Monrad Wigen, Wynndel, B.C. 6-17

## Fruit and Farm Lands

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 7-17

CALIFORNIA FARMS near Sacramento for sale; easy payments. Write for list. E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 6-17

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your property, write me. John J. Black, Desk B, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 6-17

WESTERN CANADA FARMS with growing crops and live stock; easy terms; catalogue free. Dominion Farm Exchange, Winnipeg. 6-17

IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE TO SUIT ALL NEEDS in one of the best wheat-growing districts in Saskatchewan. Enquire H. J. Reid, Perdue, Sask. 12-17

FIVE ACRES BRITISH COLUMBIA—Situated three miles from town of Elko. This is first class fruit land, level and free of rocks. Will sell for $400 or exchange for good piano. Apply P.O. Box 2 Nakusp, B.C. 6-17

BRITISH COLUMBIA—10 acres A1 fruit land, partly cleared, new three-roomed frame house with verandah, also good log stable buildings, cost over $600; good water, a fine home to retire on. For full particulars apply L. H. Rawlings, Nakusp. Price for quick sale $1.250; easy terms. 6-17

## Real Estate

SELL YOUR PROPERTY QUICKLY for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 41, Lincoln, Nebr. 7-17

## Stamps for Sale

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

## Medical

A GUARANTEED REMEDY—Dr. Henderson's Herb Tablets; Natural Cure for Rheumatism, Constipation, Eczema, Kidney Liver and Stomach troubles. Three months' treatment for $1, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 8-17

## Poultry

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Females mated to sons of New York State champions; eggs, $2.00 and $3.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 6-17

"THEY LAY BECAUSE THEY ARE bred that way." Our Barred Plymouth Rocks are bred from the best strains in America; eggs, $2.00 per 15. Arthur Ray, Creelman, Sask. 6-17

## Business Chances

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal, and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 550,20 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. 1-18

## Help Wanted

WANTED—Persons to grow mushrooms for us at home; from $15 per week upwards can be made by using waste space in yards or gardens (start now); illustrated booklet sent free. Address Montreal Supply Company, Montreal. 6-17

## Patents

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old-established firm. Head Office, Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

## Agents Wanted

AGENTS—We have something that will amaze you. Don't accept an agency of any kind till you have heard from Craig Brothers, Niagara Falls, Canada. 7-17

## Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 a week. Learn without leaving home. Royal College of Science, 709 I. Spadina avenue, Toronto, Canada. 6-17

## Sheet Music

"NOW WE'RE IN THE SCRIMMAGE"—The song that will make your blood tingle with patriotism. For sale at your dealers or direct from publisher, 25c. postpaid. F. McGuire, Brandon, Man. 6-17

## Miscellaneous

J. D. A. EVANS, Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

LADIES—Write for our "Wash Material" samples. Large booklet free on application. Harry Tolton, Kitchener, Ont. 7-17

SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired. Parts and needles for all makes. Write Dominion Sewing Machine Co., Winnipeg, Man. (Repair Dept.) 9-17

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings, $50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35c. per dozen; Ever-ready, 25c. per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. T.F.

HARNESS—The "Square Deal" Brand. Sold direct to users. No agents. Send for my Catalogue B, showing 30 styles. Thos. McKnight, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F.

WIGS, TOUPEES (ladies and gents)—Combings made into switches, pompadours, etc. Fine toilet preparations. Particulars and free catalogue from Hanson Co., Box 12, Victoria, B.C. 11-17

NOTICE — Exchange your troublesome cream separator for a 500-lb. high grade new machine with latest improvements. Splendid trade proposition offered. Write Dominion-Reid Separator Co., 80 Lombard Street, Winnipeg. T.F.

VELVET—Large bag of large-sized velvet pieces, fancy colors, for making crazy quilts, etc., price $1.00; large bag of silk pieces $1.00. To those ordering both bags we will give three packages sewing embroidery silk free. All postpaid. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. 6-17

FREE—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—You are not getting the best results. Put yourself under the care of experts. Send two negatives and we will send samples free, together with price list. Developing 10 cents, prints from 2½ cents up, post cards 50 cents per dozen. We pay return postage. The Gas City Photo Co., Photo Supplies for the Amateur, Medicine Hat, Alta. T.F.


that she was carrying a Khaki-colored knitting bag, and the next day McDermott mentioned that all the girls took knitting with them to their work to serve as pick-up employment in spare moments.

Winfield returned to his boarding-place one night very late, with a nasty cut over one eye, and a bleeding and swollen lip. Unfortunately he met Mrs. Vale on the stairs. She was going down to the kitchen for hot water, and seeing his plight, insisted on getting some vinegar for him. Only for this he would have managed to avoid notice. But it was all over the house by breakfast time. Winfield went without breakfast and lunched down-town. Entering the diningroom about six, a sudden hush fell over the table, and he knew that he had been the subject of the boarders' talk.

"Fall downstairs?" asked McDermott, jokingly, as Winfield seated himself and shook out his serviette.

"No, just a slight mishap while out yesterday," was the brief, somewhat cold reply.

"Those horrid recruiting officers," Mrs. Vale bleated plaintively. "They do go too far."

This remark seemed, at least to Winfield, to be apropos of nothing. No one replied, but Mayhew coughed, Allen shuffled his feet uneasily, and the others began to talk hurriedly of other matters. As the weeks passed Winfield was obliged to admit to himself that he had made no friends at Mrs. Harbottle's. It may have been the result of his own attitude of cold reserve, but he scarcely believed this. Even Miss Green who had seemed rather friendly on the start, scarcely spoke to him. Then one day as he passed the half-open parlor door he received an inkling of the situation.

"Mr. McDermott thinks it would be a shame to do it." Mrs Vale was saying. "But I think it's our duty. You remember Ballinger and Shaw and Dodds, the three whom we forced to leave? Slackers ought to be made to feel—"

"Mr. McDermott won't be in to dinner to-night," the voice of Mrs. Harbottle broke in. "We can act without him. It is too bad. I really hate to do it, for he seems such a fine young man, and he always pays his board in advance. But as you say, my dear, it is one's duty. All the landladies on this street are doing it. Goodness knows I've tried—we've all tried—to get Mr. Winfield's reason out of him, but—" Winfield waited to hear no more. In a sudden gust of anger he went upstairs again and began to pack his few belongings. So they were going to make a public example of him at the dinner table! He'd show them!

Just as the last strap of his second suitcase was buckled, his bedroom telephone rang. (The installing of this

Major General John J. Pershing, who will head the First American Expeditionary Force going to Europe

private wire had caused no end of comment in the house.) Winfield strode to the table and took up the receiver.

"Hllo," he began shortly, but his face changed as he recognized the voice. "Oh, its you, Marker! No, I had no luck last night. . . . . What's that? . . . Are you sure? . . . . Its a hot scene this time you say? Well I hope so! You haven't forgotten how it went with us both the last time we thought we had the scent! All right, I'll be there in a quarter of an hour."

Winfield hurried into a long dark ulster—the day was rainy—and pulling a tweed cap down almost to his eyes, he re-opened one of his grips, took therefrom an automatic pistol and went out of the room and down the stairs, shoving the weapon into an inner pocket as he went.

At the front door he collided with the little librarian, who was coming in, and knocked from her arm a couple of books, the khaki bag, and her umbrella which she had just closed.

With many apologies he stooped down and began to assist her in gathering up the articles. The bag had opened as it fell, and the contents—balls of yarn, knitting kneedles, newspaper cuttings, a couple of handkerchiefs, a lead-pencl and what not—were scattered all about.

"There, I think that is all." Winfield said with a smile as he rose and gave her back the last ball of yarn. "Let me say again how sorry—" "Oh, it's nothing," returned Miss Green with the first smile she had given him for weks.

He opened the inner door for her and stood aside, while she passed through. Then closing it he was about to go out when his eye fell on a slip of paper lying on the linoleum.

Winfield stooped to retrieve it and in doing so became aware that it was a newspaper cutting with a photo print above. He took a brief look—then a closer and longer one. A quick exclamation escaped him. He gave a wild glance about, as though fearful of observers, then he stuffed the slipped of paper into his pocket and dashed out of the house.

As he waited at the corner for a car to take him North, his brows drew down in a frown of deep puzzlement. Glancing at his watch presently he found that the little incident had delayed him considerably. It was nearly half-past one and he had promised Marker that he would be at the rendezvous before two. However, perhaps yet they wouldn't be too late!

Alike on hash-and-prune night, on cold boiled veal night, and on mock-duck occasions Mrs. Harbottle's boarders gathered about the board rapidly and expectantly. Before the war there had been some justification for this eagerness, but for the past two years, since economy and retrenchment had been the order of the day, the boarders had been obliged to qualify their disappointment nightly by remembering the beatitudes: "Blessed are they who do not expect anything for they shall not be disappointed."

Upon this evening Mrs. Harbottle's menu was of such a parsmonious and penurious sort that those who were not plunged into gloom at once, began to converse with forced cheerfulness.

"After all," Miss Edgar was remarking: "The Germans are eating fricasseed frog, sunflower seeds, stewed sawdust and cold boiled cat, so why should we complain—"

The door opened then to admit the lithe form of Mrs. Vale. In one plump white hand she held a curious looking article which at once became the focus for every eye in the room. Smiling her peculiar smooth smile she leaned over to the two empty places which ought to have been filled by Winfieeld and McDermott, and placed the article between Winfield's knife and fork.

It was a large white hen feather stuck into a small potato!

"We have given him every chance," she said, as she looked triumphantly about. "And he has not been able to put forth a decent excuse—hasn't given any excuse, in fact. So we must put him through the third degree."

Softly the speaker took her own seat, and covered her eyes with one hand for a moment, as she—presumably—said a private grace.

But Miss Green at the other end had pushed her chair back noisily and risen. Her pale cheeks were aflame, and there was an indignant flash in her gentle eyes.

Before she could speak however, the door opened and McDermott entered the room. He was pale and looked excited.

"Sit down Mr. McDermott. I'm afraid the soup is cold—" began the landlady, who was bustling about the buffet, assisting the maid.

"I have already dined," said McDermott. "I just dropped in to tell you all—"

Then his eye fell on the white-feather. While one could count twenty he gazed at it, his mouth open. The others were silent also.

"Who has perpetrated this—this hoax?" he demanded, with a harsh laugh, as he snatched the offending symbol up and looked accusingly around.

Nobody replied. It was the first time that any of them had seen the usually debonair McDermott angry.

"Listen, everybody," he went on, sternly. "The man for whom this insult was intended is lying in the General Hospital at this moment with a fractured skull."

A cry of horror went up as from one voice. The face of little Miss Green grew white and she clutched at her chair back.

"He received the injury while consummating one of the biggest coups of his career. You all know of those two Austrians Kostiwicz and Marchenko who have been burning railway bridges and doing so much other damage all over the province?"

"Of course!" cried several eagerly.

"Well, the man you call coward has been on their trail for the last three months, and this very afternoon he and another detective rounded them up in their lair on the northern outskirts of the city and captured them. They were passing themselves off for Russians, both being able to speak that language fluently. Mr. Marker escaped with a few minor injuries, but before the police could arrive poor Winfield—by the way his name isn't Winfield at all."

McDermott smiled at the surprise on every face. Miss Green was gazing eagerly at the speaker.

"His name is Winters—Jack Winters—and he is the holder of the Military Medal for bravery at Ypres," she said softly.

"How did you know?" demanded some of the others. But little Miss Green refused to say anything further.

"Then he did enlist!" exclaimed Mayhew, his face a study. "Oh somebody come and kick me hard! I say, old top, where did you learn all this?" "I only learned of it an hour since," replied McDermott. "Yes. He was gassed at Ypres and pneumonia followed. He obtained his discharge and came home to recuperate. Before the war he was a rising young detective, whose powers were the fear of many lawbreakers, so while he was getting well—he had had a nasty wound in the shoulder and a number of other injuries, and the gassing—he decided to work at his old business. He put off his Khaki, adopted another name and came to this house. The rest you know."

McDermott flung the potato with its attachment into a corner.

Miss Emmett rose and held out a saucer. "Everybody will put a coin in this, please. Miss Green, will you walk down to the florist's with me?"

It was not until some weeks later—for Jack Winters had a rather narrow squeak—that Miss Green who had gotten into the habit of visiting the hospital twice a week, explained to the young hero about his photo which she had come upon in one of the old papers in a fyle at the library. "I was struck by the face, somehow," she said, "and I took the liberty of cutting it from the paper. What was my surprise at dinner that night to see the original—and yet the original had a different name! I tried to puzzle it out. One day I would almost believe it was the same man—the next I would be in doubt. That willl account for my varying moods to you. I carried that picture around for weeks."

"Your moods were all charming ones. I liked you even when you seemed to hate me," said Winters, with the warmth of a near-lover.

And of course before long he was a lover in dead earnest. When he asked Miss Green to name the day she hesitated suitably for a while, and finally consented to the seventh of June.

"Odd coincidence, what!" as Mr. Mayhew would have said.

For you'll remember that seven had always been Jacks lucky number.

---

At the close of his talk before a Sunday school, the bishop invited questions. A tiny boy with white eager face at once held up his hand. "Please sir" said he, "why was Adam never a baby?" The bishop coughed, in doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid. "Please sir," she answered smartly, "there was nobody to nurse him."

Seated from left to right at the speaker's table are: Vice Admiral Chocheprat, of French Commission; the late Joseph H. Choate; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to the U.S.; the "vacant chair," occupied by Colonel Roosevelt; Marshal Joffre, hero of the Marne, studying the menu; Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York; Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, head of the British Commission; M. J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the U.S.; William Howard Taft, ex-President of the United States; President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University. Two ex-presidents of the United States, the Governor of New York, all the famous soldiers and sailors and statesmen among the visitors from Great Britain and France, leaders in American thought and action, and the general who saved Paris, at America's historic banquet. The only regrettable incident that occurred was the sudden and unexpected temporary absence of Colonel Roosevelt who left the table just a few seconds before the photograph, which was precisely timed, was taken. He was called to bid "god speed" to the California University Red Cross unit which was just about to leave for France. His is the "vacant chair" next to Marshal Joffre, with whom he carried on a most animated conversation during the evening. The Marshal was overjoyed to have the Colonel beside him, as the distinguished Frenchman is sometimes at a loss for words in the English tongue, while the Colonel is a fluent conversationalist in theFrench language.


# BLANCHARD GAS POWER WASHER AND ENGINE OUTFIT

## THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

**Freedom from the awful slavery or drudgery of wash day, gloom and despair fades away and happiness and contentment finds place—and mother's strength is saved for more noble and useful purposes. Reduces the washday problem to a simple, easy process, which requires no serious physical or mental efforts.**

**The THREE POSITION SWINGING BALL-BEARING WRINGER takes the last lift out of washday. A whole big wash can be done without the lifting or moving a tub.**

**CONSIDER THESE ADVANTAGES**

**No. 1—Quick Release Safety Lever on Wringer,** prevents accidents and damage to clothes.
**No. 2—Safety First;** all moving parts encased.
**No. 3—Lever at right controls Wringer.** It runs forward or backward or remains neutral.
**No. 4—Lever on Tub controls Washer.** Washer runs independent of wringer or at same time.
**No. 5—Wringer Swings to Three Separate Positions,** has reversible Waterboard which allows you to rinse and wash as many times as you like.
**No. 6—A Solid Heavy Large Corrugated Cypress Tub and Stand,** double thickness overlapping joint Lid. All nicely finished.
**No. 7—Mechanism Heavily Constructed,** carefully fitted and encased to prevent accidents.
**No. 8—Patent Dolly;** see sectional view of **Silent Ezee-Go.** This is the most effective dolly in use.

## BEST LITTLE ENGINE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY

**Easy to Start, Easy to Run, Built in Self-Starting Magneto**

**There is no other power washed with quite as many convenient features, and we offer it at a price you can easily afford to pay.**

**The Blanchard Gas Power Washer,** complete with Five-Year Guarantee Ball Bearing Swinging Wringer. Weight 130 lbs. crated. Price ..... **$25.95**

**No. 1—The Blanchard Gas Power Washer and Engine Outfit,** as illustrated, 1½ h.p. Engine, complete with belt and Power Washer. Weight 450 lbs. Price... **$66.75**

**No. 14—Blanchard Gas Power Washer and Engine Outfit,** 1½ h.p. Engine equipped with self-starting Magneto. Price ..... **$75.45**

**No. 2—Blanchard Gas Power Washer and Engine Outfit,** consisting of Washer, Wringer and 1 h.p. Engine, Battery Ignition and Belt ready to run. Shipping weight, 375 lbs. Price ..... **$62.95**

**No. 2A—Blanchard Gas-Power and Engine Outfit,** same as No. 2 except Engine has self-starting Magneto. Shipping weight, 375 lbs. Price..... **$72.50**

### ENGINE—The Best Money Can Buy

This sturdy Engine is the most dependable and powerful of any ever designed of same dimensions. It is mechanically perfect in material, construction and design. The strong, substantial construction, the perfect fit and perfect alignment of its working parts, gives the maximum of power in marked contrast to the cheap, flimsily constructed engines in which labor and material is skimped to save cost and where friction and loose joints consume much of the power.

**This Engine is built for economy of operation and enduring service. There is no other Engine which measures up to this one in high standard of quality. For Details of Specifications, SEE OUR CATALOG.**

**THE WINGOLD CO. LIMITED** **ASK FOR CATALOG** **181 Market St. East, WINNIPEG**

# Prairie Schooners and Army Contracts

By Aubrey Fullerton

NOW that the United States is definitely in the war, and determinedly facing the problem of raising an army, it will be confronted also with the perplexities and pitfalls of army contracts. Uncle Sam will have a taste of what Canada has already undergone. The number, size, and variety of these contracts will be in excess of anything the country has known before, just as the war that has necessitated them surpasses anything else on record. By way of contrast it is of interest to look back to one of the first army contracts ever made in America.

Strangely enough, too, there is a connecting link between that early war-time transaction in one of the Atlantic states and certain phases of life in the Canadian West of to-day. The "prairie schooner" that is still occasionally seen on the trails of our western provinces, with its usual load of immigrant settlers and effects, is lineal successor to a type of wagon that figured in the war for the possession of America and in the army contracts of the time. Through various changes and adaptations during 160 years, that particular style of wagon has come down to the present day, more or less closely identified with frontier history in both the United States and Canada. In its original form it was known as the Conestoga wagon, and as such was contracted for by the British army in the colonies. How it happened is an interesting bit of Anglo-American history.

There appeared in some of the old Pennsylvania newspapers in April, 1755, advertisements calling for the supply of 150 wagons, to be used in army service as directed by General Braddock. Farmers or other owners patriotically disposed were invited to loan their vehicles for the transportation of army stores and baggage at a rate of fifteen shillings a day for each wagon, with four horses and driver, and indemnity if the wagon was lost or broken while in government service. The notice further said that B. Franklin, whose name was attached, would receive offers at a certain place and time, paying seven days' hire in advance.

One of the most unfortunate exploits in eighteenth-century warfare hinged, at first, upon nothing more serious than the getting of a certain number of wagons. Had they not been obtainable, that particular chapter of military history might have been very different.

General Braddock, who had come over to take command of the British forces in America, had landed on the Virginia coast, and had then sent through the country round about for transport wagons with which to move his supplies overland to the Ohio Valley. He had failed to get them, however, and was considering the abandonment of the expedition when Benjamin Franklin came to his assistance, told him there were hundreds of wagons in Pennsylvania, and undertook, in one of the earliest war contracts on record, to collect the number required.

Pennsylvania was the home of the Conestoga wagon, which, it occurred to Franklin, would make a good freight carrier for army supplies because it was so good a carrier for every other purpose. A long, hard march across the Alleghany Mountains soon afterwards proved its serviceability and the correctness of Franklin's judgment. In much the same way, the war of 1812 again called the wagon into service. As a vehicle of common industry this typically American rig was in use in the Eastern States for more than a century and a half, and in the latter days it even crossed the prairies.

The Conestoga wagon was a sort of boat on wheels, and its successor, the prairie schooner, was therefore not inaptly given a semi-nautical nickname. The original type, as it came from the workshop of some ingenious wheelwright at Conestoga, Pa., showed a long, boat-shaped body with a curved bottom, in which freight packed so snugly as to resist any amount of rough-road jolting. It had four broad-tired wheels that went safely through mud and swamp, and usually its motive power was four or six horses. Apart from the practical character of its construction and the rough gracefulness of its lines, there was a certain degree of picturesqueness about the wagon, by reason of the bright colors with which its body was painted and the white sail-like spread of canvas that covered the whole top, over arches of wood or iron. This served the double purpose of protection and adornment.

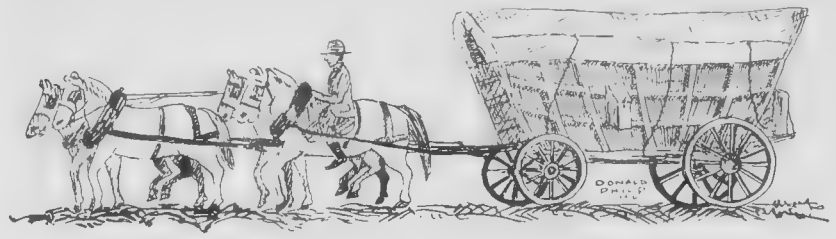
Seldom has a contrivance on wheels better met the needs of man than did this Conestoga wagon in ante-railroad days. How well it carried, how daringly it ventured into hard and untried places, is now a part of America's unwritten history. In due course it evolved into the plainer and smaller box wagon with the canvas top that we now know as the prairie schooner. The Conestoga wagon in its original form is seen no more.

The part played by this old-time vehicle in the affairs both of war and peace suggests the varied service given by other kinds and styles of wheelcraft. There was the old Red River cart, for instance, than which a more truly typical or picturesque rig never existed. Its place in Canadian history, and particularly in the records of early Manitoba, cannot be lost sight of.

As a matter of fact, the marks of the cart wheel run all through the common history of Canada. Everywhere between the two oceans there seem to have been natural running tracks for many kinds and forms of rigs, and the work they have done has gone into the building of the nation.

Why not a song of the cart, then, by some poet of to-day or to-morrow? The subject is a worthy one, and a suitable, for there's music in the rumbling of the Canadian cart. Or someone who can catch the spirit of the thing will perhaps do it into a prose epic.

The story, in verse or prose, will begin away back in the days of the European occupation when the first wilderness settlers built clumsy carriers for their meagre traffic, and blazed initial trails through the woods of Acadia. It will continue to the time of the French settlement in Quebec, and then into the days of pioneer Ontario, when on the streets of old York crude carts did what motor lorries do now. Halfway through the story its scenes will shift to the west, and its theme will then be how carts and wagons, simply fashioned but entirely efficient, were the forerunners of advancing civilization. To the open plains, and past the plains to the Rockies, the new epic will move even more swiftly, with stirring pictures of Indian fights, buffalo hunts, and gold miners' escapades, in all of which the rumbling wagon wheels had a part. Finally there will be the record of to-day, which will tell of farms, back-country freighting roads, and construction camps, where the cart is still in service.



The Conestoga Wagon of 100 years ago, forerunner of the Prairie Schooner

The kind of men who drove these rigs, whence they came, and where they went; the homes they lived in, and the work they did; the current life and business of their time, and the gradual development of Canadian industry; the look of the country through which the carts and wagons were driven; the social scheme into which they fitted so well and adequately; these will all be in the story, and will give it substance. But the general theme will be the simple fact that wagon-wheels have been a factor making the history of Canada, and for that matter the history of all America. Even Benjamin Franklin, greatest man of his day, proved his value to king and country, in part, by means of a traffic in carry-all wagons. Incidentally, his war contracts in that particular case did not yield him a profit, but left him considerably poorer than before.

### The Meanest Man

"I have spotted another 'meanest man.'" It was the fat plumber who spoke, as the Youngstown Telegram relates it. "Who is it this time?" the thin carpenter asked. "Umson." "What's Umson been doing?" "He took me to dinner with him in a swell hotel the other evening." "Do you call that mean?" "No, but listen." "I am listening." "When we had finished he took a small piece of tinfoil that had covered a little square of cheese—" "Uh huh—" "Placed it on a silver dollar to get a perfect impression—" "Yes—" "And then left the impression on his plate so the waiter would think he was getting a fine tip."


**$200 VALUE FOR $85**

**The "VIOLA"**

(Registered)

**Made in Canada. Absolutely Guaranteed**

**The Wonderful Violin Tone Cabinet Phonograph that makes "nights of gladness" in every home.**

**Ask our Local Agent to play the "Viola" for you. It speaks for itself.**

DESCRIPTION—This beautiful new "Viola" Phonograph is a full sized cabinet, made of solid oak or mahogany, beautifully finished in any color of wood desired.

The mechanical parts are constructed of the finest steel. Has a 12-in. turntable and you can play any make or size of disc record such as Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Guardsman, Vitaphone, Emerson or large concert records and the reproduction is perfect and life like. The Sound Chamber is made of all wood, similar to a Violin, and the sweet and mellow tone reproduced is a delight to all. Holds seventy to a hundred records underneath. Equal in appearance, mechanism and tone to any $200.00 machine and the price of the "Viola" is within the reach of all. Make the long summer evenings a pleasure to the family. Write for full description and plan of payment. We also sell British Made Records. Canadian distributors.

Size 20 ½ x 17 ½ x 10 ft. 3 ins. high.

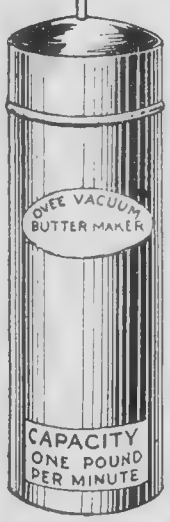
**The Dominion Sewing Machine Co., 80-82 Lombard St., WINNIPEG**

**Write for Splendid Agency Proposition. Dealer Agents wanted in every locality**

**A POUND OF BUTTER**

**Produced at Home in Two Minutes**

**For 5c.**




with this wonderful new invention just perfected. Uses only ordinary sweet milk, no Drugs, Chemicals or other ingredients used. Eight pounds of Butter produced to each gallon of milk. Anyone can do it. It is no secret with this wonderful, simple and inexpensive device.

**OVEE VACUUM BUTTER MAKER**

The greatest invention of the age. Saves your butter bill and reduces cost of living. So simple anyone can operate it. Weighs less than three pounds. No machinery, no mess, dirt, sour milk or churning utensils to clean. No labor, cannot get out of order. Guaranteed for life. Sent by parcel post or express prepaid to your own home on

**10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**

Send us your order to-day. It will make or save you its own cost the first ten minutes. Try it at our risk. Sold under a positive unrestricted guarantee to prove entirely satisfactory or the purchase price will be refunded in full. **Agents Wanted. Price $2.00.**

**CHARLES E. ORR COMPANY, Pandora and Blanshard Sts., Victoria, B.C.**

**PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION**

**Brandon, Man.—July 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 1917**

The Best in Live Stock, Farm Implements and Machinery, Dairy Products, Art and Educational Exhibits that Canada produces are seen at this Big Exhibition.

Arrange to see it. Come with your family. All will profit by attending. It's the People's Fair and the Farmer's Annual Holiday Week.

**Exhibits Solicited** Application for space should be made early to insure a location. **Write for Prize List**

**Single Fare Rates on All Railroads**

P. PAYNE, *President* W. I. SMALE, *Secretary*

# Children

### Keeping Step

By Florence Boyce Davis

The little clock stands on the mantel,
The big clock stands in the hall,
And each one ticks the minutes away,
And both the hours call;
But the little clock goes, "Tick-tick-tick-tock!"
Twice as fast as the old big clock,
Which first says "Tick!" and then says "Tock!"
The old big clock is never behind.
Still, when they get to the hours you'll find

Sometimes in the night I can hear them
Both walking, plain as can be;
Then I say that the big clock's Grandpa,
And the little clock must be me,
That morning's come, and we're out for our walk,
And Grandpa's feet go "Tick!" and "Tock!"
But I have to run like the little clock.
If I were the dear little clock I know
I'd be so glad if my legs would grow.

### Little Mr. Inch

By Patten Beard

Once upon a time there lived a little green inchworm. He lived in a flower bud that grew on a flower stem in a garden bed. All day long he went about measuring things. From pink-gold sunrise to purple-gold sunset little Mr. Inch went about among the flower stalks and the green leaves, measuring everything. He measured everything by himself.

Now, as you know, there are many ways of measuring things in this sunny, big world; an inch is one measurement and a yard is another; but for little Mr. Inch there was only one measurement—himself. He could crawl out long, and then he would crawl up short, and so he would measure everything that was to be measured.

Things never came out even. They never fitted the exact size of little Mr. Inch. "Everything is wrong! Everything is wrong!" declared little Mr. Inch. "There is nothing that measures right. Everything, everything is wrong!"

He had just come to the edge of a great green leaf that he had been measuring, and as he stood up and looked about to see where he should go next, he saw a fuzzy-wuzzy, cheerful caterpillar coming along the branch.

"Nice day!" said the fuzzy caterpillar.

"Bad day!" returned little Mr. Inch. "Everything is wrong. There is nothing that fits my size."

Indeed, now that the inchworm felt that someone was listening, he made a great fuss. "Nothing, nothing, nothing is right!" he declared.

He made such a fuss that a little bird sitting on a twig nearby immediately saw him; he caught little Mr. Inch in his bill and bore him away.

But the fuzzy-wuzzy, cheerful caterpillar turned and curled himself up on the great green leaf in the sunshine of the garden; he was larger than little Mr. Inch, but somewhere he had learned never to measure things by himself, and so he was happy in the garden, sunning himself on the great green leaf.

### The Hiding Place

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Two little figures came flying across the field; they stopped suddenly as they reached the big stack, and began to burrow into the hay. "Quick, Ruth!" Roy panted. "This will be a great place to hide in."

There had been a quarrel; Roy and Ruth were on one side, and Roy's cousins, Harry and Nell, were on the other.

They worked away like eager little moles, and before long they had dug a large, warm, hollow place, into which they crept, laughing softly.

"There!" Roy whispered, as he pulled in his foot and dragged down a light curtain of hay to hide the opening. "They'll never find us here!"

"Never in the world," Ruth agreed. "Isn't it soft and sweet-smelly back here? I suppose they're searching the farm for us. Harry is running one way and Nell the other."

For a long time they sat still and talked in whispers. It was like being in a warm, yellow-brown tent—cosy, yet not too dark and close, for plenty of light and air came through the wall of hay; they even grew drowsy.

"Funny we don't hear them calling," Roy murmured sleepily, after a while. Then he sat up straight, all at once. "What's that queer stirring sort of sound?" he said.

They both held their breath and listened. Sure enough, it was a queer noise—a kind of soft, slow rustle at the other side of the stack. Ruth clutched Roy and they both listened.,

"I'm a little bit scared," she whispered.

"Pshaw!" he answered. "What about? Probably it's a cow eating the hay."

They did not move, and the noise went on.

"It must be two cows ." Ruth decided. "Hear how they bustle and rustle."

Something certainly did bustle and rustle, and every now and then the two listeners caught an odd murmuring. Once there came a cough and a sneeze.

"Dog," Roy decided. "The dust tickles him."

"Do dogs sneeze?" Ruth asked doubtfully. "Ooo-oo, Roy, I wish we hadn't hidden." Her voice was a little frightened quaver.

A long silence followed. They could hear nothing at all except the wind in the hay. All at once there came another sharp sneeze.

Roy could stand it no longer. "Look here, Ruth," he said, "let's find out what's on the other side of this haystack. We'll dig through and get to it slowly."

"Why, you wouldn't dare, Roy Burton! It might be a bear!"

"This state has no bears in it," Roy answered sturdily, and he began to dig carefully into the hay.

Ruth was afraid to run and afraid not to keep close to Roy, and so she dug with him. Slowly but steadily they bored a little tunnel before them. Now and then they thought they heard again that funny stirring on the other side of the stack, but they did not stop to listen long. They dug on industriously.

"Its getting lighter," Roy said after a while. "Now, then, do just as I say, Ruth!" he panted, for he was much excited. "Just make a little peephole in the hay, and when I say 'Zip!' look through. I'll take care of you."

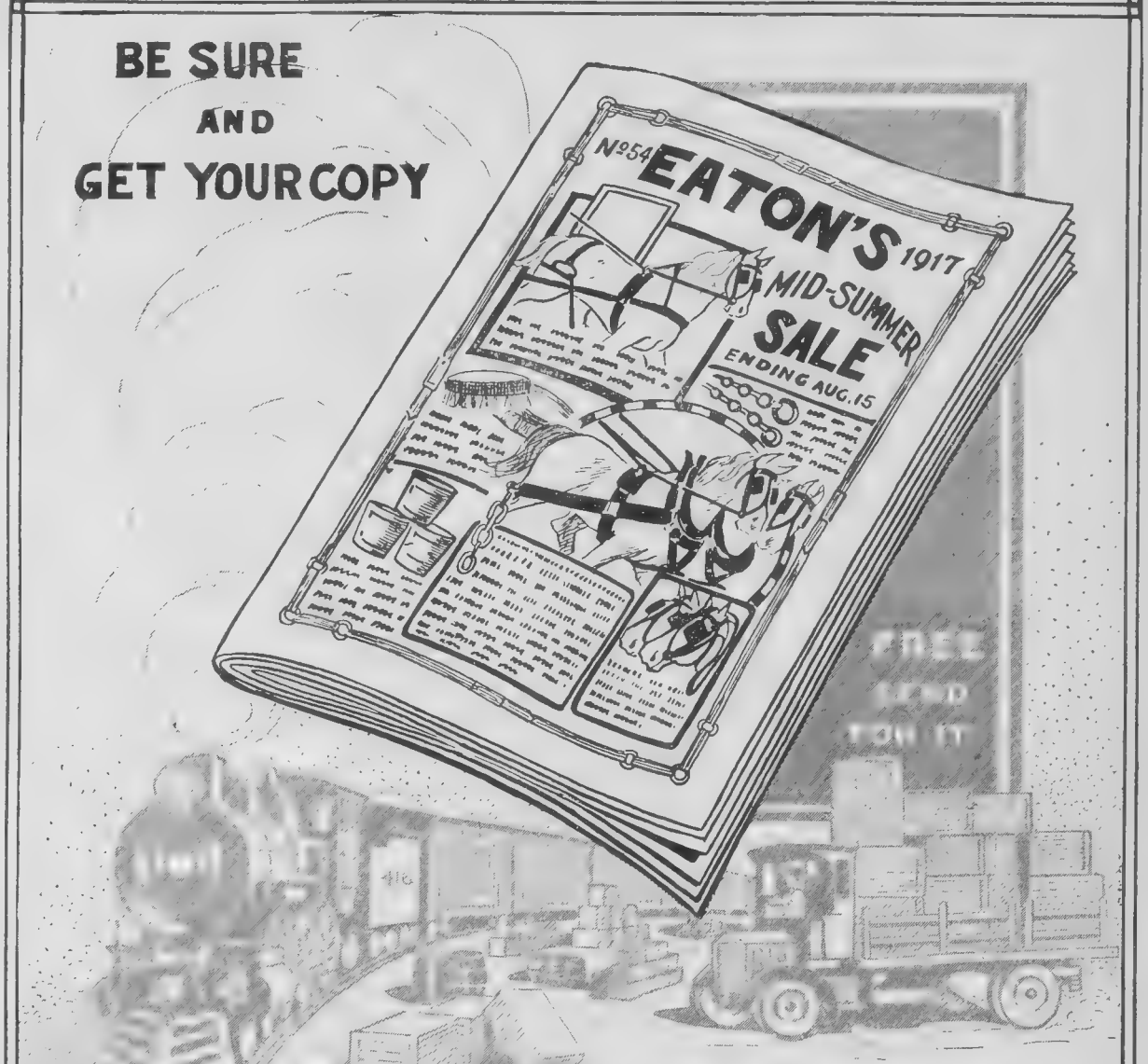
He gave the signal, and they stared eagerly through the two peepholes. Then they gave a little gasp. "It's people!" Roy cried, for each looked steadily into another pair of astonished eyes.

"It's us!" cried back two familiar voices, and suddenly the rest of the hay wall fell. There they saw Nell and Harry.

"I do declare!" said Harry. "We'd wondered and wondered what kind of animal it was that squeaked on that side and we dug and dug!"

"So did we," Ruth answered. "Only we heard a sneeze. What made you think of hiding in the hay?"


EATON'S MID-SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE




EATON'S
MID-SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE

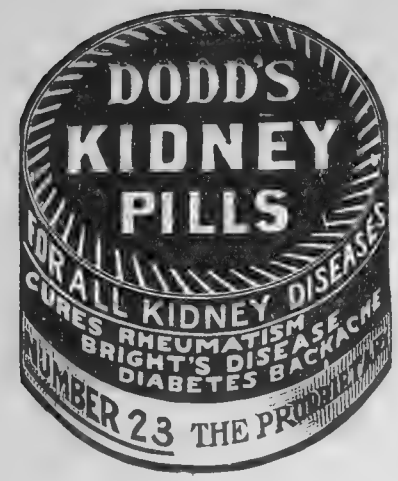
**is a book of bargains, one that you need more than ever in this season of high and increasing prices.**

Generally difficult as it now is to procure regular stocks of goods from the manufacturers, it is a considerable achievement for us to be able to offer the big selection of Household and Farm Goods that we do in this latest of our Annual Mid-Summer Sales.

There is something shown in this book of interest to every one in the family—Wearing Apparel, House Furnishings, Paints, Hardware, etc.—a collection of seasonable, useful goods at much lower than general prices.

You can have a copy of this book for the asking. Make sure your name is on our list. Send it in now. The Catalogues will be mailed around the middle of June.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA




SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS EQUITY

## GROCERIES and EGGS

We now have a satisfactory arrangement for supplying groceries to our locals at prices on same level as paid by dealers.

We need your business to make this a permanent success and to enable us to open up wholesale distributing warehouses in Saskatchewan.

We can also handle your eggs on a co-operative basis, paying you the full proceeds (less expenses only) in hard cash.

See your Local Secretary WITHOUT DELAY or write the Contral.

**The Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association**

**Farmers' Building :: Regina**

## Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day for it is **not a habit but a Disease.** If you have any kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a **Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address:

**ZEMETO CO., Dept. 12 - Milwaukee, Wis.**

SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS EQUITY

## HAIL

We have concluded an arrangement for writing Hail Insurance on behalf of a Company of the highest standing.

We can give agencies to our Locals, and we want your co-operation in the handling of this part of your business.

Your Local Secretary has all the necessary information. See him or write the Central.

**THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION**

**Farmers' Bldg. - Regina**


"What made you?" Nell replied. Then all four began to laugh foolishly.

"What were we quarreling about?" Roy asked.

No one could remember, and they laughed together at their own silliness. Then they worked busily and piled the golden hay into a stack again.

### A Joke On Jamie

By Stella C. Dysart

Jamie's grandmother called him from his play in the back yard. "Jamie, I should like to have you run down to the dentist's with this note," she said. "His door is next to the post office on this side. Here, I'll slip the note into your blouse pocket, where it will be safe."

"Yes, grandmother," said Jamie.

"And please wait till he reads it," his grandmother added. "The note tells him that I can't come until to-morrow. He may wish to send some word back."

Jamie went hop, skip, and a jump down the shady sidewalk. He was curious to have a peep into the dentist's office and at the dentist himself.

As Jamie reached out to knock on the door next to the post office, the door opened, and a man in a white apron exclaimed, "Well, here you are at last! I began to think you weren't coming."

Jamie found himself inside the shiny little room, trying to get the note from the pocket in his blouse with one hand, while he held his hat in the other.

"Is it late?" he asked anxiously. He thought that his grandmother was late in telling the dentist that she could not come. He hoped that the dentist was not angry.

"Rather late," said the man cheerfully, "but never mind! We'll be through in a jiffy. There you are."

He put his hands under Jamie's two arms and tossed him lightly into a big, soft chair that took up one side of the room.

"Now, throw back your head and open your mouth," he said, and at the same time reached for something that was inside a little white-knobbed drawer beside the chair.

Jamie's head fell against the towel that covered the chair back, and his mouth came open quite without any help from him. The shining tool in the man's hand held his eyes. For a moment he forgot all about the note that he had not yet succeeded in pulling from his pocket. Then he felt the shining tool pushed gently into his mouth, and a sudden fear came to him. Jamie turned hot and then cold. He thought that he could feel the tool getting hold of his tooth—ready for the jerk that was to come. He looked up into the face that was bending very near to his own; he even put out his hand and touched the rough coat sleeve nearest him, but the dentist took no notice.

After what seemed a long time, the dentist straightened up suddenly and looked at Jamie in a queer way.

"Every tooth is sound and fine!" he said. "I thought—" He looked a little sharply at Jamie, who was sitting up in the big chair and still fishing for the note.

"It is grandmother who needs her teeth fixed," Jamie explained, as soon as he could make sure that the tool had not brought any of his teeth out with it. "Here is a note from her."

"Your grandmother!" the dentist exclaimed in astonishment. He opened the note and read it hastily.

"Why," he said, laughing, "I thought that you were another boy."

He lifted Jamie carefully to the floor, and then standing back, looked at him curiously.

"What did you think about me, little man?" he asked.

"Why—why, I thought you were going to take out my teeth instead of grandmother's," Jamie admitted. Then while the dentist held the door open he sidled out of the room.

### The Boastful Donkey

Once upon a time there was a Donkey who lived in a field where there was no pond; so he had never seen his own image, and he thought he was the biggest and strongest and hand-somest creature in the world.

One day a Lion came through the field, and, being a polite beast, stopped to greet the Donkey. "Good-morning, friend!" he said. "What a fine day this is!"

"Fine enough, I dare say!" said the Donkey. "I never think about the weather. I have other things to think about."

"Indeed!" said the Lion. "May I ask what things?"

"None of your business!" said the Donkey rudely; and he set up a loud braying, thinking to frighten the Lion away.

"Why do you bray?" asked the Lion.

"Bray!" cried the Donkey. "That was not braying—it was roaring!"

"If you think I don't know braying from roaring," said the Lion, still politely, "you are mistaken. That was a bray."

"Very well!' shouted the Donkey. "If that was, this shall not be!" and he uttered a long and loud "Hee-haw!" and kicked up his heels in angry pride. "What do you call that?" he asked proudly.

"I call it a bray," replied the Lion; "and a very ugly one. You see, after all, you are a Donkey; look at the length of your ears!"

"How dare you?" cried the Donkey. "My ears are the finest in the world—everybody say so. And as for roaring, if I have not scared you yet just listen to me now!' And flinging up his heels again he bellowed till his own long ears tingled with the sound.

He expected the Lion to be terrified, but the Lion merely smiled.

"You certainly can make a most hideous noise," he said; "but when all is said and done it is only a bray. If you really wish to know how a roar sounds I shall be happy to oblige you."

The King of Beasts then began to lash his tail and pretended to fall into a great passion. His eyes flashed fire, his tawny mane bristled; he opened his great mouth, and a roar like thunder filled the air. The Donkey, after one terrified look, took to his heels and scampered off as fast as he could go, tumbled into a ditch, and lay there all day, not daring to move for fear.

The Lion went on his way smiling. "It is a pity," he said, "for a person to live in a place where he cannot see what he looks like." —S. Penrose.

### He Understood His Profession

The professor of jurisprudence in a Western university was lecturing to a hundred embryo lawyers. He asked whether everyone in America could own property. One fellow answered, "No, a criminal can't own property."

But the professor said, "Suppose a man owns a ranch, gets into trouble with his neighbor, assaults him, and is put into the penitentiary, does he still own the ranch?"

The class was unanimous that he did.

"If he did not continue to own it," went on the professor, "what would be come of it?"

That was supposed to settle the discussion but one boy called out, "The lawyer would get it!"

There was a hearty laugh, of course, and the professor added:

"We learn two things from that apt remark—be a lawyer, and don't be a criminal."

Mrs. Brown—The trousers which I have washed for Ike have shrunk so much that the poor child can hardly put them on. Her Friend—Try washing Ike, and he might shrink, too.

### The Retort Courteous

Old Jim Bidwell, pioneer of California, married a squaw. After forty years the squaw died and Jim went back East, married a school-teacher in the home town and brought her back.

The Bidwells hadn't been home long when the kind and loving ladies of the place called around.

"Of course," they said, with many smirks and side glances—"Of course, Mrs. Bidwell, you understand, or maybe you don't know, that your husband's first wife was an Indian—that he married a squaw."

"Yes," replied the second Mrs. Bidwell, sweetly, "I have been told so, and judging from the white women I have seen here I don't blame him."

And that was about all.


PURE BRED SHETLAND

# PONY GIVEN AWAY

## To BOYS and GIRLS

## Together with Pony Cart and Harness

YOU'LL certainly be proud of this top-notch outfit, which you now have a splendid opportunity of owning. It doesn't need to cost you a cent of your money either. All we want is a little of your spare time.

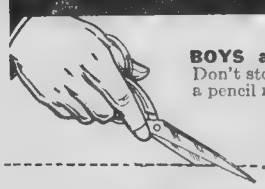
**Just write your name and address on the coupon and send it to us—we'll tell you all about the Pedigreed Pony Outfit right away.**

Pedigreed Pony, Cart and Harness complete, delivered free of charge.

There are other beautiful gifts, too, for Boys and Girls, and lots of real cash money as well. Remember, there is nothing to buy—no charges of any kind.

Make note of this also—no big folks are allowed; this is for boys and girls only, and every one of them can be a prize-winner.

**Send Your Name For This Free Book**



**BOYS and GIRLS**—Don't put off this chance. Don't stop with just thinking you would like it. Get a pencil now and write your name and address in the corner below, cut it off and send it to us. We will send you the **Free Pony Book,** and you will have an equal opportunity to win the real live Shetland Pony with all his trappings. **Do it now.**

**PONY COUPON**

**The Pony Distributor**
**Dept. W, Winnipeg, Man.**

Please send me the Free Pony Gift Book, and enter my name in your Pony Club, so I will have an opportunity to win the Shetland Pony outfit you are giving away.

My Name is.....

Post Office.....

Province.....

**PARENTS**—Please show this offer to your children, and send in the coupon. You will be interested in our free Pony Book, and your children will enjoy it immensely. Besides, **your children can win** the Shetland Pony we are **actually giving away** this season. They will have just the same opportunity as any others, no matter where you live. Address your letter to

**THE PONY DISTRIBUTOR**

**Dept. W - - Winnipeg, Man.**

# About the Farm

### Farming and Grit

Making a living on a farm does not consist solely sucking in ozone, rolling in blossoming clover, and picking pears. There is a crop of blisters, backaches, muddy boots, washouts, bugs and droughts. One never makes a change in life without giving up some thing he likes and taking some he does not like. He must strike a balance, go where he finds the greater good and bear with grit and patience the unpleasant part.

The city man who has not pluck should stay in the shop or at his desk, for on the farm he will find life-size environment that will hit him with appalling regularity on every soft spot he owns. He will miss the street cars, electric lights, vaudeville, people. He may resent slowness, physical tiredness, inconvenience, stillness. Getting back to the land is profitable, peculiarly and spiritually, only to those who care more for independence than for steam heat and granitoid walks or think more of health than of musical comedy; or would rather accumulate a competence for their old age than have the privilege of street cars and jostle.

The successful farmer must be willing to work until his muscles get sore, and then work until they get strong; to learn of simple folk, and be neighborly with people who have lived in a different way; to wait for seed-time and harvest. Also he must be able to forget the amusements he has left behind and the annoyance he has found, until the slow current of country life gets hold of him, and the sweet spirit of the open place envelopes him. Then will he have found a home, and the land will have found one more man to feed the nations.—Exchange.

### Improving Poor Grass Land

Poor grass lands may be greatly improved by proper treatment. Professor Somerville has secured excellent results at Denton Hill, near Newhaven, England, by his treatment of a typical Down farm long known as "Poverty Bottom." In a recent issue of the London Times his work is described as follows:

"Ever since he initiated the systematic improvement of old grass land introduced the plan, now common, of measuring the influences of manure dressings by the gain in live weight of the animals grazing on the experimental enclosures at Cockle Park, in the early nineties, Dr. Somerville has devoted much attention to tackling difficult problems in renewing worn-out pastures. Long search in many counties for a suitable site ended in his purchase five years ago of the 530-acre holding on the bare Sussex Downs, which he has already transformed by the simplest of processes and at a moderate expenditure, from a semi-barren tract into productive pastures, carrying to advantage more than twice the number of sheep that formerly eked out a miserable existence, and permitting the introduction of cattle on to the pastures.

"The only material employed was basic slag. The addition of a potash manure proved to be unnecessary, although it is often helpful on land of this kind. It would be unwise to conclude that basic slag would be equally successful on all soils and in all localities, but it is noteworthy that the remarkable results obtained at the Northumberland station have here been reproduced.

"Dr. Somerville's Down farm is an interesting study in other respects besides the use of basic slag. It emphasizes the importance of careful discrimination in the conversion of grass to tillage, the only process by which the national need of a greater proportion of plowed land can be met. On this, as on most other holdings, there is a liberal extent of grass in a intermediate stage of development which could be restored to tillage at no great risk. But there is also old pasture which it would be unwise to disturb without making a careful reckoning of the probable consequences. The difference between the really old and the younger pastures in the response made to the artificial fertilizers is one of the most striking lessons of the experiment. It demonstrates the virtue of age in grass land, and suggests the conclusion that no old turf, however poor, should be broken as long as an acre of more recent formation remains untilled."

### Exterminating Couch Grass

When the land for the Experimental Station now located at Morden, Man., was purchased in 1915, it was found to be badly infected with couch grass (also called quack, twitch or quick, grass).

In an effort to exterminate this weed, sixty-five acres of that part of the farm which appeared to be the worst infested was treated as follows:

About the first of June, it was ploughed four inches deep and well harrowed. The spring tooth cultivator was then used, serving to draw the roots well to the top of the ground. Next a chain harrow was employed. This implement brought all the loose grass to the surface and left it in large rolls all over the field. These rolls were then forked into heaps to dry and were burned about August 1.

Immediately after this the land was again ploughed and again given the treatment outlined above, and was finally ploughed a third time late in the fall.

In the spring of 1916, it was well harrowed, then sown and cross-sown with barley at the rate of 1½ bushels per acre each way. There was a good crop of grain and it was almost impossible to find a blade of couch grass on the whole area.

### Poultry Arbor Day

Just as "every dog has his day," so every chicken house has its day. It is impossible for poultry to thrive in unsanitary conditions, and it is far easier to raise lice and mites than it is to raise chickens. Vermin and disease thrive in poorly kept houses and yards. On many farms the principal trouble with poor results from the poultry flock may be credited to bad management. Many people attempt to cover up their own mismanagement in condemning the fowls, but if such persons give the fowls a square deal and keep them in comfortable quarters they will be surprised at the returns in egg production. Sanitation means good health and profitable returns. At least once every year there should be an arbor day in the poultry yards. The essentials of poultry hygiene and sanitation include: clean houses, clean air, clean food, clean water, clean yards and clean range, clean incubators and brooders, and finally, clean birds outside and inside. These are the essentials which should be kept in mind throughout the year.

One of the most important essentials is to keep a clean house and a clean yard and range. This will do much toward cleanliness in other lines. Just as warm weather is approaching particular attention should be given to cleanliness in the house. Be very positive that the roosting and nesting quarters in your house are free from lice and mites. As soon as the breeding season is over make it a point of cleaning the house out thoroughly, following it with a white-washing. Exercise as much care in the cleaning of your poultry house as the best housewife does in cleaning her own house.

### Cleaning and Disinfecting Poultry House

The house must provide plenty of light and fresh air and it must be dry and draught-proof. Aside from this it must also be clean. Every poultry house and coop should be cleaned thoroughly at least once every year. Futhermore, every poultry house and coop should be disinfected regularly throughout the year, more often in warm weather than in cold weather. To clean the poultry house remove the litter and scrape the floor thoroughly. Then wash the floor, roosting quarters, nesting quarters and all other parts of the building, using a scrubbing brush if necessary to remove all of the dirt. To make sure that the house is cleaned thoroughly give it another washing over all parts of the interior. After the second washing, if done properly, the house is ready to be disinfected. To disinfect the house it is necessary to spray or apply with a scrubbing brush a good disinfectant. The disinfectant should be applied twice, allowing time between for it to dry. Some good disinfectants include the commercial coal tar products and carbolic acid. A five per cent. solution


THE MANITOBA FARM LOANS ASSOCIATION

Incorporated by "The Manitoba Farm Loans Act," being Cap. 33, 7 George V, Statutes of Manitoba, 1917

Manitoba's Co-Operative Land Bank

BORROWERS ONLY SHAREHOLDERS
DEPOSITORS' SECURITY ABSOLUTE

**Loans** The Association will advance to Farmers on First Mortgage security, "Capital" to improve and extend their operations at an interest rate (6%) that leaves them a profit for their labors.

**Deposits** The Association will accept Savings Deposits and pay an interest rate of 4%, with the security guaranteed by the Province of Manitoba.

OFFICES:
Scott Block, 274 Main Street, Winnipeg

Address all communications to

The Commissioner
Manitoba Farm Loans Association
WINNIPEG

*Add Lasting Beauty to Your House*

DO the OUTSIDE painting thoroughly this season.

Use the best paint you can get and put it on right. But be careful of your choice. Not all house paints will withstand the rigorous Western climate. It's a terrific test for any paint not manufactured especially for it. There is a weather antidote mixed into every can of

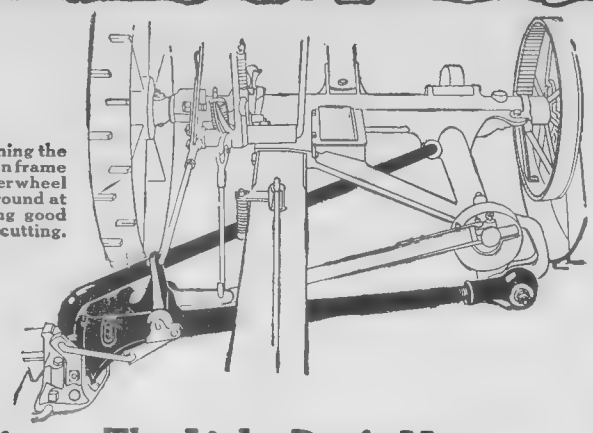
Stephens'
HOUSE PAINT

Users of it have proved that outside painting—done in the Stephens' way—often requires no attention for many years. Ask your hardware dealer for information and Color Cards.

G. F. Stephens & Co. Limited
PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS
Winnipeg, Canada

37

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



The manner of joining the drag-bar to the main frame insures that the inner wheel will stay on the ground at all times, providing good traction in tough cutting.

## Deering—The Light Draft Mower

HAVE you ever noticed the extra long drag-bar of the **Deering** mower, its connection to the frame, and the way it supports the cutter bar? It is one of the exclusive and outstanding features of the **Deering,** and an important reason why this mower is famous for light draft and great cutting power.

Through the use of the continuous dragbar, the cutter bar has a flexible movement and floats lightly over even and uneven ground. You can test this by taking hold of the end of the **Deering** cutter bar and noting how easily you can lift it.

The weight of the cutter bar being entirely on the wheels, the traction is increased and the wheels prevented from slipping or being lifted from the ground.

The **Deering** mower has many other good features. You should write for complete description, or better still, examine the mower. Made in the desirable sizes.

Deering rakes, tedders, stackers and sweep rakes, International side delivery rakes, loaders, and hay presses are machines that save time and labor in the hay field. Write the nearest branch house for complete information.

**International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited**

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont., Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.



## Special Summer Offer

**Western Home Monthly**
*and*
**Weekly Free Press**
*and*
**Prairie Farmer**

*Both for One Year for* **$1.25**

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS enjoys a large circulation in the Prairie Provinces. All the important news is given in length from the various theatres of war, domestic news, and also latest grain prices.

Use this coupon and secure a very remarkable bargain.

**Coupon**

**The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg**

Enclosed find $1.25. Send me The Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer for one year.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....


of commercial formalin makes an excellent disinfectant ; use a liberal amount and in applying formalin protect the hands with gloves. After the house is thoroughly disinfected then apply a mixture of one part crude carbolic acid with three parts of kerosene. The house should now be clean and ready for use again. Before you put the birds in the house, however, just give it a good whitewashing, as this will brighten the house and will also make it much easier to be kept clean.

It is not enough to clean and disinfect the house once a year; the house should be disinfected regularly throughout the year, that is, there should be several arbor days in the year. Unless disinfection is done regularly the lice and mites will increase very rapidly. Poultry infested with lice or mites are not profitable because these parasites live on the blood and tissue of the poultry and they also disturb the poultry. The lice stay on the poultry most of the time, while the mites visit the poultry at night and remain under the roosts or in other secluded places during the day. Disinfection should be done once a month during the colder seasons of the year and twice a month during the warmer seasons.

A good method of ridding fowls of lice is to treat them with mercurial ointment U. S. P., made with a hard base. On each fowl rub three small pieces of ointment, each piece about the size of a pea, one beneath the vent and under each wing. Rub the ointment on thoroughly and the fowls should be practically free of lice.

### Sanitary and Feeding

The proper cleaning and disinfection of the poultry house and the disinfection of the fowls is but one step in good management. Another step is the proper feeding of the fowls, so that they are always kept in the best possible condition. The food given to poultry should always be wholesome. An abundant supply of green food is necessary to keep the fowls in good condition. It is wise to avoid over-feeding at all times, but more particularly when the chicks are young. Overfeeding affects the digestion and lowers vitality.

Clean and fresh drinking water should always be provided. The drinking vessel is the most effective means of spreading disease among the birds For this reason it is very necessary to take every precaution in keeping the vessels clean and in providing clean and fresh water. In order to avoid the danger of the spread of disease by means of the drinking vessel it is a good practice to put some antiseptic in the water. The best antiseptic for this purpose is a reddish-purple crystalline substance called potassium permanganate, which can be bought from any druggist. Make a stock solution by putting the potassium permanganate one inch thick in a jar and filling the jar up with water. The water will dissolve most of the permanganate, but more of the crystals should be added from time to time. Whenever the poultry is watered add enough of the stock solution to give the drinking water a deep purple color. In addition to this the drinking vessels should be cleaned and disinfected regularly.

### Clean Land

The land on which poultry is kept is a source of contamination. Where poultry is kept on the same soil year after year and if the soil is not cultivated regularly it soon becomes filthy and unsuitable for poultry keeping. Tainted soil is responsible for much sickness and disease in the poultry yards. For this reason it is very necessary to give the fowls new areas of land as frequently as possible and cultivate the areas on which they have been raised. The cultivation of the soil and growing green food does much to keep the soil sweet and clean. A good run may be made for a poultry yard by using a mixture of five pounds Kentucky Blue grass, five pounds Canadian Blue grass, seven pounds Perennial Rye grass and three pounds White Clover.—M. A. Jull. Macdonald College.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

### Bee-Keeping in Manitoba

By R. M. Muckle, B.S.A., Provincial Apiarist, Manitoba Department of Agriculture

The past summer was one of the most successful for beekeeping in the history of Manitoba. Almost ideal weather conditions existed, alternate showers and sunshine causing an abundance of honey in the flowers.

It has sometimes been thought by persons not acquainted with the facts that we are too far north and west for successful beekeeping. This is not the case, as our honey crop, per colony of bees, is equal to, if not larger than, that of the east or south. This is due to the longer period of daylight during the summer months, and to the fact that our bees gather honey from a large variety of plants which continue to bloom over a long period of time.

The question is often asked by farmers and others, "Do you think my district suitable for beekeeping?" It would be hard to find a place in Manitoba where a few colonies of bees would not gather a fair honey crop during an average year. An ideal locality is one having a certain amount of forest to shelter the hives from cold north and west winds in the spring and fall, an average number of honey plants; and some places where the bees can obtain water.

The following list includes a number of the more important honey and pollen plants: Fruit bloom, dandelion, willow, raspberry, basswood, blueberry, mustards, thistles, clovers, fireweed, goldenrod, asters, etc.

Having decided to go in for beekeeping, the question arises, "How should I begin?" The best time of the year to make a start in beekeeping is during the early part of the summer, May or June. Small beginnings should be made with as little expense as possible. Invest ten, fifteen or twenty-five dollars; then make the bees pay their own way. The writer keeps a list of those having bees for sale and would be pleased to furnish information or help to beginners at any time. When buying bees it is well to get them in your own locality if possible, even if the initial price is a little higher. This lessens the danger of introducing "Foul Brood" disease and also insures your getting the bees in good condition, as a long railroad journey is sometimes rather hard on a colony.

It is important that a person keeping bees should study their habits, as success depends largely upon a thorough knowledge of the condition of the hive.

One of the most interesting studies in nature is the domestic economy of the beehive. Problems of numerical increase in relation to food supply, the balance of the sexes, communal or individual ownership of property, due qualification for parenthood, and whether might is right—these questions all seem to have been happily settled by the bee commonwealth. It is indeed interesting to look carefully through a populous hive on a fine summer day when the bees are busy. Certain worker bees will be feeding the young; others will be building wax; many will be bringing in honey and pollen; some will be ventilating the hive—all busy working for the common good of the household.

The peculiar advantages of beekeeping are not sufficiently recognized. Without investment in much land or expensive equipment, a man or woman can make money in the production and sale of an article of food which one is never compelled to dispose of at temporarily depressed prices, because it will keep in good marketable condition from year to year.

Honey has a claim to be regularly used in every home both on account of its sweetness, which is delicately flavored with the aroma of the different kinds of flowers from which it is gathered, and also because of its high food value, it being a concentrate, an easily assimilated heat and energy producing food. All kinds of people keep bees—young and old, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, farmers and city people. With help for the heaviest work, women frequently make successful beekeepers. Many a farmer has found that for a small amount of capital invested, bees will yield a larger return than anything else on the farm. This fact has been demonstrated on the Provincial Demonstration Farm at Killarney, Man., where bees paid the

highest dividend during last summer. In Manitoba an increasing number of people are making beekeeping their principal business. The income of some of these specialists exceeds $1,500 per year, while scattered through the province are many who keep a number of colonies to furnish honey for their own table or for their neighbors.

The amount of extracted honey that may be obtained from a well-managed colony of bees is hard to state because it varies with the locality and season. The average yield per hive in Manitoba is usually in the neighborhood of 100 lbs. In a good year a colony will pay for itself in the average locality, but seasons during which the honey crop is a partial failure occur even in the best districts.

It is estimated that there are in Manitoba about 450 beekeepers, who have in round numbers 10,000 colonies of bees, yielding this past summer approximately 800,000 lbs. of honey. The average price received by the beekeepers for extracted honey is from ten to fifteen cents per lb.

A lesson we learn from the bees themselves is that organization and co-operation is in the best interests of the members of any community, providing they are working in unison towards similar ends. The Manitoba Beekeepers' Association now has a fairly large membership roll and should prove of benefit to its members. Some of the advantages that might accrue from an organization of this kind are co-operative buying of supplies, advertising and selling of honey and wax, and the value of experiments and experiences of individual beekeepers. Organization, too, is necessary to successfully combat the much-dreaded foul brood diseases.

In the foregoing article an endeavor has been made to present briefly the main reasons why a person on the farm had "better keep bees"; to those that now have bees we would add the message "Keep Bees Better." Care and attention pay.

In conclusion, I may add that I shall be glad to reply to any enquiries which the people of Manitoba may send me in regard to this subject.

### Essentials in Poultry Keeping

By Dr. Raymond Pearl

There are certain phases or branches of agriculture which are from their very nature specialized and locally restricted either in space or time. The growing of beef cattle is not adapted to the conditions of the city back lot, nor could it be considered sound economic policy for the Saskatchewan wheat grower to set out an orange grove. There is, however, one kind of farming which in one form or another knows no limitations of space, and only those limitations of climate which forbid any sort of agriculture whatever. This is poultry keeping. No plot of ground is too small to keep a few hens on, or, at least, to try to keep them on, and no ranch, however large, is complete without a flock of hens to furnish eggs for the table, and perhaps a few over to sell. It may be safely said that there is no phase of agriculture which is so universal and widespread over the whole world as poultry husbandry. The adaptability of the business is marvellous. Poultry raising may be, and probably has been, successfully combined with every other kind of farming known to man. One farm recently visited would seem to have about reached the limit in the way of oddity of the combination. This was a fox and poultry farm. Raising foxes was one part of the business, and raising chickens and turkeys the other part. Needless to say, the two lines of endeavor were kept strictly apart.

When combined with other things as an integral part of diversified farming, poultry keeping is usually one of the most profitable activities of the farm, and can be made so in every case with attention to fundamental principles. If given a chance, hens will make money on a farm. Of specialized poultry plants, where the chickens form the main or sole line of endeavor, there are all sizes ranging from the town dweller's one, two or three hens in a box in the back yard, or on the roof, or the fire escape, to the immense poultry ranches or farms where the unit of production is the flock of a thousand birds, and there may be many such units. Sad it is true that not all of these specialty plants are profitable. The back yarder's usually is, but after a certain magnitude of plant and of operation is passed, trouble begins and frequently does not end until the available capital is exhausted and the business is brought to an end.

If it is true that some men find poultry keeping profitable while others fail in it, we may well ask what are the essentials to success in the business. It would appear that there are three fundamental elements involved in every successful venture in poultry husbandry. These are:

1. Good stock.
2. Proper management.
3. Good business sense in the conduct of the commercial end, including:
   (a) Buying the supplies.
   (b) Selling the product.
   (c) Economically controlling the labor factor in the business.

### The Efficient Cow

The dairy cow is mankind's greatest friend. She produces man's best, most serviceable food, and one of the cheapest.

A 1200-pound steer, ready for market, contains only about 360 pounds of actual food. A dairy cow at two years of age begins to produce and yield daily thereafter about 900 pounds of edible nutrients in the year, and will continue to produce the same amount for seven years thereafter; that is, she produces during her actual life 6300 pounds of human food. In other words, it takes 17 steers to produce the same amount of human food as a dairy cow produces during her lifetime.

I am indebted for these figures to the University of Minnesota. And the further very pertinent statement is made that the steer, before he pays for any of his food, is in debt to his master for two years, and, upon payment, ceases to live, while the cow pays for her food daily as she goes.

M. D. Munn.

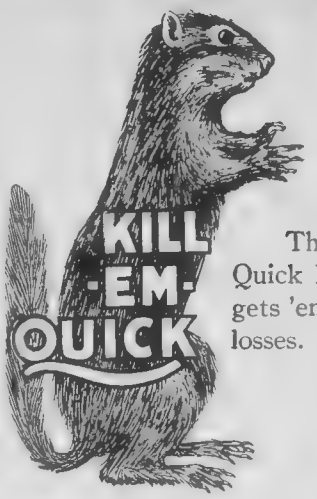
### The Bacon Hog

A bacon hog can be developed to weigh 200 lbs. with the same number of pounds of feed as the fat hog can in either summer or winter, but in summer and a person can give them a run on pasture. I think they make the 200-lb. mark cheaper than the fat hog fed more concentrates, but to start with, the bacon breeds should have exercise. After the little pigs are two weeks old they should have a creep. Feed them extra until ready to wean at 6 to 8 weeks old, then feed them all they will eat up clean three times per day on the pasture if you have it. They require a certain amount of exercise to keep them healthy and develop muscle, and if they are the right kind of bacon hogs they will tip the scale at 200 lbs. at five months of age. Any good type of bacon hog will make pork cheaply, but personally I prefer the pure bred Yorkshire. I have tried all kinds pure and crossed, but have bred the pure Yorkshires for eleven years and prefer them to all kinds I have tried. I have marketed a litter of pure-breds at four months and seven days which averaged 169 lbs., but would sooner have kept them five months and have them weigh over 200 lbs. Why should we keep them to weigh the right amount as bacon hogs when the drover does not give any preference in price over the fat chunk or mongrel. Even without a preference I think the good bacon hog can compete with the fat hog or any variety of scrub hog as a money-maker on the farm.

D. P. Cameron, Finch, Ont.

### A Scrub Bull

A reader asks for an estimate of damages in a case where a neighbor's scrub bull got through a line fence and as a result one of his best pure-bred heifers later dropped a nondescript calf. This happens too often, and is exceedingly aggravating because there is no satisfactory method of settling. Responsibility and extent of damage are always in question, with strained feelings between neighbors a possibility to be avoided. Certainly it is no fun to live next to a neighbor who has a grievance and won't speak. Agreeable neighbors are worth much in the country, and it pays to sacrifice something to keep them agreeable. Probably the neighbor who keeps a scrub bull does not value pure-breds highly, so would underestimate actual damages. The only suggestion that comes to mind is to arbitrate, and agree


# One Whiff Bingo!— He's Dead!

The minute Mr. Gopher smells Kill-Em-Quick he starts right in to commit suicide—it gets 'em all for 1 cent an acre—saves enormous losses.

## Kill-Em-Quick

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**GOPHER POISON**

*The Time-Tested, Guaranteed Gopher Killer*

## It Puts the "Go" in Gophers

It's sudden disappearance to the gopher pest. The odor attracts them—they go to it with a ravenous appetite—**once they find it, they're gone.** The tiniest particle taken into the mouth invariably kills.

**Cheapest—**
It kills **all** the gophers for 1 cent an acre—

**Surest—**
It never fails. It "gets the gophers" every time. They hunt it, eat it, die of it. It's sure doom for gophers—

**Safest—**
No danger to handle. It spreads no seed of noxious weeds.

*40-acre size, 50c.*

*An Old Friend in a New Dress*

**Guaranteed**
Money back guarantee printed on every package. If it fails, we refund the purchase price.

**Easy to Use**
Simply stir into moistened oats or ground feed and drop into holes.

*100-acre size, $1.00.*

## Testimony of an Expert Witness

Do you want proof of Kill-Em-Quick efficiency? Here it is. Read this letter from Professor Jackson, of the Manitoba Agricultural College:

Dear Sirs: Winnipeg, June 2, 1916.

My field representative, Mr. Kiteley, has given your gopher poison (Kill-Em-Quick), and several other gopher poisons, field tests, and reports having found Kill-Em-Quick the most efficient and entirely satisfactory.

We are therefore prepared to recommend Kill-Em-Quick as an effective gopher poison. Yours sincerely,

[Signed] V. W. JACKSON, Professor of Biology.

**Get Kill-Em-Quick from your druggist**—if he cannot supply you, we send direct upon receipt of the price. Send for Free Gopher Book.

**Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.** Dept. G **Winnipeg, Canada.**

# Abolish the Truss Forever

**Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch**

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?

**Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS** are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. **Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive.** Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and **swore** that the **Plapao-Pads** cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

**FREE TO THE RUPTURED**

**Trial Plapao** and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture **can't** come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned.
Write today—**NOW.** Address, **Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.**

# KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAN!

by the use of a good reliable cream, and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other.

**Price 50c. per Jar**

*Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars*

## MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 Smith Street WINNIPEG Phone Main 996

GOMBAULT'S
CAUSTIC BALSAM

A safe, speedy and positive cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a HUMAN REMEDY for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.



Good For Man And Beast

Kendall's Spavin Cure has now been *refined* for *human* use. Its penetrating power quickly relieves swellings, sprains, bruises, and all forms of lameness. It is just what you need around the house. Write for many letters from users to prove its effectiveness.

T. J. Smith, Spencedale, Ont., says—"Have used Kendall's for many years in my stable and house and it never has failed us yet."

Kendall's Spavin Cure

For Horses —And Refined for Man.

—has been used by horsemen, veterinarians, and farmers for over 35 years. Its worth has been *proved*, for spavin, splint, curb, ringbone and the many other hurts that come to horses.

ONION LAKE, Sask., April 22nd, 1915.

"Kendall's Spavin Cure is about the best all-round liniment for both man and beast that I know."

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

112

Get Kendall's Spavin Cure at any druggist's. For horses $1. bottle—6 for $5, Refined for man 50c.—6 for $2.50. 'Treatise on the Horse' free from druggist or write to

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Enosburg Falls, Vt. U.S.A.



BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $1.00
50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $4.00

Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.

The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California



FIBRE LEGS ARMS

4-POUND FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS

Orthopedic Braces for all Deformities. Send for Booklet

Ray Trautman, 641 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.


beforehand to abide by the decision of the arbitrators without reserve. It does not pay to go to court, nor are threats of suit in order. Farmers should strive to arrange an amicable settlement in all cases of differences with neighbors. It takes a big heart and broad-mindedness to overlook some things, but an endeavor should always be made in that direction.

### For a Calf

A mistake in the early care of the calf may have a lifelong influence, whereas mismanagement of the mature cow need mean but a temporary loss. In view of the present outlook for high prices for dairy animals and products dairymen can well afford to give their young stock a proper start in life.

In handling young calves it is necessary to take precautions to avoid overfeeding. For the first two or three weeks of its life the stomach of the calf is capable of holding only two or three quarts, the first two compartments of the organ then being undeveloped. When allowed to run with the cow, taking a small amount of milk probably a dozen times a day, the calf gets along very well with this small stomach capacity. It will be seen, however, that when the calf is not fed for from six to twelve hours it naturally becomes very hungry, and is likely to gorge itself unless precautions are taken to prevent it from doing so.

The calf should have whole milk for the first three or four weeks of its life. To start on, two quarts of whole milk at each of three feedings daily is about the right amount for a calf of normal size. The exact amount of milk fed, and how rapidly it can be increased, are matters that must necessarily be left to the judgment of the feeder. Scours often arise from the feeding of milk that is too rich, making it necessary in some cases to dilute the milk or limit the amount fed.

### Tips on Gardening

When to Plant Vegetables in the Home Garden—Soil Requirements

The garden specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture divides vegetables into two classes—"warm temperature" and "cold temperature" vegetables. When peach and plum trees are in blossom, they say, it is time to sow in the open ground such seeds as lettuce, radish, parsley, beets, turnips, cabbage, carrots, peas and onions. The wrinkled peas should not be planted until later, as they are more liable to rot in cool ground than are the smooth varieties. When the apple trees bloom, it is time to plant the heat-loving vegetables, such as cucumbers, beans, sweet corn, pumpkin and squash. This is an old but excellent rule.

The quickest crop to mature is the radish. Lettuce, turnips, peas, beets and beans usually require from six to nine weeks, corn from 11 to 13 weeks, and potatoes from 15 to 16 weeks to mature.

Lettuce is to the garden what the hay crop is to the field—always needed, and gives some of the best returns. A rich sandy loam with sufficient nitrate to stimulate leaf growth and intensify the chlorophyll or deep leaf color of the plant, and a sufficiency of soft water keep the crop crisp and fresh. Much the same plan is practised with cabbage, except that it does not require so much water.

Beans do not require very rich soil and it is safe to plant them on the very poorest patch. Snap beans may be grown in rows between the orchard trees.

The Lima bean requires a rich, moist soil, but does not seem to deprive the land of its productiveness. Lima beans have been grown on the same fields in California for many years.

Cucumbers, squashes, and melons require rich soil, and the cucumber profits by the application of fresh horse manure. Sheep manure will hurry plants along more rapidly than most chemical fertilizers.

The specialists believe that if the general principles they have outlined are followed, it will be profitable for almost anyone to plant his idle acres this season. They point out that even where the monetary value of the crops raised in the back-yard garden is not important, the gardener and his family must credit to the patch the health and enjoyment they gain from this outdoor occupation. They point out that from the community point of view it is the duty of every home owner to keep his place orderly and attractive. The most profitable way of getting rid of a patch of weeds in the back yard is to cultivate it and plant it to some valuable crop, the orderly character of which will add much to the comeliness of the home grounds.

Gardening is an old, old story. It is related that nearly 20 centuries ago Pliny the Elder summed it up in a sentence of just six words: "Dig deep; manure well; work often."


Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes, and at once, while future attacks are warded off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.


### Annual Report of Manitoba Department of Agriculture

The 1916 annual report of Manitoba Department of Agriculture, just issued, is one of the most attractive departmental reports ever issued in Canada. It is much enlarged over former years, containing 204 pages, splendidly illustrated throughout, and presenting decidedly the most comprehensive annual review of Manitoba agriculture yet published by the Department. Several entirely new features are introduced this year. Among these are reports upon co-operative wool marketing, the "Manitoba Cow Scheme", the work of the Stallion Enrollment Board, and Manitoba Bee-Keeping.

The report of the Weeds Commission and of the Immigration and Colonization Branch are very greatly expanded over one year ago, and discuss many interesting and entirely new phases of these important subjects. During the year the Department Camera has been busy, and the splendid full page half-tones carry their easy message in relation to many of the questions discussed.

A free copy of the report may be had by writing the request to the Publications Branch, Manitoba Department of Agriculture, Winnipeg.

### Laughter

By Isabella Valancey Crawford

Laughter wears a lilied gown—
She is but a simple thing;
Laughter's eyes are water-brown,
Ever glancing up and down
Like a woodbird's restless wing.

Laughter slender is and round—
She is but a simple thing;
And her tresses fly unbound,
And above her brow are found
Buds that blossom by mirth's spring.

Laughter loves to praise and play—
She is but a simple thing;
With the children small who stray
Under hedges, where the May
Scents and blossoms richly fling.

Laughter coyly peeps and flits—
She is but a simple thing;
Round the flower clad door where sits
Maid who dimples as she knits,
Dreaming in the rosy spring.

Laughter hath light tripping feet—
She is but a simple thing;
Ye may often Laughter meet
In the hayfield, gilt and sweet,
Where the mowers jest and sing.

Laughter shakes the bounteous leaves
She is but a simple thing;
On the village ale-house eaves,
While the angered swallow grieves
And the rustic revellers sing.

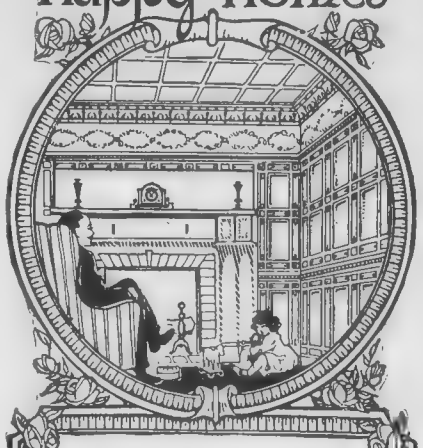
### A Violet

God does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces—
The Violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace and hue,
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
Nothing lost no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it will be;
God will put strange sights in heavenly places;
The old love look out from the old faces,
And Veilchen, I shall have thee.


Cheery Walls Make Happy Homes



YOU feel their restful comeliness at once—inviting you to slip into cosy slippers, pull up your own chair to the fire, and find a new friendliness in home's attachments.

PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILINGS AND WALLS

quickly change dull, dreary rooms to ones you like to linger in. Whether you prefer plainness or a to ch of ornament, you will find many to please you in the 2,000 styles and Period designs to choose from Easy to put on over plaster or wood, the joints fit in snug so they cannot show or come away. Last without repair as long as your house. Shall we send you the complete Ceiling Catalogue W H

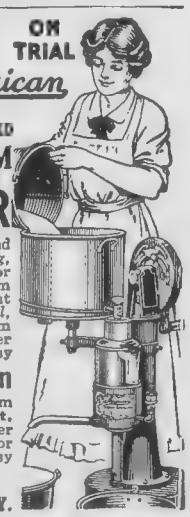
*Write for it!*

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED
(Established 1861)
80 Lombard St., Winnipeg
Executive Offices & Factories: Oshawa, Ont.
Branches: Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver



16 95 Upward ON TRIAL

American FULLY GUARANTEED CREAM SEPARATOR



A SOLID PROPOSITION to send *new*, well made, easy running, perfect skimming separator for only $16.95. Closely skims warm or cold milk. Makes heavy or light cream. Bowl a *sanitary marvel*, easily cleaned. Different from picture, which illustrates larger capacity machines. See our easy

Monthly Payment Plan

Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., Toronto, Ont. and St. John, N. B. Whether dairy is large or small, write for handsome free catalog and easy payment plan.

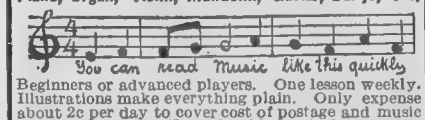
AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.
Box 3196 Bainbridge, N. Y.



MUSIC TAUGHT FREE In Your Home

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.




Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in full. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.



PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES

Book "Patent Protection" Free

BABCOCK & SONS

Formerly Patent Office Examiner. Estab. 1877

99 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL

Branches: Ottawa and Washington

# Young People

### The Dream Baby

By Brown Linnet

The rude boys that peeped down the area and caught a glimpse of her at her work called her "Foxey." She never retaliated, because, firstly, she was very much afraid of the boys, and secondly, her mistress would have descended to the basement to see what she was after; and Foxey was a very bad hand at explaining herself. She never even seemed to know how she broke things, or why she so often forgot to do as she was told. It was no use scolding or shouting at her; she always said the same thing, "I don't know," with a slow indecision which, it must be confessed, was very exasperating.

Mrs. Tickle was not in very prosperous circumstances, and it suited her to adopt Foxey, because Foxey was destitute of home ties of any sort, and there was no one to suggest, much less insist, upon the possibility of wages due for service rendered; though there were many who appreciated the kindness of heart that had prompted Mrs. Tickle to give a poor orphan girl a home, and save her from the degradation of the workhouse.

These kind people often complimented Foxey on her good fortune when she opened the door to admit them to the "little sewing party for the poor heathen" (which was another outward proof of Mrs. Tickle's kindness of heart); but when they asked her if she did not think she ought to be a very good girl under the circumstances Foxey always answered, "I don't know," and went down to the basement again to await the bell that, sooner or later, would summons her to stagger upstairs with the tea-tray.

Foxey was thirteen; but she never seemed to have outgrown her ninth year. The tea-tray was far too heavy for her thin arms; the daily work bowed her weak back, the constant scoldings dulled her feeble spirits, and there were only short spaces of time when she was the real Foxey. That was when Mrs. Tickle went out or was busy upstairs; then Foxey would sit down on the edge of a chair (ready to start to her feet at the slightest sound), and think about her little self. She, Foxey, with the thick red hair, the tiny sharp face, and the childish form, was no longer like that—she was tall, she was most, most beautiful; there were foams and foams of white lace under her skirts, just like the lady who had once got out of a carriage and gone to see someone next door. Foxey did not exactly know what else; but it was all soft and happy, and nobody spoke to her, only they looked and looked at her because she was so beautiful and smart.

But after Foxey had thought all this for some time it suddenly occurred to her that something lacked. This was after she had watched the new neighbours that had come to the house where the lady's carriage had stopped. There were three of them: the young man, who went whistling off down the street every morning, and caught the eight o'clock 'bus at the corner; the young woman, who was always smiling; and the little white bundle that she carried out every day, and talked to and kissed and dandled.

Foxey was still tall and beautiful, with foams and foams of lace; but now she had a white bundle too. In the shimmer of the kitchen fire she sat on the edge of her chair, with her small arms scooped out and in constant motion; gazing through the open space—not at the kitchen floor, but at the dream baby, the baby that smiled back at her and felt warm and heavy to hold, and was her very, very own!

Somehow, after the advent of the dream baby Foxey began to live a new life—to invest it with a fancied reality which filled her little mind with a new and an absorbing interest. When she swept the kitchen or brushed down the stairs, she did it as quietly as possible, so that the dream baby in its dream cradle should not be disturbed. Sometimes, when Mrs. Tickle was out of sight and hearing, she just stopped a moment to give the cradle a rock, to smile, and "cluck" to the baby; and once, when her mistress was out, she even murmured a strange little scrap of song, that might have been the soft chirping of one of the sooty little street sparrows outside.

Mrs. Tickle noticed a difference in her hand-maiden, and began to congratulate herself that she was breaking in the girl nicely. There had not been a broken cup or saucer now for a week or more. She did not know of the dream baby in the washing-up tub; she would not have believed it possible that the brown pewter tea-pot and the china cups and saucers were clothed with warm soft flesh, that must be handled tenderly and dried with such care.

Of old, Foxey had been wont to leave smears of butter on the plates—tea-rim marks inside the cups, and leaves within the teapot; but now curved handles were baby's ears, or its tiny toes and fingers; plates, cups, saucers, and all were parts of its precious body.

Mrs. Tickle's friends said that patient endurance and true kindness of heart must prevail in the end; and Mrs. Tickle smoothed her creased face into a humble smile of gratification, and really forgot all about her scolding tongue and the stinging slaps that had been her chief idea of educating her little maid. "The girl is really improving," she said. She always called Foxey "The girl," even when the tiny childish figure was under her very eyes; and perhaps she was right, for Foxey had never had any childhood in the true sense of the word.

"Improving" was a new word to Foxey, and she did not understand it when she heard it laid to her charge. She looked wonderingly into her mistress's face; but there were not the usual signs of anger to be read there; and at dinner time, to mark her approval, Mrs. Tickle enlarged the usual allowance of food, so that Foxey really had as much to eat as she wanted. She felt almost afraid.

What was "improving"? Lying? She understood that—"stupid," "careless," even "wicked." At last a new idea presented itself to her. Perhaps she was growing, and that was why she had been given enough to eat. She waited her opportunity, and when her mistress had gone upstairs to prepare for the working party she mounted on to a chair and tried to see her own reflection in the polished lid of the warming-pan upon the kitchen wall. The warm brass caught the firelight in places, and in other places shone clear blue; but there, in the very centre of the shining disc, was the uncertain representation of a small, sharp face, fluctuating as the fire in the grate flickered up or burnt low.

Foxey scanned the image anxiously, dimming the bright brass with her warm breath; but she could discover no appreciable change in her appearance, and suddenly the heavy foot-fall of her mistress fell on the top stair with a warn-


BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE BRAND HOSIERY REGISTERED

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

## For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

## Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton :: :: Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO A

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

If you make your coffee in a percolator, ask your grocer for SEAL BRAND COFFEE

FINE GROUND
(FOR USE IN PERCOLATORS)

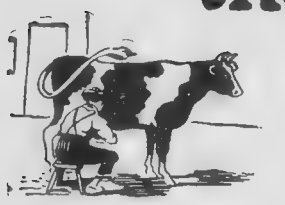
The top of each can is marked as above.

In ½, 1 and 2 lb. Tins. Never sold in Bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL. 197

FLEET FOOT

Shoes on the Farm



For work and play—in the middle of the day—and when on pleasure bent.

For field, farm and wagon, wear Fleet Foot Shoes. They are far cheaper than leather—light, easy, comfortable—long wearing. For every-day wear, you will find them immeasurably better than hot, heavy, expensive leather boots.

When you're out for a good time, wear WHITE "Fleet Foot" Shoes. In fact, you must wear White Shoes this summer, to be well dressed. Dealers everywhere have "Fleet Foot" Shoes, in all styles for men, women and children. 201

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

RANKIN'S
HEAD OINTMENT
quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.
*In* 15c. & 25c. *sizes. Extra large size* 50c.
Of all Chemists.
*Agents:*
PARKE & PARKE, Hamilton, Ontario.
RANKIN & CO., Kilmarnock, Scotland.
*Established over 100 years.*


ing creak, and she jumped quickly down from the chair, and hastened to the cupboard with the intention of getting out the six Tuesday tea-cups with their companion plates. The big black tray stood waiting to receive them on the kitchen table; but, as Foxey's hand was stretched upward to reach the cupboard knob, Mrs Tickle entered. "You can leave that," she said, "and I'll do it myself. You've got to run to the corner of the street and match me these beads and this silk. You've been a better girl lately, and I'm just going to trust you for once (since my foot pains me so bad today). It's the shop just facing you as you stand at the corner. There's groceries on one side, and wools and stuffs on the other, so you can't miss it. There's the beads—and you mind you get the same blue; there's twopence for them, and a penny for two hanks of the silk—that's got to be the right blue too. Now be off. I'll set the door ajar, because I can't stop here until you're back, and you can bring the things straight up to the parlour when you come in."

Foxey had said nothing all this time. She put on her hat and wrapped a shawl around her; and grabbing the pennies in a hot hand she set her feet on the area steps. Above her sounded clattering footsteps and the hum and roar of London traffic. What if one of those dreadful boys came along, and looked down to see her coming up! Her heart beat at the mere thought; then she remembered that she was "improving." Perhaps she might even look too big to be laughed at. Her anxious peaky face appeared above the level of the pavement. There were no boys to be seen anywhere; only a dull row of houses behind her, a dull row close in front of her, and to the left the "round the corner" where the 'bus stopped, and the shop with the wools and stuffs was; and where traffic was never still.

She wished that she was not "improving"; it made her feel so very lonely and responsible. Yet the dread of Mrs. Tickle's wrath spurred her on, and suddenly she was actually at the corner; and there, on the other side of the street, was the shop. Foxey stood still and stared at it. Once or twice she made a timid step forward, and drew back again to wait. But the 'buses streamed on and on, and the carriages and carts. Foxey dared not return without the beads. Slowly a tear forced itself to the edge of her eye and rolled over; the noise, the unquiet and the loneliness in the very middle of all this throng of people, were almost worse than the mistress's wrath and a dreary, supperless evening, should she return empty-handed. She had just made up her mind to go back when a gruff voice sounded above her head.

"Can't ye cross?"

Foxey looked up. It was a burly policeman, no doubt the very one she had been threatened with so often. He had found her out on the brink of shirking her duty, and there he stood, empowered with authority, and no doubt handcuffs as well, waiting to hustle her off to jail, where all bad girls went. Foxey did not wait for the handcuffs. Fear lent her courage. Next moment she had dashed across the street and was in the shop.

A mild-faced woman was presiding over the groceries counter, packing a basket with sundry little parcels for a small boy. She saw the child rush in; but she was accustomed to a particular class of child that generally chose that mode of entry, coupling it with free and easy manners, that no amount of gentle remonstrance could abash.

But Foxey did not cry out "Hi! missus, 'urry up an' sarve me—don't yer see what a bloomin' 'urry I'm in?" or, in fact, make any remark at all; and when the boy had gone she advanced to the counter timidly and laid the three coppers upon it in a row and opened the little wisp of paper that contained the pattern silk and beads.

"Do you want to match 'em, love?" asked the woman.

Foxey nodded her head, and the woman took up her money and departed to the other side of the shop. It seemed a terrible long time before she came back, and Foxey thought that she had forgotten all about her. She was just wondering if she must go back and say that the money had been taken from her and nothing given her in return, when two ladies entered the shop, and the woman came trotting back, and handed a little white parcel over the counter to Foxey. The ladies wanted some "Scotch fingering" of a particular shade, and they followed the woman to the top of the shop, where bundles of wool of all shades were ranged in rows upon some shelves. Foxey grasped her parcel and turned to go, and as she turned she faced the other side of the shop. That side was backed by bales of materials. Upon the counter were baskets of old skeins of wool and silks—trays of cheap brooches, cotton-reels, combs, pins, and all sorts of odds and ends. Above them hung suspended aprons and pinafores, gay silk handkerchiefs, and lengths of lace; but the thing that caught Foxey's eye was a tall glass case of scents and brushes upon the counter against which were propped up a bevy of waxen dolls—pink-checked, blue-eyed, and smiling. They wore gay little garments faced with blue, and pink and blue ribbon, and had boots and socks painted upon their feet; but there was one amongst them wrapped in silver paper, all but its head and its little wax hands and feet. It was not so smart-looking as the others, and its hair was quite short, but it looked at Foxey softly and sweetly. Foxey stood with parted lips and gazed back at it. Then she looked up the shop. The woman was reaching up and lifting down a great pile of soft woolly bundles, and the ladies had their backs turned. Foxey drew a step nearer the counter; then suddenly she put out her hands and lifted the baby into her arms.

"Not in the least like it!" shrilled one of the ladies. "If you really have nothing nearer, we must try somewhere else."

Foxey had crept to the door. Her shawl enfolded something bulky. She gazed tremblingly across the street. The policeman was not there—yet. She stood for a moment, then, catching her breath, darted across and arrived safely on the other side, just as the ladies left the shop.

Foxey knew that she had been a long time. The lamps were beginning to twinkle all down the pavements, and when she got to the area steps there were lights in the parlour, and from within came the sound of voices. The sewing party had assembled. Foxey crept down into the kitchen filled with a strange fear. The new baby lay in her arms; but alas! where could she hide it? She wrapped it hastily in her shawl while she thought, and as she did so the bell above her head suddenly clanked out. For a moment she thought that everybody knew what she had done; then she remembered that it must be tea that was wanted, and she went and lifted the kettle off the fire with trembling hands and poured the water into the teapot, as she had been trained to do. Then she threw off her hat, smoothed back her hair, and staggered upstairs as fast as she could. The bump of jingling china against the parlour door brought Mrs. Tickle. There was anger in her face, but the party was there, so she merely took the tray and asked where the parcel of beads and silk was.

"On the tray," said Foxey, then she departed as she had come. The kitchen seemed to be sanctified by a new presence. She unrolled her shawl carefully and peeped inside. The soft waxen face smiled back at her. She gave a sharp little laugh, then she drew up her skirt over her arms, kicked off her shoes and stole softly upstairs—past the parlour, where the chink of cups and spoons was in full force—past the mistress's bedroom, and the bedrooms of the three young men lodgers, and arrived finally in the attic where she herself slept.

A small rickety bedstead and three-legged chair were considered ample accommodation for a child like her, and two pegs upon the wall shared a battered hat and a old woollen comforter between them. Foxey had no box for her possessions; but to this moment she had never felt the need of one, because possessions she had not, save a chipped cockleshell and a small painted glass frame. The frame was pinned to the floor, and the shell gathered smuts to itself upon the tiny window-sill. But the baby! Well, it must go into the bed.

Foxey kissed it hastily and put it under the coverlet, then she crept noiselessly downstairs into the kitchen.

Foxey had "misused" Mrs. Tickle's "trust." She was no longer "improving"; therefore she went supperless to bed that night. The kitchen clock had long since wired out twelve creaking strokes before she got her dismissal, and by that time the moon, which shines impartially for good girls and bad, lit the way up the stairs to the attic. Sometimes Foxey had to grope her way with her hand against the wall; but to-night the long blue moonbeams struck in through every available chink in doors and windows, and lay in bands on the stairs. Foxey passed the lodgers' doors like a mouse, carefully avoiding the ungainly boots into which she would have to thrust her little hands early next morning, and upon which she would be expected to set a brilliant polish, with as little paste and as much water as possible. But that was for to-morrow—now she was going to have a real good time! She slipped out of her clothes and into her scanty little nightgown as swiftly as possible, leaving the former in an untidy heap on the floor; and the moon kissed her as she crept into bed.

Now she was the mother of the baby. She must be quiet and not rouse it. She thrust her feet down into the bed, and then leant on one hand and, drawing back the covering, peeped. Long and earnestly she gazed, with parted lips and a look almost of fear upon her face. The baby's eyes were shut! She lay down quietly, almost tremblingly; then she was impelled to sit up again, and finally she put out timid hands and lifted the baby gently up.

Its eyes flew open with a "clack" at her touch, and sent the colour surging to her cheeks; then she found out that the eyes must always shut when the baby was lying flat, and open wide with that strange dropping sound when it was raised. It assumed a less fascinating form after this discovery; but was more to be loved and less feared now that the wonder was explained. Far into the early morning she dandled her baby, fed it, rocked it to and fro, murmured whisper songs in its waxen ears. Then the moon withdrew its friendly light, and for a short space she slept soundly, her face pressed to the doll's face in happy sleep.

So the morning came, and with it the dreary toil. Nothing went smoothly, because Foxey's heart was up in the attic. Mrs. Tickle was in a hard mood, as unsparing with her blows as with her tongue, and Foxey was glad when, towards the middle of the day, someone arrived and went into the parlour. Foxey was peeling potatoes and thinking happily enough when her mistress came to the head of the stairs and called her sharply. She put down the knife, and let a half-peeled potato slip back into the water; then, wiping her hands on her apron, she hastened up the stairs to the silent form at the head. Mrs. Tickle took her roughly by the arm and pushed her before her into the parlour.

"Is this the girl?" she asked harshly.

Upon one of the best horsehair seated chairs sat a comely woman with a kindly face. She wore a bonnet and mantle, but somehow her face seemed familiar to Foxey.

The comely woman would have liked to have said "No—it certainly is not," but she was a good and perfectly straightforward woman. She looked at the pitiable little object before her, and her heart swelled. Foxey's eyes were nearly starting out of her head; she seemed so little, so dirty, and so very helpless.

"I think she is—like her," was the reply she made at last.

Mrs. Tickle gave the miserable child a rough shake.

"See—don't frighten her, ma'am; let me ask her about it—come here, love."

The kind-hearted woman had put out her hand and drawn the child toward her. She could feel Foxey trembling, very much as the last little autumn leaf trembles on the tree in the winter wind.

"My love," began the woman, "when you came to my shop yesterday, did you pick up a dolly and take it along home with you? You need not be afraid. It was a big wax doll that shut its eyes, and it was on the counter, and now it is gone."

"I—don't—know," stammered Foxey.

"That's what she always says!" cried Mrs. Tickle. "I'll soon make you know, my girl—where did you put it?"

Foxey shook still more and began to whimper.

"Well, I'll soon settle the matter," said Mrs. Tickle, and she went out of the room.

The kind woman put her arm round the sobbing child.

"What did you want the dolly for?" she said gently. "Ain't you got one—or never had one?"

Then suddenly Foxey began to explain: she told the woman all about her dream baby, the real baby and its mother next door, and about the wax baby sleeping in her bed upstairs with its eyes shut. It was the first time Foxey had ever tried to explain herself to anyone—the narrative was tear-logged and halting; but through all the depths of misery the child dimly realized that there was such a thing as pity and understanding in the world after all. Then Mrs. Tickle came back. In her hand she held the doll. Its body, for lack of clothing, was still enveloped in the silver paper; the bloom had departed from the waxen feet and hands, and the paint on the rounded cheeks was uncertain and shiny.

"Here is the doll. I found it in her bed," cried Mrs. Tickle shrilly. Then she turned to Foxey. "I'll have no thieves or liars in my house," she said. "Off you pack to the union, my girl, and you may think yourself lucky to escape jail this time—though, sure enough, you'll come to it some day. What's in the blood is bound to come out! Her mother was a bad lot, and a thief, ma'am; I'll take her straight back where I got her from. I've done my duty by the girl—and more than done it. Haven't I fed her and clothed her and kept her for nothing?—and this is my reward!"

The kindly woman interposed. "Excuse me, ma'am, but the child is very young. I'm coming to feel sorry that I listened to the lad that saw her running off, and I'm sure I wish I'd let things alone—if it means she loses her chance."

"It means I've done with her," snapped Mrs. Tickle. "I'll pity misfortune, but never sin."

"I pity both," said the other woman.

There was a short silence, save for Foxey's sobs; then the kindly woman spoke again. "Will you give her just one more chance—one more?"

"She had her chance," replied Mrs. Tickle. "Now she'll go back to the union; and they can do as they please with her. I tell you I won't keep a thief a day in my house."

"Then let her come back with me. I think I know of a place that would suit her. I've said nothing about the cost of this doll (though it is considerable), and I'm willing to overlook it at its full loss; but, only if you'll let me take along the child now."

Mrs. Tickle looked swiftly at the doll

Continued on page 47.


# PERCY'S PUZZLED! WANTS Your Help!!

## $510.00 in Cash Prizes to be Awarded

MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter, substituting what you consider the correct names and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

## $510.00 in Cash Prizes

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $150.00 in Cash | 14th Prize | $5.00 in Cash |
| 2nd Prize | 75.00 in Cash | 15th Prize | 5.00 in Cash |
| 3rd Prize | 50.00 in Cash | 16th Prize | 5.00 in Cash |
| 4th Prize | 35.00 in Cash | 17th Prize | 3.00 in Cash |
| 5th Prize | 25.00 in Cash | 18th Prize | 3.00 in Cash |
| 6th Prize | 20.00 in Cash | 19th Prize | 3.00 in Cash |
| 7th Prize | 15.00 in Cash | 20th Prize | 3.00 in Cash |
| 8th Prize | 10.00 in Cash | 21st Prize | 2.00 in Cash |
| 9th Prize | 10.00 in Cash | 22nd Prize | 2.00 in Cash |
| 10th Prize | 10.00 in Cash | 23rd Prize | 2.00 in Cash |
| 11th Prize | 5.00 in Cash | 24th Prize | 2.00 in Cash |
| 12th Prize | 5.00 in Cash | 25th Prize | 2.00 in Cash |
| 13th Prize | 5.00 in Cash | 26th Prize | 2.00 in Cash |

AND

## Fifty Cash Prizes of $1.00 each

**PERCY'S PLAN WILL HELP YOU**

THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his lists with Mary's and see how many names would fit the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl, for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, wrist watch, silk waist, manicure set, jewel case, kid gloves, lace handkerchiefs, napkin ring, earrings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, photo frame, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, flowers, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help you. Get a pencil and paper and try!

### How to Send Your Answers

USE one side of the paper only in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postscript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or typewritten answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle but only one set may win a prize and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

**MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER**

Dear Percy,

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the following:-

1. BALL RUME. 5 BELT CARE.
2. OH C ROB. 6. SCARE CAD.
3. DEVILS KOG 7. GRANSIRE.
4. SORE STUFF. 8. C CAN LEEK.
9. DO MI DARNING.
10. TRAINE MUSEC.

P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours Mary.

**$150 IS FIRST PRIZE**

### NO EXPENSE IS ATTACHED TO THIS GREAT CONTEST ANY ONE CAN WIN A FINE CASH PRIZE

THIS interesting contest is reproduced from this month's issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—Canada's Greatest Home Magazine. IT IS OPEN TO ALL. You may enter and win a big prize whether you are a reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine, spend a single penny, nor buy anything in order to compete. When your answers are received, the publishers of this great magazine will gladly send you FREE OF ALL COST a sample copy of the very latest issue in order that you and your friends may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine is published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You'll surely like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. THERE is nothing in Canada like it for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the-minute fashions, etc. It abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 130,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

FRANKLY this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada; so read carefully the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes we will ask you to write and tell us just what you think of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to just three or four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and through it an additional Cash Reward is guaranteed and will be paid to you at once.

### How the Prizes Will be Awarded

AS soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly, send you your free copy of the magazine and the big list of cash prizes and rewards that you can win, as well as names and addresses of hundreds of winners of big prizes from EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

THE judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm, whose names we will tell you in due course, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The awards will be given to the senders of the best opinions and sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers; (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered); and the merit of both the answers and your opinions will be coupled in making the decisions on the awards. All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the sender's solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at 5 P.M., August 28th, promptly after which judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes, an extra cash reward is guaranteed and may be secured at once by every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answer to:—

**The Contest Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD. 33½ Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.**

# Saves Eggs

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder makes it possible to produce appetizing and wholesome cakes, muffins, corn bread, etc., with fewer eggs than are usually required.

In many recipes the number of eggs may be reduced and excellent results obtained by using an additional quantity of Dr. Price's Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. The following tested recipe is a practical illustration:

**SPONGE CAKE**

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
3 eggs
2 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup cold water
1 teaspoon flavoring

DIRECTIONS: Boil sugar and water until syrup spins a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times, the flour, salt and baking powder; beat yolks of eggs until thick; add a little at a time flour mixture and egg yolks alternately to white of egg mixture, stirring after each addition. Add ⅓ cup cold water and flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in moderate oven one hour.

**The old method called for six eggs and no baking powder**

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free. Address 8St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal.

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**

**Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.**

**Made in Canada — No Alum — No Bitter Taste**

**Gold Standard ASSAM & CEYLON TEAS**

REGISTERED ETHREXFD RETLDSRIATEF MBF 1794 TRADE MARK

**"Guaranteed the Best"**


## Fashions and Patterns

A Smart, One-Piece Model.—2098—This style is lovely for the new linens, for shantung, foulard, taffeta, gingham and other wash fabrics. It is made in "over dress style, with a guimpe that may be of contrasting material. The sleeve in wrist length has a new shaping. In elbow length, the finish is a neat cuff. The skirt measures about 3⅝ yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards for the guimpe and 5⅝ yards for the dress, of 36-inch material, for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Play Dress—2073—Child's Rompers with sleeve in either of two lengths—Seersucker, gingham, chambray, linen, drill and percale, also seersucker and chambray are good materials for this style. The fronts are finished so that the closing may be reversed from right to left, or left to right, as in coat style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl—2086—This design is simple and charming. The waist is in Empire fashion and finished with tab extensions which may serve to hold a smart sash or girdle. The round neck edge is outlined by trimming bands. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Chal-

serge, flannel and flannelette are good for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular, Comfortable and Practical Style—2082—One-piece dress for misses and small women. There is hardly any style so well adapted to slender figures as this one. It is easy to develop and good for any of the materials now in vogue. Broad panels, with plaits at the seams, are joined to the side fronts. A smart collar frims the "V" neck edge. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5¾ yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 2⅞ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Popular Model—2070—Ladies' house dress with reversible closing and sleeve in either of two lengths—Percale, linen, linene, drill, gingham, lie, lawn, organdie, gingham, voile, repp or silk may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Catalogue Notice—Send 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date Spring and Summer 1917 Catalogue, containing 550 designs of ladies', misses' and children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking; also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

A Good School Dress for Mother's Girl—2084—You might try this in white linen with pipings of some color, or in checked gingham with collar, cuffs and belt finished in white. In a nice figured percale, with Hamburg edging of feather-stitched braid, it will also be attractive. The right front crosses the left in a diagonal closing. The sleeve, in wrist or elbow length, is finished with a smart cuff. These one-piece dresses

are easy to make, easy to launder and so comfortable and practical. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 3¼ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular "Twenty Minute" Apron—1629—Just the thing to make "in a hurry" and to find convenient and comfortable ever after. This style is nice for ginghams, seersucker, alpaca, sateen, lawn, linen, drill and percale. The body portion has ample fulness, and the strap extensions secure the back over the fronts. In warm weather, this style will be much appreciated, for it does away with any superfluity of material, and at the same time secures ample protection for the dress beneath, and is comfortable. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Boudoir Sack—2068—Lawn, silk, crepe, satin, linen, batiste, challie, albatross, flannel and flannelette are nice for this style. The pattern has no seams, being held in place under the arms, with tacking, or if preferred, with ribbon. A ribbon bow holds the fronts. Lace, embroidered banding, feather stitching or piping will be suitable for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small for 32 and 34 inches bust measure; medium for 36 and 38 inches bust measure; large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure; and extra large for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The small size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style Good for Many Occasions—2093—Figured foulard was used for this model with Georgette crepe for trimming. One could make this model up in printed voile, challie, embroidered batiste, shantung, linen or tub silk. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5⅛ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Seasonable Model—2092—This style is ideal for sports materials. It will make a fine outing or beach suit, in Jersey cloth, gabardine, serge, wash satin, taffeta, linen, drill, voile, gingham and chambrey. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 4 yards for the coat and 3 yards for the skirt, of 36-inch material, for a 16-year size. The skirt measures about 2⅜ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Dress for Mother's Girl—2072—Gingham, percale, lawn, dimity, chambray, linen, gabardine, serge, repp and poplin are nice for this style. The back and fronts form panels which extend over the sides and form belt sections to hold the dress fulness. The sleeve, in wrist length, has a smart pointed cuff. In short length, the finish may be as desired. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal Play Suit and Comfortable School Dress—2069—In cool lawn or dimity, serviceable gingham or seersucker, this model will be very desirable. It is also nice for pique, linen, drill, corduroy, repp and poplin; likewise good for serge, voile and gabardine. It may have a collar or be finished with cool, square neck outline, have wrist-length sleeves with a band cuff or short sleeves. The bloomers are cut with comfortable fulness and will take the place of underskirts. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards for the dress and 1⅝ yards for the bloomers, of 44-nch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

D & A

GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

Wear a D & A Good Shape Brassiere and see what a difference it makes in your appearance, your comfort and health. It is absolutely necessary for the present modes and it gives more symmetrical lines to figure.

*Ask to see D & A Good Shape Brassieres*

Illustrated catalogue and corset style book sent free on request—address our nearest office.

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

*Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets.*

THE HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE

A Cheery, Healthful, Homelike Atmosphere

is helped by the happy home folk, the familiar surroundings—and moist, pure air. You cannot easily have the first two without the last. The air in every room should have the snap and vim of outdoor air. It must be supplied by a furnace with a capacity for heating the air instantly as it passes. Know these "HECLA" points.

THE STEEL RIBBED FIRE POTS with a heating surface capacity three times greater than that of any other furnace

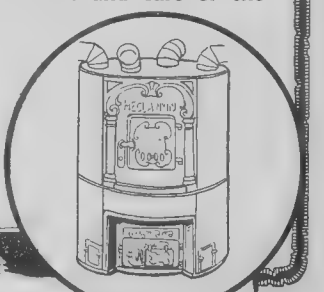
THE INDEPENDENT GRATE BARS let you touch up the fire just where it needs it—an economical point

THE CAST-IRON COMBUSTION CHAMBER—designed to do its work thoroughly—saving coal and making heat. It cannot burn out, as steel chambers do

These are only some of the ways in which a "HECLA" cuts down the coal bills. A big point is the ease of operation and care of the "HECLA"—a few minutes, morning and night, and you're through.

Prove these things by a visit to the house of a "HECLA" owner. He'll tell you.

Investigate our guaranteed plan for Heating Homes. You should have our book "Comfort and Health" in any case



Clare Bros. Western, Limited

Dept. H WINNIPEG

Clare Bros. Western Limited, Dept. "H." Winnipeg, Man.
Please send me copy of "Comfort and Health."

Name .....

Address .....

An Easy to Make and Practical Model—2074—Ladies' "Coverall" Apron—Striped seersucker was used in this instance; checked gingham, drill, percale, linen or alpaca are equally attractive. The belt may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small for 32 and 34 inches bust measure; medium for 36 and 38 inches bust measure; large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure; and extra large for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Boys' Rompers with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—2077—This makes an ideal play or beach suit for warm weather. It may be finished with a collar, or with neck in square outline. The model is good for serge, flannel, gingham, chambrey, seersucker, percale, galatea or linen. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. It requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

# Woman and the Home

## What She Learned

Do you ever visit your children's school? No? Well, I didn't either, once upon a time. But when I saw that the children would do things for their teachers that they wouldn't for me, I began getting jealous, and determined to see how they did it! From that first visit I carried home three ideas: That my discipline was too lax, that there was a great fascination about complete rows of gilt stars after one's name—an idea that had seemed to me especially foolish,—and a remark of the principal's to one of his pupils, "Always do the hardest thing first!"

Well, I went to work on those three ideas. All of our children seemed inclined to shirk responsibility. I didn't like this as a principle, neither did I enjoy doing their neglected work day after day. So I laid a plan.

From heavy cream paper I made little books containing twelve pages. Each page had four rows of little squares, seven squares in each row. For these books I made lovely pink covers, because I suddenly remembered that all children love pink. At a kindergarten supply store I purchased a quantity of gilt star plasters.

One evening I had a little talk with the children. I said: "Now we all have some duties to perform. And there is one in particular that we dread doing more than anything else. I wish you would all tell me what yours happens to be."

They told me, eagerly.

"Here is a new rule," I continued, "that I learned at your chool; Always do the hardest thing first. Then, instead of having to dread it for hours, it is done and we may enjoy ourselves. Now I am going to give each of you a little book and every day that you do the hardest thing just as soon as you can, we will put a star in that space. At the end of every week we will show the books to father."

"Why!" cried the children, "do you have a book too, Mother?"

"Those dreadful dinner dishes that come just as the mail does!" I answered, laughing.

The children hugged me in glee to think I too was in the game.

On Saturday night we took our books to their father for inspection.

"Why," said he, "there hasn't been a miss this week! And you find it works pretty well?"

We all expressed our satisfaction. Even I could not bear to leave a vacancy in my rows of stars! And I found that it really did pay, too, to do the unpleasant task just as soon as it could be done.

At the end of every month my husband gave all the faithful ones—and the exception occurred but once—some treat. When the books were filled the children had learned a habit of promptness to duty, that not all the talking in the world could have produced. And they had also learned one of the first principles of success.

Since then I have visited the schools regularly.

There are, of course, good teachers, and poor ones; but many times they have an insight into childish interests and methods that never occur to busy mothers. It pays in a great many ways to get acquainted with your children's schools and their teachers.

## The Boy Problem

The problem of the boy is the problem of the state. It is a many-sided problem, capable of as many modes of treatment. It is treated here from the standpoint of the mother.

For a boy there are three worlds: the world of home, the world of school and the world at large. Every boy, as he attains manhood, must take his place and act his part in the great seething sea of human affairs. Whether this part be prominent or obscure depends chiefly upon the individual; but the nature of such prominence or obscurity is largely decided by his early training. This training begins at home. In the solving of the problem it is, therefore, with the factor of home life that we have first to deal. Of what sort shall that life be, and how long shall it continue in its integrity? In other words, how should boys be treated at home, and at what age should they be sent to school?

Here, at the outset, I would lay down my first principle. To be a success, a boy's pre-scholastic career must be influenced and guided throughout by one consistent will—and only one.

Father and mother must reach their decisions by means of earnest, unselfish consultation, and, once reached, they must enact those decisions as with one heart and one soul. Or, the mother alone must think out her plan of procedure carefully and largely, and then it is necessary for her to cling to consistency as the chief jewel in her crown.

The mission of this parental will is not to dwarf and thwart the child's will, but to direct and encourage it. Will power is a man's spiritual muscle. If it is ever to amount to anything it must be allowed free exercise within reasonable limits, and those limits must be constantly extended to suit the developing power. Judgment is the collective reactionary force of experience. Every child has a right to his own experience as fast and far as he is prepared to meet and profit by it. The difference between a child who is properly cared for and one who is not is that the first meets his experiences intelligently, bears them philosophically and profits by them invariably, while the second bumps against them in the dark and wonders what it was that hit him, and why. It takes several bumps to knock in from the outside what might have been met half-way by wise and loving preparation.

Children of normal parents are born neither selfish or unselfish. The ability for good or evil lies latent at first, but develops and extends, like blood-circulation, wherever channels are provided. With the first hour of motherhood begins a mother's responsibility. She has not to gain her influence: it is hers as soon as the child is hers. But she has to maintain, deserve and constantly increase it by making her own life, in every important particular, the model of what she would have his life to be. Love compels love; truth compels truth; nobility compels nobility. Love your children and they will love you in spite of all

Penmans

Hosiery

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Mothers who have almost despaired of finding "childproof" hosiery will be more than pleased with the excellent service given by Penmans—built to resist wear and tear.

Penmans, Limited
Paris

*Also makers of Sweater Coats and Underwear*

136

your shortcomings; keep faith with them and they will keep faith with you; treat them courteously and they will be courteous; maintain high ideals and they will follow them; make them the centre of your life and they will make you the centre of their lives. This is not easy. If there be a vocation which makes greater demands upon heart, soul, intellect and physique than this common vocation of motherhood I do not know what it is. Earth's greatest rulers, legislators, and philanthropists have been they who have reared her generations from the cradle to maturity, and then sat back among the fireside shadows with folded hands while their children praised them in the gates. It is certainly a grand calling. There is none other like it. But as the reward is great, so, also, is the danger great.

The mother who knows her child's constitution—mental, moral and physical—through and through, as she alone can know it, holds his future in her hands. That should be reward enough for renouncing her own present, as the world counts renunciation. In this, as in all other things, there can be no serving two masters. From the foundling of nations to the foundling of Christianity no great object has ever been attained without a life laid down. But the mother's life is like her Master's in that she lays it down that she may take it again.

It is fair to conclude that since every child, in the beginning, has two parents the intention is that both shall be concerned in his rearing. There need be no hindrance in this, but rather a greater gain. Two heads are certainly better than one, provided they can think toward one end. Let that end be the absolute best good of their child and there will be neither jealously nor conflict. Where it is otherwise, where father and mother represent two factions, the boy suffers unavoidably. Unless both recognize their mutual responsibility it is more than usual for each to lay it upon the other; the one in helplessness, the other in reproach.

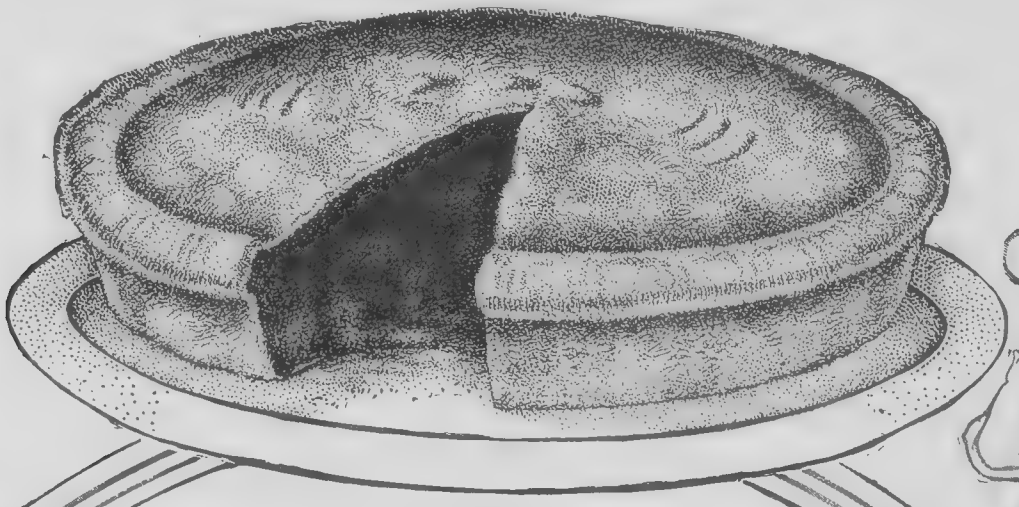
"The boy is beyond me; he needs a man to control him."

"His mother has spoiled him; she never had any sort of government."

It is between these two rickety stools that the boy is sure to fall.

Again, a statement is frequently made, and advanced as an argument, which is both fallacious and pernicious.

Men say: "The boy must encounter all sorts of evil and hardship in the world; he may as well get used to it." So they pitch him into school and college as they would pitch him into the sea to swim; only, in the one case, they stay by to prevent his drowning, and in the other they leave him to struggle for his life as best as he can. It would be quite as reasonable to present a month-old baby with a pork chop, on the ground that "he will have to eat meat all his life; let him begin young." Yet even a man can understand that meat is for those who have cut their teeth, and that teething is often a precarious process. The fact is there is no such thing in Nature as "all at once." The most startling and apparently sudden manifestations are prepared for by slow and sure degrees. Follow Nature's methods and the suggestions afforded by your boy's developing life and character. Follow—do not lead. Attempts to dictate forestall Nature, giving the child something for which he is not ready, and invariably resulting in general discouragement and dismay.

Digests
*Unconsciously*

**Rich with your favorite filling, good pie crowns the meal it graces. Housewives who excel in pastry will tell you that pie is at its very best only when wrapped in a FIVE ROSES crust. So hard will the children find it to catch up with their appetites, that never again will you be satisfied with a lesser flour than**

# Five Roses★
## FLOUR *for Breads-Cakes Puddings-Pastries*

**Why Does Puff Paste Puff ?**

*Every time you fold and butter a pastry dough every time you roll it, you add an extra flake. When the heat expands the cold air between the buttered flakes, each layer puffs and springs happily in the oven. The colder the dough, the more it puffs. Because FIVE ROSES has elasticity to spare, you can fold and roll your pastry much thinner without snapping. Because FIVE ROSES resists fat absorption, your pastry is seldom soggy; nor do the layers stick together—the shortening acts as an impenetrable coating between the flakes. Because FIVE ROSES is ground to uniform fineness, your pastry puffs evenly in the oven, and you get that even flakiness of texture so much desired—thin as silken paper. Insist on FIVE ROSES*

**Over 27 years' experience attests its value in Pie Crust, Puff Paste, and so-called *difficult* things.**

**To the well-raised crust it gives a clear, dainty appearance, a golden creamy bloom.**

**Its presence is readily perceived in the lively, close-grained flakiness that melts away on the tongue tip. And the witching flavor lingering on the soft palate is Nature's toothsome contribution to this pastry treat.**

**You who have so successfully used FIVE ROSES in other foods, try it now in pies and pastry.**

**Let your folks enjoy the flower of the pie family, a truly succulent, tasty article that retains till eaten its crisp freshness.**

**FIVE ROSES brings more, it brings flour *economy*. With the same amount of shortening and water, simply because of uncommon strength, you use at least *one-fifth less flour*.**

**Packed in bags or barrels of popular sizes, your dealer will gladly supply you.**

**Do YOU Want This Book ?**

*Indispensable to the housewife eager to excel—*
*The famous FIVE ROSES COOK BOOK strips Pastry Baking of its mystery.*
*It is the beginner's insurance against disappointment.*
*Gives complete, understandable information on pastry, tarts, puffs, patties, pages of pie recipes, etc. Brings you the FIVE ROSES experience of over a quarter century, plus the best selected recipes of thousands of successful FIVE ROSES users. Full of notes, pointers, useful wrinkles. So essential to good housekeeping that already over 200,000 women have written for this 144 page manual. Sent for 10-2c. stamps Address Dept. P.*

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED,
WINNIPEG.

★Guaranteed
NOT BLEACHED—NOT BLENDED.

WHEN YOU THINK OF PASTRY—THINK OF FIVE ROSES.

Operating Centralizing Buttermaking Plants at

**WINNIPEG BRANDON YORKTON KILLARNEY CARMAN**

Write to the Company at the point to which you wish to ship and they will give you any and all information asked for.

**∴ ∵ Knives ∵ ∴ Forks and Spoons**

are necessities, not luxuries. So are Watches Clocks, Fountain Pens, etc. These, and a great many other useful and pretty articles, are illustrated in our handsome Catalogue. You will find the illustrations exceptionally clear and exact, and that the prices will compare favorably with any Eastern house.

Our policy is a money-back guarantee on any article we sell, if not entirely satisfactory.

**SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO-DAY**

**D. E. Black & Co. Ltd.**
JEWELLERS
**Herald Bldg. Calgary, Alta.**

**Combings!**

LADIES—We make your combings into switches, any quantity, for.... **$3.00**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

**New Hair added to Combings if desired**

We carry a full line of **TOILET GOODS**
10c. postage for mailing.

**Elite Hairdressing Parlors**
**207 Enderton Bldg. WINNIPEG**

**HILL'S WONDER RING FREE**
Will never tarnish—made of Persian Ivory. Will last a life time. To make new friends I will send this Ring for 12c to help pay adv. Order today—now.
R. C. Hill, Dept. 19 Battle Creek, Mich.


# The Home Doctor

### For the Hair

To one gallon of rain water—never hard water—add a pound of common salt. Let it stand over night. In the morning boil for ten minutes. When cold, strain through a flannel cloth. Twenty-four hours later boil again, strain when cold and bottle. For the hair a little violet perfume is agreeable. Use twice a week, rubbing in with the fingers and a brush. If the hair is falling out apply once a day until the trouble is arrested. It will keep the scalp free from dandruff and oil, and will prevent the hair from falling out, and unless the roots are dead cause it to grow luxuriantly. It also helps to keep the hair in curl. The simplicity of this preparation will commend itself to all who have used expensive and poisonous washes for the scalp.—H. R., Pennsylvania.

Hair to shine well must be dried in the sun. It must have a good, free play of air through its strands, and it must be treated while it is being dried. Otherwise it will be dull and lustreless. It takes some one who knows how to dry hair. But if well dried it will shine and repay the worker.

If your hair is of the lifeless sort, don't give up, but go to work at it. Have it well washed in plain soap jelly. This is always good for the hair, and then dry it well. Dry it until it is bone dry, and to do this you need the sunshine and a swift fan. Otherwise the moisture will not disappear entirely.

The way to tell whether hair is dry is to squeeze it in the hand. It should seem light, not heavy, and it should fly when released. It should not mat and cling to the hand, but on the contrary, it should fly freely on being released.

Don't curl the hair the day it is dried or you take all the life out of it and all the gloss. Get along the best you can with it until next day.

### Little Home Cures

A severe spasm of coughing may be greatly relieved by drinking a teaspoonful of glycerine in a wineglassful of hot milk.

If a speck or splinter gets into the eye, simply lift the eyelid and blow your nose, which will force the particle out.

Vaseline is one of the best applications for the nails, and also for the hands when they become chapped, as it is extremely penetrating and healing.

To prevent the hands from being caloused while doing housework, wrap soft cloths around the handles of the broom, mop, carpet sweeper and iron handles.

An aching head may be greatly relieved by bathing it with hot water and rubbing afterward with lemon juice until it smarts. Rest for a short time and the headache will gradually disappear.

If you are troubled with cold feet, which is another evidence of poor circulation, raise yourself on your toes slowly, taking deep breaths as you do so, about twenty times. Do this three or four times a day until your circulation is better.

### Fun at the Table

It is astonishing to one who has not studied the subject thoughtfully to learn how completely under the control of the nervous system, or rather of the emotions, the entire digestive apparatus is.

It is a matter of every-day experience that the appetite is under the subjection of the feelings, although not of the will. The impulse to "celebrate" any good news by a dinner is founded upon the fact that when one is pleased and elated, hunger is excited. In early times this hunger was gratified on the moment—just as the accompanying thirst too often is now; but the modern man usually defers his eating to a suitable occasion.

The loss of appetite caused by bad news or misfortune of any kind is too well known to need more than mention. Worry or physical fatigue will often act in the same way. The same causes that destroy the appetite will arrest or greatly retard the process of digestion. It is a matter of common experience that any disagreeable occurrence during or just after a meal will stop digestion ,and may bring on a bilious attack with headache, nausea, and a coated tongue. Concentration of the mind or anxiety will act in the same way.

On the other hand, as the appetite is stimulated by good news and mental elation, so digestion is favored by whatever promotes gaiety and high spirits.

"Laugh and grow fat," like so many popular sayings, is an expression which contains much truth. Dyspepsia is a malady that will seldom be found in the family where the dinner gives occasion for cheerful talk and mirth, and where all worry and "disgruntlement," and especially quarreling, are under a ban.

Every member of the family should make it an absolute rule to put worry and all thoughts of business or study aside for the moment, and to come to the table prepared to be light-hearted and gay. This is not only as a moral duty, but rests upon the very physical reason that his appetite will be better, and his food will taste better and will be better digested.

In this connection it goes without saying that bills and disagreeable letters should never be the accompaniment of the morning meal, because a day started with chagrin is a very hard day to straighten out.

### The Mouth In Ill Health

One of the first things a doctor does when he is called to a patient is to look into his mouth. That is because it is the quickest and easiest way to examine an internal cavity of the body and observe the signs of health or disease there displayed. The mouth is lined with mucous membrane, which is quickly affected by many disorders; and the tongue, which is simply a mass of muscle wrapped up in mucous membrane, is a veritable horizontal guide post.

Since it is a muscle, its general size and shape and its susceptibility to proper control, inform the physician of the muscular condition of the patient; and the state of the mucous membrane that covers it indicates the general systemic condition. A person who suffers from fever of any degree will generally show a "furred" tongue. The word graphically describes the condition, and it is not necessary to be a physician in order to recognize it.

In a long-continued fever like typhoid, the fur accumulates until the tongue is covered with a thick, brown mass that shades off to a lighter tint at the edges. In scarlet fever the tongue is often covered with a white fur dotted with little red points. That is called the "strawberry" tongue. When the stomach is badly out of condition, the tongue shows a thick white or brown fur; and those who are suffering from tonsilitis, or from any other inflammation of the throat, may show a layer of thick creamy-white fur all over the tongue. Sometimes, when the patient is much exhausted, the tongue will not be furred, but dry, red and raw.

"Thrush" consists of small white patches raised above the surface, and, although not serious in itself, generally shows that the constitution is weak.

One strange thing about the tongue is that, although it so often betrays the state of the stomach to the physician, yet in two of the most serious stomach troubles—cancer and gastric ulcer—the tongue is generally very clean.

The tongue in health is always under the muscular control of its owner, and should be perfectly steady when it is put out. A tremulous tongue denotes weakness, and the tongue that is coated and tremulous in the morning, but that grows steadier through the day, is generally the result of too much alcohol.

### Since

And even yet we start up in the night,
Thinking he begged us turn his pillow, so
The coolness of the fresher linen might
Make less his baby cheek's unwonted glow.
At each such memory our hurt hearts wince;
Thoughts are grown sacred past all thinking—since.


**COULD NOT SWEEP BACK WAS SO SORE.**

Women are coming to understand that weak, lame and aching backs from which they suffer so much excruciating pain and agony are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

On the first sign of any weakness in the back Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken.

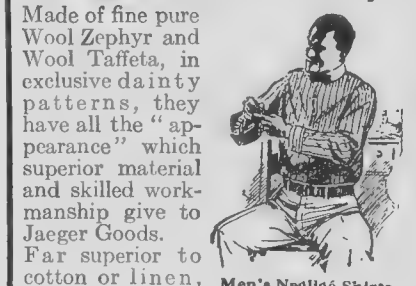
Mrs. L. Gonshaw, 683 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in writing you, stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About three years ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not even sweep the floor. I was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills, and before I had used one box there was a great improvement, and my back was completely cured. I highly recommend 'Doan's' for lame back."

Doan's Kidney Pills are put up in an oblong grey box, the trade-mark is a Maple Leaf, so accept no other.

Price 50c. per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering, direct specify "Doan's."

**JAEGER**
**Negligee Shirts Have a Distinctive Style**


Men's Negligé Shirts

Made of fine pure Wool Zephyr and Wool Taffeta, in exclusive dainty patterns, they have all the "appearance" which superior material and skilled workmanship give to Jaeger Goods. Far superior to cotton or linen, not only for exercise and outdoor sports, but also for year-round wear in office, or when travelling.

Made in all sizes, with single or double cuffs, shirt or coat style.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
*British "founded 1883".*

**CATALOGUE NOTICE**

Send 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date Spring and Summer 1917 Catalogue, containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a **Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some Points for the Needle** (illustrating 31 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

**The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg**

**J. H. M. CARSON**
**Manufacturer of ARTIFICIAL LIMBS**
**338 Colony St., Winnipeg**
Established 1900
**The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

# Correspondence

### Should Farm Boys Enlist?

Napinka, Man., April 14th, 1917.

Dear Editor:—Well here I am again writing to the Correspondence Column. I was glad to see my former letter in print. I see by the April number, that "Pocohontas" is a splendid example of the class of girls which I referred to. I did not expect one of them to answer it, but I guess the cap fitted too well, so "Pocahontas" grasped it, and apparently is wearing it, even though it is a little tight.

She says in her letter that she presumes that I haven't any brother at the front and no loved ones. Well, I beg to inform her that I have a soldier brother, and have only one other brother, who is not old enough to go. I also have five cousins there, besides one who has already paid the supreme price.

As for the young boys going, they are more expense to the government than they are good, for they cannot stand the strain on their nerves. But were they here working on the farm until they were older, they would be doing their bit much better. Of course some are more physically fit at eighteen or nineteen than others are, but the average boy at that age is not fit to go. I am proud of my brother too, just as proud as any girl is of hers, but just because he is there, I do not think every boy ought to go, as does "Pocahontas." She thinks every boy ought to go, even though they are young farm boys. I would like to ask her to read the papers and then express her opinion on the subject. I am convinced it would be of a very different nature.

She says the business men need their boys, just as much as the farmers need theirs, because their business is their living and as important as farming. Where are "Pocahontas'" brains (if she has any) to express such an opinion. Where would Canada be to-day if all the business men were here and all the farmers at the front? Do the business men feed the Allies or do the farmers? As for the farmers who are farming merely for the "Almighty dollar" what does it matter whether they are or not, so long as they raise the grain to feed the Allies? Besides these farmers referred to are very scarce at this critical time. Self may be a great portion of the reason they farm, though not wholly so by any means. Many of the business men's boys previous to enlisting were not in their father's business but going to college or something similar. Of course, there are shirkers, but as I said before, there is a decided difference between these and the farm boys who are doing their bit on the farm.

There are just as many girl shirkers as there are boy shirkers. Some girls think their duty is to go around and tell men and boys to enlist no matter what they are doing. If their time was spent in the Red Cross rooms instead, or at home either writing to the boys at the front or cooking dainties to send them, it would be more to the point. Some of these girls are not even Red Cross members.

I too would be glad to have conscription, as I think it would settle things up more squarely. However the government knows more of such things than I, and I am willing to leave it to them. Our government doesn't need continual criticism, but sympathy. It is absurd to say that we know who are able to go and who are not. In many cases we only think we know. "Pocahontas" says every boy is a hero in her sight who is wearing khaki, also that she would not be seen with a civilian unless wearing the rejection button or with a reasonable excuse. Although I greatly admire the boys in khaki, still I think there are many civilians who are heroes and who do not wear their "reasonable excuses" on their breast. I don't know of any girls who will feel the difference in giving their brothers to their country as much as the farm girls will. They will not only miss them, but will have to take their place on the farm. 'Tis easy for the town girl to say the girls will take the farm boys' place, but let the town girl come to the farm and another story will be told.

Certainly, "High School Kid," you have a right to your own opinion, everyone has, no matter how young. Of course, I do not say I am right, but that is the way it looks to me, so I wrote it so.

Well I must close now if I expect to see my letters in print, so wishing The Western Home Monthly the season's best wishes, I will sign myself as before.

"Spitfire."

There is no more effective vermifuge on the market than Miller's Worm Powders. They will not only clear the stomach and bowels of worms, but will prove a very serviceable medicine for children in regulating the infantile system and maintaining it in a healthy condition. There is nothing in their composition that will injure the most delicate stomach when directions are followed, and they can be given to children in the full assurance that they will utterly destroy all worms.

### Scarcely Time for Writing

Alberta, April 9th, 1917.

Dear Editor—I was very pleased indeed, that my last letter missed the W. P. B. and was printed. It is 12 months since I wrote last, and seeing a lack of Alberta correspondents, I thought it must be my turn to represent that Province again. I have not seen a letter from Criss Cross, appear in the paper for a long time and many others who used to write from Alta.

I have been very busy with all of my work this past year, both inside and out, I have not had much time for writing, hardly to answer the one very nice correspondent who wrote to me, after seeing my last letter in this paper. She seems to be pretty good natured if I do not answer promptly. Of course when not so busy in the winter, a person has more time to write.

I have been very much interested in most of the letters, which have appeared from time to time during the last year. I must say the good work is progressing. Our united farmers of Alberta, are doing their share in aiding the Red Cross and other relief organizations. We had a box social and dance a couple of weeks ago and the proceeds amounted to over a hundred dollars. That was pretty good for a school house party.

So long as we can have good crops, and the price of wheat stays up, we can make things go, so I am hoping for another good crop this year.

I quite agree with "Starlight" in regards to the slurs, which are thrown in some of our boys' faces for not enlisting. The boys cannot all go, as there are not enough men left in the country to take their places, and every man in this district is working all the land he possibly can handle, in order to let most of the young men away.

Now I think I have got to the end of my say. My address is with the Editor.

"Progressive."

### Busy Seeding

Dear Editor—May I enter the circle? It is my first letter to your correspondence page. I have read The Western Home Monthly for a year and I like it very much.

I am working on a farm and we are very busy now. We have 240 acres to seed this spring.

My father enlisted last fall and goes to France soon, also two of my uncles have been fighting in France for two years and a half. I have five sisters and a brother.

I would like to correspond with "Blue Eyes," if she will write me first. I will answer all letters promptly. My address is with the Editor.

"A Farm Boy."

### Worth Being Called a Slacker

Dear Editor—I have just read the correspondence in The Western Home Monthly for April; and the letter by "Pocahontas" has got "me going." I do not think that she knows about farming, or she wouldn't say that any other business is just as important in this stage of the world's history. Barring munitions, farming is the one thing that is winning this war today, and a boy is more good on the farm that he would be in the trenches (by boys I mean ones under


# Best Nerve Specialist in England Was Consulted

## But Nervous System Failed to Respond to Treatment Prescribed

Nervous disorders frequently result from injury to the nerves in accidents or because of the shock to the system.

The writer of this letter was injured in a mix-up with some colts, remained unconscious for three weeks, and in spite of continued treatment in hospital could not obtain restoration of the internal nerves which control the action of the digestive and other vital organs. He travelled to Europe and consulted England's greatest nerve specialist. Relief was only temporary, in spite of many treatments used.

His letter gives the facts briefly, and tells how he was finally cured by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Can you imagine any more severe test of this great nerve restorative?

Mr. Henry F. Venn, Cefu Ranch, Malakwa, B.C., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has restored my nervous system and given me new health. Having met with a severe accident seven years ago, from which I was unconscious, and which left my nerves in a very sore plight, I was treated by doctors galore and consulted one of the greatest nerve specialists in England, but nothing seemed to do me much good. Hypophosphites and, in fact, all and every kind of nerve mixture in almost every form was used, but never with more than temporary benefit.

"But Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has acted very differently, for it has built up my nervous system until I feel like my old self again. If this medicine will do for others what it has done for me, I shall not regret having written this letter. I have recommended the Nerve Food personally to many, and shall always esteem its great restorative value."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

A LUCKY CHANCE enabled us to pick up a hundred or so of these magnificent Parlor Lamps at a mere fraction of their real value. We now offer them to our subscribers on very exceptional terms—so exceptional in fact that if you want to become the proud possessor of one, you had better write us at once, so that we can put one aside for you. These lamps stand **TWO FEET** high, and above illustration was taken from an actual photograph.

**OUR OFFER**

**We will send you one of these Parlor Lamps—exactly as illustrated above—for only five new subscriptions to "The Western Home Monthly" at $1.00 a year. Remember, we only have a limited number, so**

**FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED**

**For any further particulars write**

**THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg**

# CONSTIPATION

## THE COMMONEST ILL.

Constipation is one of the commonest ills of mankind and one too often allowed to go unlooked after until some serious complication sets in.

If the bowels are properly looked after there will be no constipation, jaundice, sick or bilious headaches, heartburn, coated tongue, sour stomach, floating specks before the eyes, etc.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will keep the bowels regular and cure all liver ills.

Mr. Philip McLeod, Tarbot, N.S., writes: "I suffered from constipation ever since I can remember, and for years had pains in the left side of the back. If I walked across the kitchen floor I would have to sit down and rest. That I think was terrible for a man of 20 years of age. The condition of my system was shown by pimples breaking out on my face. I suffered so much pain and stiffness in my back I am sure my system was full of poison. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have entirely cured me.

I thoroughly recommend them to everybody."

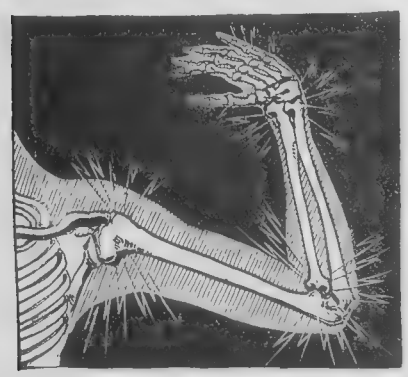
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial, 5 vials $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

# Rheumatism

**Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.**

**Send No Money—Just Your Address.**

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



**"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."**

"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

"I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 803C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y."

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

The Secret Of A **PERFECT BUST** And Form Sent Free

Madame Thora's French Corsine System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

**Madame Thora Toilet Co., Dept. M, Toronto, Ont.**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly


eighteen years of age). What is it we see in nearly all the newspapers and magazines in Canada just now? Are they urging the farmer to leave the farms and go to the front? No! they are telling them to remain where they are. And besides that they are forming plans to get labor for the seeding.

As for women helping with the farm work, there are very few women on the farms who do not have their full share of the work as it is.

With regard to "Spitfire's" letter. I do not altogether agree with her, but she made some pretty truthful statements.

I do not have any brothers at the front, but I have uncles and cousins. I will not hide behind their loyalty however. I am seventeen years of age, and my brother and I have all the work on the farm to do ourselves. My father is unable for heavy work at any time, but since an operation a short time ago he is not able to work at all. I got through with the work at 9 o'clock tonight. I do not know what time it will be when we start to work in earnest.

I would like to see another letter from "Pocahontas," to see what she will say. She is likely to call me a slacker or something of that kind, but it's worth it.

"A Mere Boy."

### Thought It His Duty

England, April 1st, 1917

Dear Editor and Readers—As I have had the pleasure of seeing my other letters in print, also the pleasure of corresponding with many readers of The Western Home Monthly, I will now with the Editor's permission let my friends know where I am. Well I am now in England. I enlisted last January and after spending about six weeks in the East, I came across and expect to go to France any day now. I may say I figured the matter of enlisting over and came to the conclusion that it was my duty to go and try to do my bit with the boys for what I think is a worthy cause and I am glad I got the chance of doing so. I have now been here in England for two weeks and I like it fine. It is a fine country and I don't blame even the Germans for wanting to get hold of it, which I hope they don't. I was granted leave to go down to London and I was greatly impressed with the place. There are many wonderful and historic places there and amongst them I can mention the Towers. I had the pleasure of going all through it and I think it is well worth seeing for anybody who goes to London. I could mention a lot of other places, but I don't want to take up too much space. Briefly I would say that I would be very glad to hear from any of the readers of The Western Home Monthly, as I can assure you one and all that your letters will be appreciated. I will try as far as time and circumstances permit to answer all letters. Before long I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you folks back there in Canada. My address is with the Editor. So with the best of wishes to The Western Home Monthly and its readers, I am

Yours sincerely,
"Restless."

### A Word From Australia

Australia, '17, 3, '17.

To the Editor, Dear Sir—I have just received a copy of The Western Home Monthly from a Canadian friend, so I thought I would write and tell you that my friends and myself think it a dandy little Journal, so clean and interesting and free from slang. My friend has promised to send it regularly and indeed I am very grateful to her. I am a young married woman, without children, and living a very lonely life as my husband is away as wireless operator with the Royal Flying Corps (the Australian squadron), I would be so glad to correspond with any girl or woman that would like to write me, especially with people living in the far north of Canada and in lonely and outback places. Will you kindly give my address to anyone needing it. Best wishes.

"Isabel."

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

### Would Like to Come to Canada

Scotland, March 24th, 1917.

Dear Editor—I often wished to tell you how much we enjoy reading The Western Home Monthly. We get it from a friend in Canada and I feel sure he could not send us a more interesting paper. I like to read the correspondence page, and I think the letters interesting in fact I read the book from end to end. I get a lot of new ideas through reading it. I have two brothers in the army, one in France, the other is not yet 19. I send them The Western Home Monthly. They used to read it while at home and still they want it. I often wished to go to Canada—perhaps I will some day. I would like to correspond with some one about my own age (20). Hoping to see this in print. Will sign it myself.

"Scotch Lassie."

### Wants Conscription

Mezieres, April 13th 1917.

Dear Editor—"Pocahontas" has just said in her last letter what I was going to write in answer to "Spitfire." No one could have done better, and if "Spitfire" has written what "High School Kid" thought, "Pocahontas" has just done the same for me. Her letter contains all my thoughts.

Did the readers understand her letter? Some who have a member of their family in khaki did, but there are some like "Spitfire" who didn't for they don't want to.

It does not seem to me that "Spitfire" sees the thing as it really is. I'll never agree, with her, about this. She does not seem to love a soldier, which I think everybody should, whoever it may be. A soldier is doing his bit, he is fighting for us, and without the soldiers we would not be living here in Canada as peaceful as we are.

If "Spitfire" would only for a moment take my place, she would soon understand and help any one to enlist.

I have all my relations in the invaded country ever since the war broke out. I have never heard anything about them since. Will I ever hear or see any of them again? My father joined a French-Canadian battalion last fall and has just landed a few days ago, some place in England.

He has gone to fight for all those who can't go—gone to do his bit. I would have the uniform on myself, but circumstances make it impossible at the present time. Being the oldest boy of seven children. I have to stay home to farm, and support the family.

Yes, I wish we had conscription. It would help. Having more men, the war would be over sooner. We would sooner hear something about our relations, our friends still in the firing zone. We would sooner see all our "khaki" boys back home whom every one of us should love, for every one is a hero.

Thanking the Editor for this space, and wishing The Western Home Monthly and its correspondents much success, I'll close, leaving my address with the Editor for anyone who wishes to correspond.

"Rainbow."

### Kinship

By Kate Whiting Patch

Dear little flower with the golden head,
Growing so tall in my garden bed,
Sweeter than any other;
The same sun shines on you and me,
The same stars burn for us both to see,
And I'm sure, as sure as I can be,
That I am your little brother.
O little bird, just learning to fly,
I've seen you flutter your wings and try
To follow your pretty mother;
I love to watch you there in the tree,
And I know you never afraid would be,
For my heart has whispered it all to me
That I am your little brother.
The Heavenly Father bends o'er your nest,
And He bids the weary blossoms rest
Nor whisper to one another;
And He leans close over my crib to hear
The prayer that I whisper for His ear—
We are all His little children dear,
So of course I'm your little brother.


# BRONCHITIS

## WAS SO BAD

**Coughed Every Few Minutes.**

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

**CURED HER.**

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectoration is a light color but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a stringy nature.

Bronchitis should never be neglected. If it is some serious lung trouble will undoubtedly follow.

Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years.

It cures where others fail.

Mrs. Geo. Lotton, Uxbridge, Ont., writes: "I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night; and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I sent to the druggist for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped me wonderfully. I stopped coughing, and could lie down, and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

## CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

**R. D. EVANS** Brandon Man.

**LEARN NURSING AT HOME**

One of the most noble and highly paying vocations; easily learnt without leaving home.

Hundreds are earning $10.00 to $25.00 per week.

Beautiful booklet and full particulars free.

Royal College of Science
709 I Spadina Ave
Toronto, Canada

**WASHDAY**—and the Boiler Leaking! Simply fill the hole with VOL-PEEK and it will be ready for use in 2 minutes. Costs only ½c. per mend. Keep a package on hand. VOL-PEEK mends holes in all kinds of pots and pans, graniteware, aluminum, tinware, enamelledware, etc.

Your dealer has it, or from us, 15c. and 25c. per package, postpaid.

VOL-PEEK Mfg. Co., Dept. —, P.O. Box 2024, Montreal, Can.

**Rose Bud Ring Free** Gold Filled, Guaranteed for 3 years. Set with beautiful Rose Bud. To introduce our big bargains we will send this ring any size for 12c to help pay advertising. Rex Jewelry Co. Dept. 18 Battle Creek, Mich.

# NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

**Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.**

MR. ROSENBURG
589 Casgrain St., Montreal.
April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for *Constipation and Indigestion* as "Fruit-a-tives". I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, Music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with *nasty Headaches*, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, *to try "Fruit-a-tives"*, and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBURG.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

# THIS WOMAN TOLD TO CHOOSE

**Between Operation and Death. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and got me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines.

**This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from highly prized roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegtable Compound.**


**The Dream Baby**

(Continued from page 39)

and then at the woman, and she sniffed and gave a short laugh.

"Take her along—if you fancy thieves at your shop," she said.

"Run and put on your things, my dear," said Foxey's protector.

"You'll leave that new sailor hat behind you!" called Mrs. Tickle shrilly.

Foxey crept down to the kitchen and wrapped the old shawl, that had always been her own, round her head and shoulders; then she went slowly up again, and the kindly woman took her hand and passed out into the street with her. The door behind them closed with a slam that shivered all through Foxey's body. The woman felt the tremor. Another time she would try and tell Foxey about the law of the eighth commandment; now she must put heart into her, and try to make her feel less alone in an unkind world. So she told her all about her married daughter at home and the fine baby boy which belonged to her.

"He's strong and bonny, bless him! and jump-jumping all the time. You'll hev to hold him tight or you'll let him fall."

There was a quick pull at her hand. She looked down smiling. Foxey's eyes were shining like great stars.

"I won't fall 'im!" she said, in a thin, eager voice. "I ken hold a baby; I often——" She stopped short, the dream baby hung limp and vapoury on her memory; the real baby was already living in imagination. "I can carry the big coal-scuttle upstairs by myself—full up!" she substituted.

The errand boys passed up and down the street as usual, and called "Foxey, Foxey!" softly between the area railings. For some days they could not even catch a glimpse of her; then the butcher's boy saw a shadow on the wall and stopped. First he whistled, then he peeped down: the kitchen was in a terrible mess.

"My!" muttered the boy, and he bent lower. "Foxey! Hillo, Foxey!"

The shadow moved and came quickly forward, and through the grimy window loomed a round white face, set in a frizz of untidy hair.

"Well, ye're a pretty bloke!" cried a voice from within. "You are!"

The boy stared.

"Oh, I'm all right, thank yer," went on the shrill voice. "I'm not particular 'igh either—yer can come and liven up this bloomin' ole sometimes, if yer round this way—(Yes!—I'm comin' then—it ain't nobody——").

The face disappeared from the window, the shadow on the wall dwindled, and the boy realised that "Foxey" must have gone.

**At Close of Day**

By Mary L. Loomis

Dear little hands, that I can hold
Within the hollow of my palm;
Dear little frame, that I can fold
Within the comfort of my arm:
God grant those hands may ever be
Faithful to Him, and true to me.

Dear tired feet, enchained by sleep;
They've traveled miles at home today;
I pray that God those feet will keep
Within the paths of truth alway;
Great Guide, that they may ever be
Faithful to Thee, and true to me.

I lay my boy down in his bed,
And kiss the yielding finger tips;
Dream angels throng about his head,
And slumber seals the noisy lips.
God grant those lips may ever be
Faithful to Him, and true to me.

Heart of my heart, my child, my son,
Thy mother's flesh is like to thine;
I yield thee to a mightier One
To keep thee in His strength divine—
My Samuel, to God I bring,
Behold thy servant, Father—King!

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other oil that has its curative qualities.

# Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit--It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or callus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

**Extremely Severe**

# Dyspepsia

**Halifax (N.S.) Sergeant in the C.E.F. Cured Completely by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

**SERGEANT DUNCAN MacNEIL, of the CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,** writing from Europe (his home address **is 116, PLEASANT STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.**) says:—

"For six years I suffered from frequent attacks of Dyspepsia, each attack being more acute than the last. During one of these attacks life would become almost unbearable, and I would have to regulate my diet to liquid foods only, often being in bed for days at a time. I was under the care of a Physician, and tried all the remedies on the market, spending a small fortune, but obtained little or no relief. I became utterly discouraged, and had almost given up all hope of Cure.

*Sgt. MacNeil.*

"When the war broke out I joined the Expeditionary Force and came to England. I had not been long there, however, when my old trouble returned, and I had to go to hospital. While in hospital a friend told me of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I decided to try them. The first box brought such pronounced relief that I continued the treatment. To make a long story short, a complete cure was effected.

"Since taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets I have been through hardships almost beyond human endurance, but not once has my old trouble returned to bother me."

***The above is the frank, clear testimony of a Canadian soldier. He has been cured of extremely severe dyspepsia, which even the healthful life of the training ground could not overcome, and he wishes to tell others that he owes that cure to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.***

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets

**FREE SAMPLE.**

On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised remedy for

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nervous Breakdown | Sleeplessness | Mal-nutrition |
| Nerve Paralysis | Anæmia | Wasting Diseases |
| Infantile Weakness | Kidney Trouble | Palpitation |
| Neurasthenia | Dyspepsia | Vital Exhaustion |

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

**Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.**

# What the World is Saying

### Quite So

Those tanks are still scattering the sauerkraut.—Nelson (B. C.) News.

### The Infamous von Bissing

Though dead, von Bissing is a hissing and a by-word in Belgium.—London Truth.

### The Only Way

After breaking the front of the German army, the next thing to do is to break its back.—Birmingham Post.

### The Kaiser's Due

Signs multiply indicating a total eclipse for that "place in the sun" the Kaiser is looking for.—Glasgow Herald.

### A Barbarous Tribe

The Hohenzollern tribe is peculiar. It is the only tribe not practising cannibalism that is capable of bragging about ruthlessness—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Crusaders Their Precursors

The British troops of to-day are completing the work of their forefathers in Palestine—the Crusaders of many centuries agone.—Toronto Globe.

### The Sultan's Plight

The Sick Man of Europe is said to be sick of the war. General Maude's medicine is likely to aggravate the complaint.—Allahabad (India) Pioneer.

### The Hun Idol

That immense wooden idol of Hindenburg, located in Berlin, is likely to resolve itself into one of clay.—Hamilton Spectator.

### Fighters for the Common Cause

Every American feels a thrill of admiration and a touch of honest envy at the achievement of the Canadian troops.—New York Tribune.

### What Happened to Hindenburg

Hindenburg drew back one fist, intending to lunge with the other. Before he could do it the British hit him on the point of the jaw.—Cardiff Western Mail.

### It Will Be the Kaiser's Bird

One of two birds is to have dust on its back and lose a great many feathers. It will be the German eagle or the American eagle.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Great Unifier

This war is not only solidifying the British Empire, but it is drawing together the United States and South and Central America. The Kaiser is a great unifier.—Capetown (S. A.) Cape Argus.

### King Constantine's Hohenzollern Frau

Constantine denies that Hohenzollern influence has guided his actions. Well, no husband likes to admit publicly that he is henpecked.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

### Of Course

The German Minister to Mexico denies using spies in the United States, just as the spies themselves deny using dynamite in our munition plants.—New York Globe.

### An Unconscious Humorist

Our idea of a really humorous and sarcastic writer is the editor of the Cologne Volks Zeitunz, who says that Germany is fighting for the freedom of the world.—Boston Transcript.

### Mr. Taft is a Heavy-Weight

Former President Taft has enlisted in the Home Guard of New Haven. If he ever gets a chance to set his heel on the neck of the invader it will be all over but the slow music.—Duluth Herald.

### A Job He Is Fitted For

When the question of what to do with a former Emperor is raised in Germany he will be too unpopular in America to get the job in the Chicago stock yards for which his life ambitions has trained him.—Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal.

### What the War Isn't—and Is

This war is neither a Mary Pickford "movie" nor a Harold Bell Wright novel. It is a battle of the peoples against an unscrupulous and brutal Machiavellianism, it is a test of the brain power of freemen.—New York World.

### No Lack of Warnings

The United States winter wheat crop shows the lowest condition recorded in twenty-nine years. If the world is not awake to the danger of going hungry it is not for want of alarms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Appropriate

The German who invented the flammenwerfer, or liquid fire weapon, is dead. Too bad he couldn't take his invention with him. It might come in handy.—Paris Le Figaro.

### A "Safety First" Family

One of the Kaiser's numerous sons is reported dead—but not in battle or of wounds. None of that distinguished family has yet adorned the casualty list, though several have been awarded the Iron Cross.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Hohenzollern Way

"German People Are Solidly United Behind Kaiser," says a headline. That is, until they get near the firing line, when the Kaiser sort of hangs back, and shoves the people ahead in mass formation.—Philadelphia North American.

### How the Huns Are Thought Of

In a riot at Buenos Ayres the pacifists fought the war party to a standstill, and then representatives of both groups mobbed the German consulate. Which shows the immense popularity of some people in South America.—Minneapolis Journal.

### A Contrast

There is a new German poet who invokes "Herr Gott and Hindenburg" for joint service. The greatest contrast imaginable in human countenance is the contrast between that of Hindenburg brutal and bull-necked, and that of the Man of Nazareth.—Manchester Guardian.

### Will the War End at Armageddon?

The correspondents' accounts of the delight of our troops, after emerging from the long desert, on sighting the rich green plains of the Promised Land, heavy with crops and pasture, just as the children of Israel saw them after the wanderings, are very interesting. The Plain of Esdraelon, connected with Armageddon is not very far distant. How strange it would be if the last battle of the greatest of all wars were fought at that appropriate spot!—London Spectator.

### Another German Fiction

Germany has discovered a secret agreement between England and America to deprive her of her colonies. We didn't know that Germany had had any colonies for the last couple of years. But perhaps she has some secret colonies somewhere—New York Sun.

### Impulses of Insane, Trained Gorillas

The impulses of the German soldier seem to be those of an insane gorilla, rendered more diabolic by the possession of malevolent intelligence. It has become the duty not of England, France and Russia alone, but of all mankind to scourge out the spirit of evil and restore safety to the earth.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

### The English-Speaking Alliance

It is an inspiring thought of Mr. Asquith's, that, the whole English-speaking race is fighting as a unit in the world war. We are, thus newly linked not to Canada and Great Britain alone, but to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Out of the war will come for all of us a wider vision and a deeper sympathy.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

### New Name for Pillaging

"Objects of value," says a German official despatch explaining the devastation of the French provinces, "were taken in charge by the German authorities." The "authorities" being the particular German soldiers who saw the objects first and whose pockets were big enough.—Paris Temps.

### Human Perversity

Twenty-four cents' worth of skimmed milk will provide the body with as much nourishment as one dollar spent on steak. The perversity of human nature is such, however, that the average man would rather eat 24 cents worth of steak than imbibe one dollar's worth of skimmed milk.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

### Where the Germans Are Deficient

The Germans have never had control of the air, although they have given more time and study to aeronautics than any other nation. Air fighting requires individual resource and initiative, and in these qualities the Germans are hopelessly weak.—London Times.

### The Peace of the Peoples

It is the system that must go. The Romanoffs have gone. William Hohenzollern stands on his lonely pinnacle a solitary insult to freedom. He will go, too. The world can have no peace with him or the system on which he rests. The peace that will come must be the peace, not of princes and holy alliances, but the enduring Peace of the Peoples.—London Daily News.

### A German Lie Torpedoed

The German Government and the German press did their best to make the world believe that Canadian officers and officials indulged in drunken excesses and maltreated German passengers on the Frederick VIII, including Count von Bernstorff and his wife, while that ship lay at Halifax, being searched before she was allowed to proceed on her voyage. To the mass of testimony disproving those German lies is now added the testimony of Chevalier van der Schueren, a Dutch passenger on the Frederick VIII, who says that the officers and officials at Halifax were "incredibly courteous."—Toronto News.

British and French representatives, Cabinet officers and others, who paid tribute to the memory of Washington, grouped in front of the historic mansion. In the front row, reading from left to right: Vice-Admiral Chocheprat, of the French Navy; Mrs. Eugene Van Rensselaer, vice regent for West Virginia of the Mt. Vernon Association; Secretary Daniels; Miss Harriet Clayton Comegys, regent of the Mt. Vernon Association; Field Marshall Joffre; M. Viviani, head of the French commissioners; Secretary Lansing; Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, head of the British commissioners; George Foster, acting premier of Canada; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador, and Major-General G. T. M. Bridges, of the British commission. Standing back of Secretary Daniels is Sergeant Dryfus, of the French Army; at his left Col. Fabri, and next to him Col. Ramond. Next to him behind M. Viviani, is M. Hovelacque, inspector general of public instruction in France; next to him is the Marquis de Chambrun, a descendant of La Fayette. Next is Major Requir and Secretary Franklin K. Lang.

# Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

# All out of doors coaxes, teases and invites you to get an Overland

There's one for you. See the Willys-Overland dealer to-day—let him show you the most comprehensive line of cars ever built by any one producer—make your selection now.

**Willys-Overland, Limited,** Head Office and Works **West Toronto, Ont.**

**Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons**

| | |
|---|---|
| LIGHT FOURS | |
| *Five Passenger Touring, 106-in. wheelbase* | $ 975 |
| *Two Passenger Roadster, 104-in. wheelbase* | $ 950 |
| *Four Passenger Sport Model, 104-in. wheelbase* | $1110 |
| BIG FOURS | |
| *Five Passenger Touring, 112-in. wheelbase* | $1250 |
| *Three Passenger Roadster, 112-in. wheelbase* | $1230 |
| *Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 112-in. wheelbase* | $1750 |
| *Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 112-in. wheelbase* | $2030 |
| LIGHT SIXES | |
| *Five Passenger Touring, 116-in. wheelbase* | $1435 |
| *Three Passenger Roadster, 116-in. wheelbase* | $1415 |
| *Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 116-in. wheelbase* | $1940 |
| *Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 116-in. wheelbase* | $2220 |
| WILLYS-KNIGHTS | |
| *Seven Passenger Four, Touring, 121-in. wheelbase* | $1950 |
| *Seven Passenger Eight, Touring, 125-in. wheelbase* | $2730 |
| *Four Passenger Four, Coupe, 114-in. wheelbase* | $2310 |
| *Seven Pass. Four, Touring-Sedan, 121-in. wheelbase* | $2730 |
| *Seven Passenger Four, Limousine, 121-in. wheelbase* | $2730 |

*All prices f.o.b. Toronto—Subject to change without notice*

# PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread

*–Makes the Biscuits that make the Cook's reputation*

**Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.,**

· MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE ·

Winnipeg – Brandon

Calgary – Goderich